

Burning Their Emotions At Both Ends"

By Elizabeth Wilson

# Silver Screen

June

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A NEW WEIGHT ESTIMATING CONTEST





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Intelligent and fastidious, she realizes that anyone, herself included, may have halitosis (unpleasant breath) without knowing it. So she takes no chances; every day, and especially before social engagements, she uses Listerine. That is her assurance that her breath cannot possibly offend . . . Are you as careful about this matter? Do you take it for granted that your breath is always agreeable? Don't! It's far safer to assume that it isn't, and use Listerine. Listerine combats fermentation, the cause of 90% of odors, and then gets rid of the odors themselves—deodorizes hours longer, too.

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*Do they need to tell you?*



SPARKLING

Ginger

Rogers

TELLS  
HOW SHE KEEPS  
HER VITALITY UP  
AND HER WEIGHT  
DOWN!

Slim, buoyant, and carefree . . . with radiant health and as pretty a figure as you'll see in many a day! It's proper food and proper exercise that does it, says Ginger Rogers. And proper food includes *bread*, every day, according to this charming young star. Read her letter to Betty Crocker, menu expert.

With her fresh vivid beauty and lively talents, Ginger Rogers is singing, dancing, and romping her way to new fame in the recently released RKO Radio Picture "Finishing School."



#### SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

##### Proves that Bread:

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- 3** *Is one of the most easily digested foods.* 96% assimilated.

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For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy."



Dear Betty Crocker,

In motion picture work, one of our duties is to eat the right food. Bread is important because it gives so much energy -- and we know beauty and vitality require energy. I enjoy bread at every meal.

Ginger Rogers

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Free! This clever new book, "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)" . . . a host of tempting new recipes and menus by Betty Crocker, noted cooking expert. Suggestions for combining bread with other foods to make attractive, correctly balanced meals. Ideas for sandwiches, appetizers, soup and salad accompaniments, etc. . . . using the delicious, wholesome breads and other baked wheat products supplied you in appetizing variety by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

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Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!





# The OPENING CHORUS



Silver Screen gets a part in a picture.

IN THE John Barrymore-Carole Lombard picture, "Twentieth Century," the plot requires that the heroine's picture be on the cover of a popular movie magazine—well!

OSTRICHES need no longer hang their heads in shame, for Mae West has introduced them socially once more. More than five hundred plumes are being used in "It Ain't No Sin." One gown that Mae wears has a long train of green ostrich, and with it she wears an ostrich feather hat and a huge feather boa.

IT'S all a matter of location. When "Carolina" was running in Harlem the sign on the marquee read: Stepin Fetchit in CAROLINA with Janet Gaynor.

WHILE Alice White was making a purchase in a ten cent store on Hollywood Boulevard, the clerk remarked that she looked like Alice White.

"I am," said Alice with a smile.

"You can't fool me," retorted the sales-girl. "I know Alice White very well. You better look out going around saying you are Alice. You might get into trouble."

WHO was the man in the very false whiskers who saw Katherine Hepburn off when she sailed from New York last month? No one seems to know. Also, no one seems to know why Katie arrived in Paris one day and decided to leave the next—and just when everybody was so sure that she was going to get a Paris divorce.

IRENE DUNNE is sending her maid to business college so that she can become her secretary as well. And Dolores Del Rio stood in for her "stand-in" recently when the girl was married. For five years Carmen La Rue has been the beautiful Dolores' "stand-in," and so when Dolores heard that she was getting married she asked her to allow her to be the matron of Honor. Carmen was delighted—and it was a swell wedding.

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD  
JUNE 1934

VOLUME FOUR  
NUMBER EIGHT

# Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON  
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL  
Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF JEAN HARLOW  
By JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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# YOU ARE INVITED TO THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY

R.S.V.P.- Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium



IS IT MARCO POLO?  
OR DURANTE'S INFERNO?  
-WELL ANYWAY IT'S A  
CLASSIC



A LAUREL TO LUPE-  
AND OLIVER'S  
ALL OF A TWIST!



THE "BARON" SAID MEET  
PING PONG - THE SON OF  
KING KONG. MICKEY SAID  
OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND  
THE FIGHT WAS ON!



NO MAN IS A  
HERO TO HIS VALEZ -  
AND JIMMY IS  
KNOCKED FOR  
A LUPE



SCHNARZAN AND  
HIS MATE - SHE  
PROVES TO BE A  
BUST.



HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON  
IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND  
BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.



WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO  
POLLY - WHEN POLLY WANTS A  
CRACKER? - A WISE CRACKER.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



# REVIEWS

**A VERY HONORABLE GUY**—Amusing. (WB) Even if you've always said "nuts" to Joe E. Brown, you'll laugh heartily when you see the hilarious predicament he gets himself into in this film.

**ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fair. (Fox) The war separates Helen Twelvetees and Hugh Williams—but years later they meet again and the sparks of their romance flair into flames once more.

**AS THE EARTH TURNS**—Excellent. (WB) Last year's best seller turned into one of this year's better films. It gives you an idea of what life on a farm actually means. (Dorothy Petersen David Landau, Jean Muir.)

**BEDSIDE**—Fair. (WB) A Park Avenue bedside manner does much for the career of Warren William, a medical quack. (Jean Muir, Allen Jenkins.)

**BOLERO**—Good. (Par) Here we find George Raft and Carole Lombard creating drama and romance as the glamorous dancing team which achieved fame during the tempestuous war years.

**BOTTOMS UP**—Good. (Fox) A musical that may enliven a dull hour for you. It has a good story, good songs and a fine cast, including Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson, John Boles and Herbert Mundin.

**CAT AND THE FIDDLE**—Charming. (MGM) A tuneful operetta with Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro singing and starving together picturesquely. And, just to bring us to earth, Frank Morgan's here, too!

**COMING OUT PARTY**—Fine. (Fox) After seeing this revealing story of the "debutante racket" maybe you won't envy society debbies any more. (Frances Dee, Gene Raymond.)

**COME ON MARINES**—Amusing. (Par) A racy peace-time comedy, with the marine base as a target for laughs. Dick Arlen as a light-hearted sergeant who mixes with trouble-makers like Ida Lupino and Grace Bradley.

**CONSTANT NYMPH, THE**—Excellent. (British Gaumont) A splendid film fashioned from Margaret Kennedy's colorful novel of several years ago. Brian Aherne (one-time leading man for Katharine Cornell) in all-English cast.

**COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO**—Fair. (U) This has nothing to do with Dumas' tale. It is a modern, continental farce, featuring Paul Lukas, Fay Wray, Reginald Owen.

**CROSBY CASE, THE**—Fair. (U) This follows the usual run of mystery-murder plots. In cast Wynne Gibson, Skeets Gallagher, William Collier.

**EVER SINCE EVE**—Just so-so (Fox) George O'Brien doffs his sombrero in favor of a high silk hat in this drama, with Mary Brian as the skittish society girl who becomes his wife.

**GAMBLING LADY**—Fine. (WB) Barbara Stanwyck as a professional gambler who rakes in plenty of excitement and trouble when she marries a Park Avenue blue-blood (Joel McCrea).

**GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Entertaining. (Fox) An amusing, if not particularly original, musical extravaganza, featuring Rudy Valee, Jimmy Durante, Alice Faye, Adrienne Ames, Gregory Ratoff.

**GUN JUSTICE**—Good. (U) A horse opera with hard-riding Ken Maynard in the lead and Cecilia Parker contributing feminine allure.

**HEAT LIGHTNING**—Good. (WB) A tourist camp in the desert is the locale of this exciting melodrama with comedy touches. Fine cast includes Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh.

**HOLD THAT GIRL**—Fair. (Fox) From this you'll gather the impression that a girl reporter's life is packed with intrigue and melodrama. Anyway, if you crave excitement, here it is—plus! (Claire Trevor, James Dunn.)

**HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD**—Superb. (UA) The most colorful family in financial history brought to the screen in a vivid, engrossing romance. Fine cast includes George Arliss, Loretta Young, Robert Young.

**I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER**—Good. (WB) Such reliable fun-makers as Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins keep this melodramatic farce about telephone repairmen pitched at an interesting key.

**JIMMY THE GENT**—Good snappy farce. (WB) James Cagney in the rough and ready rôle we've come to expect from him. Alice White, Bette Davis and Allen Jenkins in the cast.

**KING OF THE WILD HORSES**—Good. (Col) A rip-roaring, blood and thunder Western with Injuns and everything. The kids will eat it up.

**LAZY RIVER**—Good. (MGM) Robert Young tries hard to be a big bad hombre in this but the sleepy bayous of Louisiana and the unhappy plight of Jean Parker force his better nature to triumph.

**LET'S BE RITZY**—Fair. (U) Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis in an earthy little comedy about a young couple trying to get along on a small income—even as you and I.

**LOVE PAST THIRTY**—Fair. (Mon.) It's never too late to get your man! Here Phyllis Barry is forced into a back seat while Aileen Pringle steps out to recapture Theodore Von Eltz, the lover of her youth.

**MANHATTAN LOVE SONG**—Fair. (Monogram) Reduced circumstances force two society girls (Dixie Lee and Helen Flint) into menial positions in their own Park Avenue home.

**MEN IN WHITE**—Fine. (MGM) Our earnest young doctor has difficulty choosing between love and a career. See which conquers! Beautiful production, with Clark Gable, Eliz. Allen, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt.

**MYSTERY OF MR. X**—Excellent. (MGM) Here's a Scotland Yard murder mystery simply oozing with excitement and thrills. Bob Montgomery gives a swell performance and so do Lewis Stone and Elizabeth Allen.

**NO FUNNY BUSINESS**—Not so good. (F. P. I.) This is an English picture featuring celebrities like Gertrude Lawrence, Jill Esmond and Lawrence Oliver. Good story, but the production is inexpertly handled.

**NO GREATER GLORY**—(Col) An unusual film, portraying a conflict between two rival gangs of boys. Molnar wrote this stirring drama told with such utter simplicity. (Frankie Darrow, Jimmie Butler, Lois Wilson.)

**NO RANSOM**—Good. (Lib.) The unique idea of a millionaire hiring a gangster to kill him because he lacks courage to commit suicide, offers material for a novel film. Rob. McWade, Jack LaRue and Leila Hyams head fine cast.

**ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN**—Fine. (Col) A grimly realistic hospital yarn. There are some appealing characterizations—that's if you don't mind an operation or two. (Ralph Bellamy, Walter Connolly, Fay Wray.)

**ONE WAS GUILTY**—Just Fair. (Col) Ralph Bellamy up to his old trick of unraveling murder mysteries. But this one is not so baffling.

**PALOOKA**—Amusing. (20th Cent.) A prize-fight story that can safely be labeled—virile. It is punchful of laughs and enthusiastically performed by Jimmie Durante, Stu Erwin, Bill Cagney and Lupe Velez.

**QUITTER, THE**—Fair. (Chesterfield) This points to a sad moral: don't be the type of mother who makes sacrifices to send her sons to college! (Emma Dunn, Wm. Bakewell, Barbara Weeks.)



Norma Shearer's next picture will be "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," with Fredric March and Charles Laughton!

**UNKNOWN BLONDE, THE**—Fair. (Maj.) Sensational exposé of the divorce co-respondent racket. Cast includes Dorothy Revier, Edward Arnold, Esther Muir.

**WALTZES FROM VIENNA**—Lovely. (Brit. Gaumont) The enchanting melodies of Johann Strauss and his father are to be heard in this film based on authentic incidents in their lives.

**WHARF ANGEL**—Fair. (Par) The San Francisco water front is the locale of this story, which is strong on atmosphere but short on plot. Cast includes Preston Foster, Victor McLaglen, Dorothy Dell, Alison Skipworth.

**WHEELS OF DESTINY**—Good. (U) The Saturday and Sunday matinee contingent (meaning the youngsters, of course) will get a rousing thrill out of this western featuring the Gold Rush of '49. (Ken Maynard.)

**WINE, WOMEN AND SONG**—Fair. (Chadwick) One of those back-stage sob stories with Lilyan Tashman as the chorine-mother who willingly sacrifices life itself to save her innocent daughter from Lew Cody.

**WONDER BAR**—Good. (WB) Laid in a Parisian cabaret and boasting names like Al Jolson, Dolores del Rio, Kay Francis and Ricardo Cortez, this engaging musical promises exhilarating entertainment for all.

IN A FEW  
WELL CHOSEN  
WORDS

**REGISTERED NURSE**—Good. (WB) Stories centering around the personal lives of doctors and nurses are having quite a fling this season. This one has many entertaining qualities. (Bebe Daniels, Lyle Talbot.)

**SHE MADE HER BED**—Fine. (Par.) A typical country fair offers thrilling diversion to jaded city folks. Dick Arlen, Sally Eilers and Bob Armstrong play leads, with little Dick Arlen, Jr., making his spectacular infant debut.

**SHOW-OFF, THE**—Fine. (MGM) Spencer Tracy as the smart-aleck who brags so naturally he even convinces himself. Madge Evans as his loyal but long-suffering spouse.

**SING AND LIKE IT**—Amusing. (RKO) Can you imagine ZaSu Pitts as a musical comedy star? In addition we have Ned Sparks as a gangster, Ed. Everett Horton as an impressario and Pert Kelton as a dizzy dame.

**SORREL AND SON**—Fine. (UA) An English-made version of the famous novel done once in silent days. This time our own H. B. Warner has the lead.

**SPEED WINGS**—Good. (Col) If you like to get up in the air, see this airplane thriller featuring Tim McCoy and Evelyn Knapp.

**TAKE THE STAND**—Good. (Liberty) In which a half dozen characters have good reason to want a columnist (a la Winchell) out of the way. Earl Derr Biggers wrote this tense melodrama, played by Jack LaRue and Thelma Todd.

**THIS MAN IS MINE**—Fine. (RKO) Marital infidelity among the upper classes generally supplies sparkling, sophisticated movie fare, and this is no exception to the rule. (Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Connie Cummings.)

**THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN**—Splendid. (MGM) An average day in the life of an average well-to-do American family. Engrossingly acted by Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter, Mae Clarke, Mary Carlisle, Tom Brown.





*Mae West* in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown. Duke Ellington & Band... Directed by Leo McCarey  
if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE...it's the best show in town!





# "You're Telling Me?"

We Have  
the Last  
Word.

## First Prize

"I WONDER! If Garbo suddenly discarded her mantle of mystery, if Dietrich avoided all things bizarre, if Hepburn left off posing as an eccentric enigma, and they all settled down to becoming ordinary girls, who would then be acknowledged as the greatest actress on the screen? Well, there are two of them. Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer. These two ladies are innately artists. While the others achieve their great popularity with glamour, subtle hypnotism of the masses, the charm of Helen and Norma lies in their histrionic ability alone," write J. Minzeshimer of Brooklyn, N. Y.

*But honestly, don't you like 'em kind of crazy?*

## Second Prize

E. G. HUDTMAN of Sinclair Avenue, Providence, R. I., writes: "Miss Shearer should be cast in a picture in which she could face the camera showing the front view of her gown and hat, slowly turning around and showing the back, then a left side profile followed by the right side, and then a close-up sitting down, standing up, lying down, etc. She should do this eight or nine times with different costumes. Herbert Marshall, Robert Montgomery and a few other people could say a few words between the close-ups and the title should be 'Riptide.'"

*Clever sarcasm; but blame the director, not Norma.*

## Third Prize

"WHAT the public wants is more and more pictures like 'Back Street' and 'Only Yesterday,' not such pictures as 'Mama Loves Papa' or 'Close Harmony,'" writes Stella Bronko of Belmont St., Hamtramck, Mich. "Although comedies are very funny and enjoyable while we are seeing them, they are quickly forgotten. But 'Back Street' and 'Only Yesterday'—they can't be forgotten."

*Oh, women love to be martyresses.*

"WE used to have theme songs, now we have theme dances," writes Ann Hall of Mississippi St., Lawrence, Kan. "George Raft and Carole Lombard were certainly good in 'Bolero.' To say nothing of Sally Rand and her—er—fans."

*Yes, Sally did theme very good.*



Lupe Velez about to tell Norman Foster a secret—it's just on the tip of her tongue—in "Strictly Dynamite."

"Why not try out the brilliant new scenery trends in pictures, as they are doing on the Continent?" asks L. Nelson of Coronado Ave., Long Beach, Calif. "It seems a shame to confine the skill of designer and cameraman to musical extravaganzas. A beautifully simplified background would do much to dramatize the fine acting of our great ones of the screen."

*Backgrounds that are Art? Maybe—remember "The Golem?"*

"I AM still talking about 'Flying Down to Rio' and Fred Astaire!" writes Alice Anne Shue of Brewster St., Providence, R. I. "In a letter he wrote me from London, Fred said that he always had considered himself very doubtful picture material, and that he came to Hollywood with the understanding that he would not have to assume a top billing. Well, perhaps Fred thinks he isn't good picture material, but we fans know that he is. He has personality."

*O. K. Alice. Fred is signed for "The Gay Divorcee."*

MARIE R. CAMP of Huntington Road, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I wonder if the producers, and the stars themselves realize how much our children do toward taking our whole families to the movies much more often than we used to go?"

What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise, will be awarded prizes. \$15 for first prize, \$10 for second prize, and \$5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

*Yes, and it discourages them. Does the baby like Noel Coward's plays?*

"'IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT,' with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, was a wonderful picture," writes Jane Johnston of Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, Ga. "The faces of the people who came out of that show were all beaming, smiling contentedly. Personally the mood of the picture carried me for several days—a mood of youthfulness, romance and gaiety."

*New word—Moodies not movies.*

"HURRAY for Popeye! Since he has appeared on the screen eating spinach, several of my young friends have tried eating it. Much to my surprise they now ask for this vegetable. Let us have more of Popeye and his vegetable menu," writes Beatrice Suchan of So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

*And crusts make the hair curl.*

"I SHOULD like to say that of all the hospital pictures I have ever seen, 'Once to Every Woman' was the only one that was truly realistic," writes Bess Landman, R.N., of Garden St., New Haven, Conn. "Every scene was perfect, and I'm glad that at last the movie people are beginning to realize what hospital life is really like."

*The producers have been quite sick.*

ENID L. MAWHINNIE of Lincoln Ave., Winchendon, Mass., writes: "Is this column just a lot of hooey or do they really give prizes?"

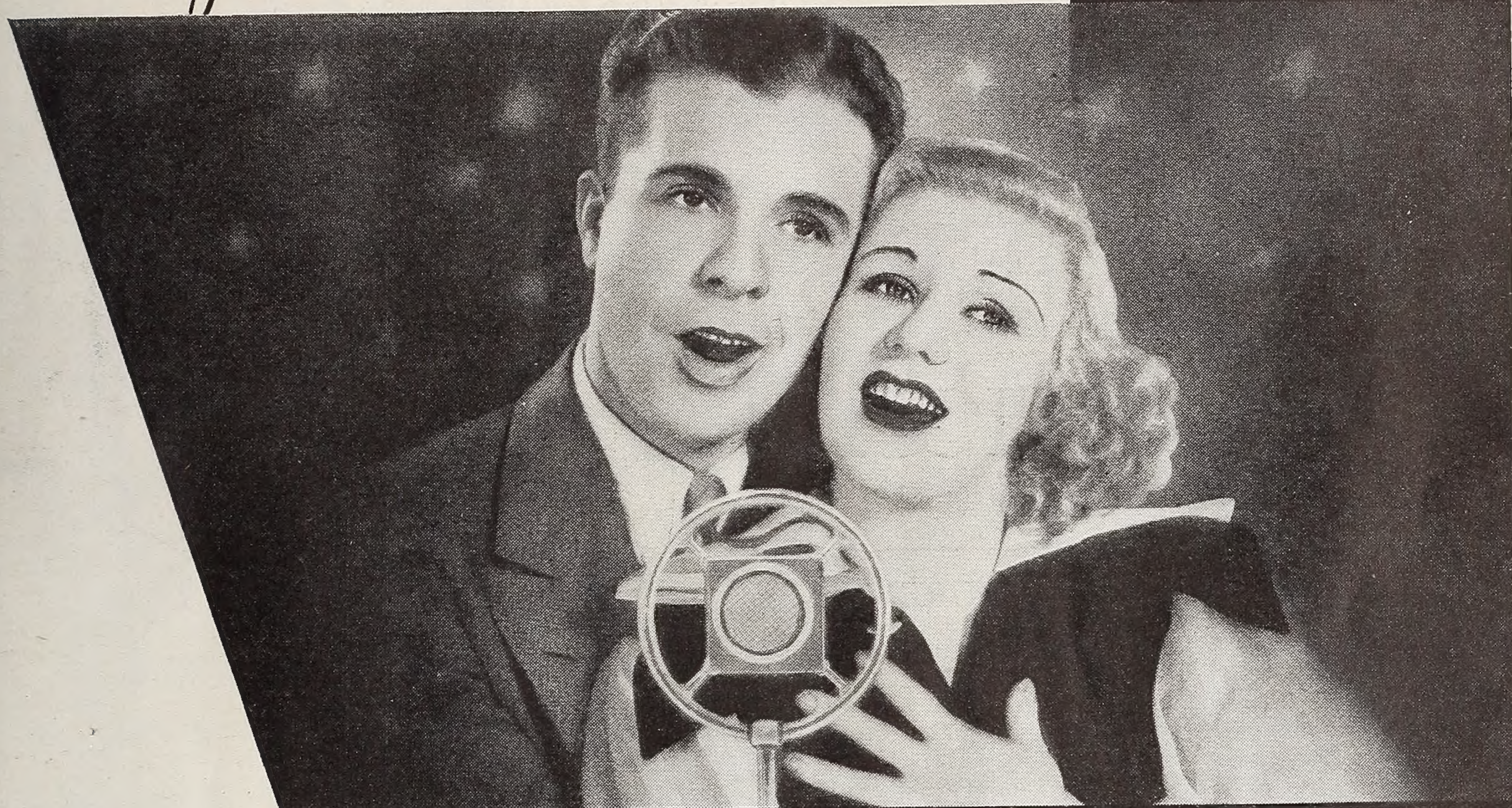
*Yes, Enid, all magazines pay their prizes.*



*Let Warner Bros. musical stars bring you  
the laugh-crammed lowdown on radio!*



★ 4 MILLS BROS. ★



★ DICK POWELL ★ GINGER ROGERS ★

Funniest and fastest of all the great Warner Bros. musicals! Produced with all the smartness and variety of "Wonder Bar" and "Gold Diggers"—but entirely and sensationally different! Your chance to see a host of famous radio acts in action, in an uproarious inside story of the ether studios! Don't miss . . . . .

# "20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS"

With all the great personalities pictured here, plus  
Three Radio Rogues, Muzzy Marcellino, The Three  
Debutantes, Joseph Cawthorn, Grant Mitchell.  
A First National Picture directed by Ray Enright.



★ PAT O'BRIEN ★



★ ALLEN JENKINS ★



★ TED FIORITO & HIS BAND ★



# A MONEY PRIZE IF YOU CAN ESTIMATE GINGER ROGERS' WEIGHT!

PRIZES WILL BE  
AWARDED FOR  
THE NEAREST  
CORRECT ANSWERS  
See Conditions



## GINGER'S MEASUREMENTS

Head . . . 21 in.	Hips . . . 34½ in.
Neck . . . 13 in.	Thigh . . . 18 in.
Bust . . . 34 in.	Calf . . . 8 in.
Upper arm 10 in.	Ankle . . . 6½ in.
Lower arm 8¾ in.	Glove . . . . . 6½
Waist . . 23½ in.	Shoe . . . . . 5C
Height 5 ft. 4 in.	

**S**HE is worth her weight in gold, for these are the days when Ginger Rogers is making her name known. Already she is recognized as a girl on Fate's Preferred List. SILVER SCREEN persuaded Ginger to come to the R-K-O Studio and have her weight officially determined and her photograph taken for this contest. Although she was very busy working with Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell and James Dunn in "Change of Heart," Ginger accommodatingly put on a bathing suit and stepped proudly on the scale—as well she might. The suit, socks and shoes worn by Miss Rogers were found to weigh twenty-four ounces. The prizes will be awarded for the nearest estimate as to Ginger's net weight, if the conditions are properly complied with. Watch for another Weight Estimating Contest in the July SILVER SCREEN.

## CONDITIONS

1. Write your name and address and fill in carefully your estimate of Ginger Rogers' NET weight.
2. Your estimate must be accompanied with a letter (not more than seventy-five words) saying how you arrived at the total in your estimate.
3. Prizes will be awarded to the senders of the correct or nearest correct estimates, accompanied by the best letters.
4. The winning letters will be selected by the editor, whose decision is final.
5. Neatness and cleverness in the letters will be considered.
6. This contest is not open to any persons connected with Silver Screen, or their families.
7. All estimates must be received in the office of Silver Screen before midnight, June 6, 1934.
8. Address your envelopes to Weight Contest Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

WEIGHT CONTEST EDITOR,  
SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Name)

(Address)

(City & State)

I estimate that Ginger Rogers weighs

I attach my letter telling how I arrived at this total.


Ginger Rogers on the official scale, being photographed for Silver Screen's Weight Estimating Contest.

## Money Prizes

First Prize . . . . .	\$25.00
Second Prize . . . . .	15.00
Third Prize . . . . .	10.00
Fourth Prize . . . . .	5.00

SILVER SCREEN





★ ★ In this, the best picture made since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," which was the greatest picture of all time, Carl Laemmle has the honor to present

*Margaret Sullivan*

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

★ IN ★

# "LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

★ ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



"Here is the **SECRET**"

says  
*Mary Bruen*



## MOON GLOW

NAIL POLISH

*Beautifies Your Hands*

You will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

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Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral.

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**ZIP**

**PERFUMED  
DEPILATORY  
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**ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT  
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR**

**WONDER PEEL PASTE**

One day Home Treatment—\$5.00

Why worry about  
Freckles, Wrinkles, Puffy  
Eyes, Blackheads, Pimples,  
Acne, Pits, Flabby Neck,  
Imported Turtle Oil

For lovely Bust and Neck—\$3.00

**BEE LA MOTTE**  
Blakeley Laboratory  
3809 West 7th St., Los Angeles

# BEAUTY

By Mary Lee

IS RESPONSIBLE  
FOR EVERY  
JUNE WEDDING

**A**ND if she's young and lovely, don't—please don't give her practical silver or saucepans as a present. She'd rather you didn't. This is how I know.

One of my prettiest but at the same time most practical friends was married the other day. I knew she meant to keep house in her spare time and was crazy about it, so I sent her the loveliest beauty box I could manage, as a wedding present. Foolish of me? I will let her answer that.

"Dear Mary Lee,

How did you know?

I have spent a week opening waffle irons, tea sets, dish towels, and the family silver. The thrill your beauty box gave me is

line of beauty preparations is handsomely packed in white. It is a thrill to see it, and the inside is as good as the outside.

Perfume makes a sweet gift (no pun intended!) this time of year. In selecting the best one to give, do look for more than a lovely bottle.

Perfume falls roughly into two classes, light, flower odors (single or several together) and the heavier, oriental scents. One simple method of choice—and this helps in selecting your own perfume as well as that to give a June bride—is to select the lighter, flower fragrance for daytime, the heavier, more sophisticated odor for evening. Another way is to choose the



Many a bride at the altar will think of Claudette Colbert's dash for liberty in "It Happened One Night." A clipping from the film.

something that cannot be described. You just have to experience it yourself!

I never owned anything so elegant and personal! I never was so excited in my life! Like any little girl, I immediately got busy with the contents! What with overseeing the kitchen shelves, I was becoming too housewifely for any decorative purpose. But your lovely beauty box came to my rescue! Thank you . . . !"

What did I tell you!

There are literally thousands of such gifts of beauty to thrill the hearts of brides. Silver and crystal and linens are all very well; but if you want to make her VERY happy, give her beauty!

There are beauty boxes ranging from as little as a dollar or so, to more than a hundred. The shops are full of them, and of closely related gifts. One cunning contraption is a brocade purse containing lipstick, compact and perfume. They are all in white, too, which makes them especially appropriate for wedding gifts. One whole

light fragrance if the bride is a blonde, the heavier, languorous scent if she is a brunette.

Don't pick the fragrance simply by a whiff from the bottle. All good stores have samples available. Try them out on your hand, and after you are certain that all of the alcohol has had a chance to evaporate, taking its own special odor along with it, then, and then only, can you judge the perfume fairly. Never try to choose between more than two or three at one time. Your nose gets tired and very quickly ceases to distinguish between them.

Several perfumers have had the grand idea of packaging two or three perfumes together in small sizes, so that you may have a selection all in one. That was a bright thought, and fine, too, as a gift for any nice person, yourself included.

But we can't all be brides—at least not all the time—so now let's come down to more everyday matters.

[Continued on page 81]





**GREAT ROMANCE RIDES  
THE WORLD AGAIN....  
with Love in the Arms of Danger!**

Recklessly daring...madly loving...  
the stars of immortal "Cimarron"  
unite in another glorious romance  
of life on earth's far frontiers...  
Beautiful Irene Dunne, as a girl with  
the heavenly gift of song, who  
fights her way to the plaudits of the  
world! Dashing Richard Dix, as the  
swashbuckling outlaw "Stingaree",  
who defies death and the devil to  
make this girl's dreams come true!

**IRENE DUNNE  
RICHARD DIX**

*in*

# "Stingaree"

with **MARY BOLAND**  
Conway Tearle . . Andy Devine  
Henry Stephenson Una O'Connor

From Stories by E. W. Hornung  
Directed by William Wellman  
A **MERIAN C. COOPER** Presentation  
Pandro S. Berman, Executive Producer

**RKO-RADIO  
PICTURE**



# Shampoo your hair with SUNSHINE!

Dancing sunbeams—ripples of gay sunshine that bring the charm of youth and loveliness to your hair. They can be yours forever! And it's so easy—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will bring you all of them.

Golden Glint has a little secret—it's more than a shampoo! Besides cleansing, it gives a finishing sheen to every shade of hair. And what a delightful difference it makes! You'll see a lovely, lustrous sparkle—thousands of tiny dancing lights that hide from ordinary shampoos! You'd never dream a little extra touch could bring such loveliness. At your druggists', 25c, or send for free sample and letter of special advice.

## FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 617 Rainier Ave., Dept. F  
Seattle, Wash. \* \* \* \* Please send a free sample.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Color of my hair \_\_\_\_\_




**WITHOUT GLASSES!**

**THE NATURAL EYESIGHT SYSTEM Gives Your Eyes a New Deal**

If you wear glasses, or think you should, our **FOUR MONTHS' TRIAL OFFER**—containing the inspiring story of glasses discarded for Nearsight, Farsight, Astigmatism, Old Age Sight, Eyestrain, Weak Eyes, Eye Muscle Trouble, Etc., as told by **USERS AT HOME** of this Revolutionary System—will be mailed **FREE** upon request.

**NATURAL EYESIGHT INSTITUTE, Inc.**  
Dept. 46-G, Santa Monica, Calif.



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At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Overcome "stage fright", gain self-confidence, increase your salary, through ability to sway others by effective speech. Write now for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*.

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**Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young**

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

**SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES**  
**BIG ROYALTIES**

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. **WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.**

**UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California**

# FAN MAIL DEPARTMENT

Each Month the Best Fan Letters Received  
Will be Forwarded to the Stars to be Answered.

**T**HERE are many people who believe that handwriting reveals character—even that one's whole destiny can be determined by the slants and swirls and the decisive strokes of one's penmanship. How interesting it is to see the handwriting of the stars! Perhaps you, also, can have an original letter from a star if you write to SILVER SCREEN'S Fan Mail Department. The letters on these two pages are reduced in size to practically one-quarter of the area of the originals. There is a great kick in seeing your own name written by your favorite star. The payment of \$10 for each letter printed should stimulate any fan to think up an interesting question to ask. Write to your favorite star today.

## DIRECTIONS

1. Make your letters short.
2. \$10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.
5. Address your letters to: (Your Favorite Star) c/o Editor, SILVER SCREEN'S Fan Mail Dept., 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

### The Fan Letter to Ruby Keeler



Ruby Keeler

Editor,  
SILVER SCREEN.

Dear Sir:—

I am very interested in Ruby Keeler and her tap dancing, and would like to know how she went about the preparations for her dancing career. I am a girl of fourteen, and do tap dancing myself. I

will consider your information very valuable.

Yours truly,  
June Watts, Sacramento, Calif.

The lines in this facsimile of Ruby Keeler's letter are reduced one-half.

*Dear Miss June Watts,  
I started dancing when I was a little girl in school, at first I thought I would like all types of dancing, but discovered I liked tap the best so I started taking lessons from Jack Blue who taught nothing but tap and stayed with him until I was 18 to teach.  
Sincerely,  
Ruby Keeler*

### The Fan Letter to Joan Bennett



Joan Bennett

Editor,  
SILVER SCREEN.

Dear Sir:—

I saw "Little Women." I thought it was wonderful. I would like very much to know what school Joan Bennett attended, and what dramatic school, if any. I would be very glad if you would answer my letter.

Yours truly,  
Ann Lenzen,  
Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Reproduction of  
Joan Bennett's  
beautifully written  
letter.

*Dear Miss Lenzen,  
Thank you for your interest and your inquiry about my schools. From seven to thirteen I attended several girls schools in and around New York. Then St Margaret's school in Wakebury, Connecticut, for two years followed by a year at L'Esperance in Connaught, France.  
Oddly enough I never had any desire to go to dramatic school.  
I am glad you liked "Little Women." For my part I enjoyed every minute of making it.  
all good wishes to you.  
Sincerely,  
Joan Bennett*





Jean Parker

### The Fan Letter to Jean Parker

Dear Jean Parker:—  
I am simply "bubbling over" with admiration for you and want to congratulate you for your superb performances. How you became a movie star is of great interest to me, and I often wonder how you received that call. I am certain you enjoy acting. Am I correct?

I feel as though I know you, Jean, because you are just about my age.

You have my best wishes for success in "Movieland."

Sincerely,  
Louise Aldinger, York, Pa.

Jean Parker's success is indicated in her very individual handwriting.

### Jean Parker Replies to Miss Aldinger

Dear Miss Aldinger

Letters such as yours... I find most inspiring. It is so appropriate helpful criticism from those my age.

When I started pictures, it rather unusual. Something around the idea of a woman, my sponsor at the time, to place at my picture in the paper (publicity about some small school activity) and became convinced that I had some possibilities.

Five months later, just after finishing "Little Women," I graduated from High School. On June 1st, under guidance and hard work, I discovered that acting was the one form of self-expression I had unknowingly been striving for.

You may guess my aspirations!  
Yours  
Jean Parker

### The Fan Letter to Mary Carlisle



Mary Carlisle

Miss Mary Carlisle,  
c/o SILVER SCREEN'S  
Fan Mail Dept.  
Dear Miss Carlisle:—

Please tell me how it feels to be a movie actress. Is it fun? I expect to become a secretary when I finish high school. Do you advise it, or would you try your luck in the movies, if you were me.

My best wishes to you.

Mary Elizabeth Card, Rahway, N. J.

Mary Carlisle's letter reveals her sensible, straightforward viewpoint.

### Mary Carlisle Writes to Mary Card

March 24, 1934

Dear Mary Elizabeth Card

It is fun to be a motion picture actress but it is also hard work. Unless you have some particular ability, I should not advise you to come to Hollywood.

I deeply appreciate your letter and your good wishes.

Most sincerely,  
Mary Carlisle

The Fan Letter to Carole Lombard  
Editor,  
SILVER SCREEN.  
Dear Sir:—

It seems to me that every time Carole Lombard wears a beaded gown, each of those little beads is an "omen of good luck." In "No Man of Her Own,"

Carole wore a beautiful beaded gown, and that picture was a great success. In "The Eagle and the Hawk" I didn't see the beaded gown I was looking for. I guess I'm just plain superstitious, and I'm wondering if Carole is not?

Pauline Gaudenzi, Beverly, Mass.

The exotic Carole Lombard touches everything with magic.

### Carole Lombard's Letter to Pauline Gaudenzi

Dear Pauline Gaudenzi

Please forgive this belated reply to your very nice letter regarding superstitions. I haven't any. The reason I have worn a beaded gown in more than one picture is they're always terribly smart and I am very fond of them.

However, I do wish to thank you for your interest.  
Sincerely,  
Carole Lombard

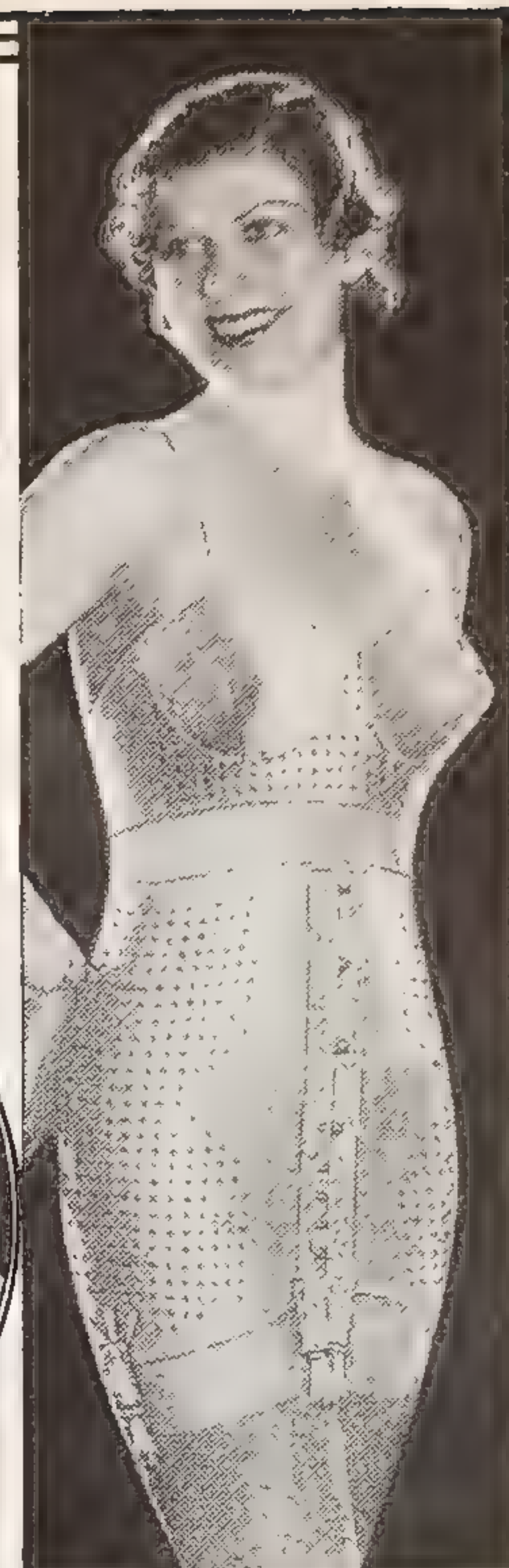
### HOW TO WIN A STAR LETTER

WHEN you write a fan letter, be sure to ask a question that only the star can answer. Something intimate, yet nothing to offend, and the star will be glad to reply to you.

## »TEST.. the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...at our expense

"I reduced  
my hips 9 INCHES"  
...writes Miss Healy.



## REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

...it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

### Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

• The message-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

### Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

• You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

The illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the NEW Uplift Brassiere!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

## PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 446, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



# Marjorie finds Fun in Life for she has a lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!



1 "Men were always pleasant and courteous to me. But it ended there. My life was dull, and so was my skin. Then I tried Camay. Almost at once my skin improved. Now I'm a prettier and more popular girl."

2 "Now it no longer makes me unhappy to look at myself in my mirror. I'm mighty proud of my complexion."

Do you get the fun and favors in life—or only the grief and troubles? It's the girl with a lovely fresh Camay Complexion who gets admiration and praise.

#### LIFE IS A LONG BEAUTY CONTEST

Like Marjorie, the girl above, you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest. It may be at a party, or at some informal gathering of friends that your beauty and your skin will be judged. And you are

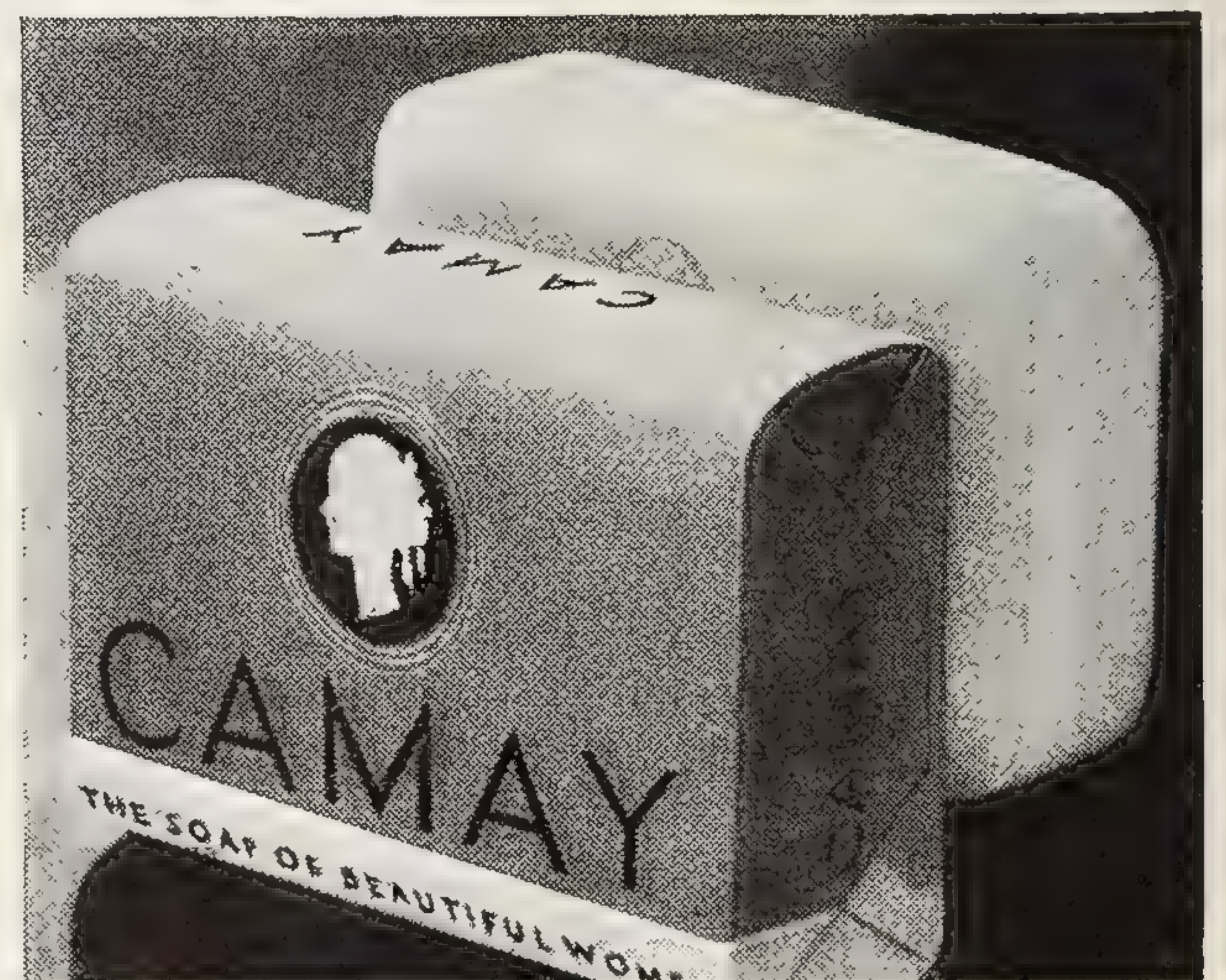
competing with other women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin that is fresh as a flower's petals. Then the eyes of everyone you meet will look at you approvingly.

For Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is gentle as dew on your cheek. Try Camay, faithfully, for one month. The change in your skin will delight you!

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



## CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women





These co-eds are in "Change of Heart"—James Dunn, Janet Gaynor, Ginger Rogers and Charles Farrell. It's June at Cinema College.

FOR Joan Crawford's birthday present, Franchot Tone gave her a pair of clip ear-rings of star sapphires surrounded by diamonds. And don't let anybody tell you that love affair is on the wane. Why Franchot even drove all the way from the Fox studio, where he was working, to Metro every day to have lunch with Joan—and in this heat, and only an hour for lunch—baby, that's devotion.

NOW that Gene Raymond's back in town after his European travels, Hollywood's most social blond can be seen dancing the night away at all of the best places. But Gene, who used to have a new girl for every night in the week, now seems to specialize on Janet Gaynor. In just one week we saw them dancing at the Cocoanut Grove, the Town House, and the Beverly Wilshire.

EDNA BEST has left for England, and now the betting is going on thick and fast as to whether she will divorce Herbert Marshall, and Gloria Swanson will divorce Michael Farmer, and "Bart," as he is called by his friends, will become the fifth Swanson spouse. At the dinner party given by the Mayers and the Thalbergs at the Academy Dinner it was noticeable that Gloria Swanson was not invited and that Irving danced three times with Edna Best—which was quite sweet of him, as you could see he was dying to start swinging Norma around the floor. (Irving dances just like a college freshman). But at Grace Moore's Easter Egg hunt Gloria was accompanied by the English Marshall.

THE latest of the Bennett outbursts occurred at the popular Tingel Tangel Theatre recently when Connie and Gilbert Roland arrived ten minutes before the final curtain (how's that for being late at the

theatre?) to find their seats occupied. Well, there was plenty of the private stock of Bennett T.N.T. let off, for Connie was feeling in good form that night. By the time it was all over, so was the other show!

IN DIRECT contrast, however, was the incident noted the following evening when Muriel Kirkland arrived with her escort to claim her reservations and found Charlie Chaplin and King Vidor comfortably lodged therein. It was Muriel, however, not the usurpers, who commenced stammering apologies and expressing deep regret that she should inconvenience the famous Chaplin. Later, when she had willingly accepted seats elsewhere in the house she confided quite audibly to her boy friend, "Charlie Chaplin can have my seats any old time."

AND Howard Dietz, of the M-G-M publicity staff, is telling the funny story about an extra who went on the ill-fated expedition of the "Viva Villa" company into Mexico. There just wasn't anything about Mexico he didn't know, or anyone he hadn't met. "Now you take this fellow

Villa," he said. "Why I knew old Viva personally."

WALLACE BEERY'S parents wanted him to be a pianist when he was a kid, so he ran away from home just to avoid those piano lessons. It's a safe bet that little Carol Ann Beery will never be made to do anything she doesn't want to do.

AND Wallie's having a swell time kidding Jackie Cooper now because Jackie has to wear his hair curled in "Treasure Island." Jackie'll take it from Beery—but not from any of the other boys.

MARIAN NIXON says that the white of an egg spread over the face and neck, and allowed to dry thoroughly and then removed with a towel dipped in warm water, is one of the finest beauty masks that can be used. Following this tightening treatment for the skin Marian rubs her face for three minutes with ice.

La Nixon is seen every place these days with Philip Reed, the New York actor who made a big hit in "Glamour."

ANN HARDING has at last given in and acquired a chauffeur—wearing livery and everything. But Ann insists that it isn't swank—but necessity. It seems she has received several kidnapping threats and that this sissy young man in all the livery is in reality an A-1 marksman, being formerly a member of Pennsylvania's famous Black Hussars. But Ann did like to drive her own car—she got more fun out of that than most anything else in Hollywood. Darnthese kidnapers.

BY THE by, George Burns calls Gracie Allen "Goo-goo." And Bing Crosby has a brother who acts as his business manager and calls himself the Wrong Crosby.

[Continued on page 52]

When you look in vain for a picture to appear, consult this list:—

### NEW TITLES

- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| "The Merry Frinks" (Aline MacMahon) formerly "The Happy Family" |                      |
| "Smarty" (Joan Blondell).....                                   | "Hit Me Again"       |
| "Change of Heart" (Janet Gaynor).....                           | "The World Is Ours"  |
| "Wild Gold" (John Boles).....                                   | "Free Gold"          |
| "Stand Up and Cheer!" (Warner Baxter).....                      | "Fox Follies"        |
| "The Circus Clown" (Joe E. Brown).....                          | "Sawdust"            |
| "Where Lovers Meet" (Clive Brook).....                          | "The Dover Road"     |
| "Twenty Million Sweethearts" (Ginger Rogers).....               | "Rhythm in the Air"  |
|   | "Hot Air"            |
| "The Personality Kid" (Pat O'Brien).....                        | "One Man Woman"      |
| "Half-Way Decent" (Adolphe Menjou).....                         | "Little Miss Marker" |
| "One Hundred Percent Pure" (Jean Harlow).....                   | "Age of Larceny"     |
| "He Was Her Man" (James Cagney).....                            | "Without Honor"      |
| "Half a Sinner" (Joel McCrea).....                              | "Alias the Deacon"   |
| "The Isle of Fury" (William Powell).....                        | "The Key"            |



# MAGIC!

*Dolores Del Rio Has a Magic Formula That Has Brought Her Success.*

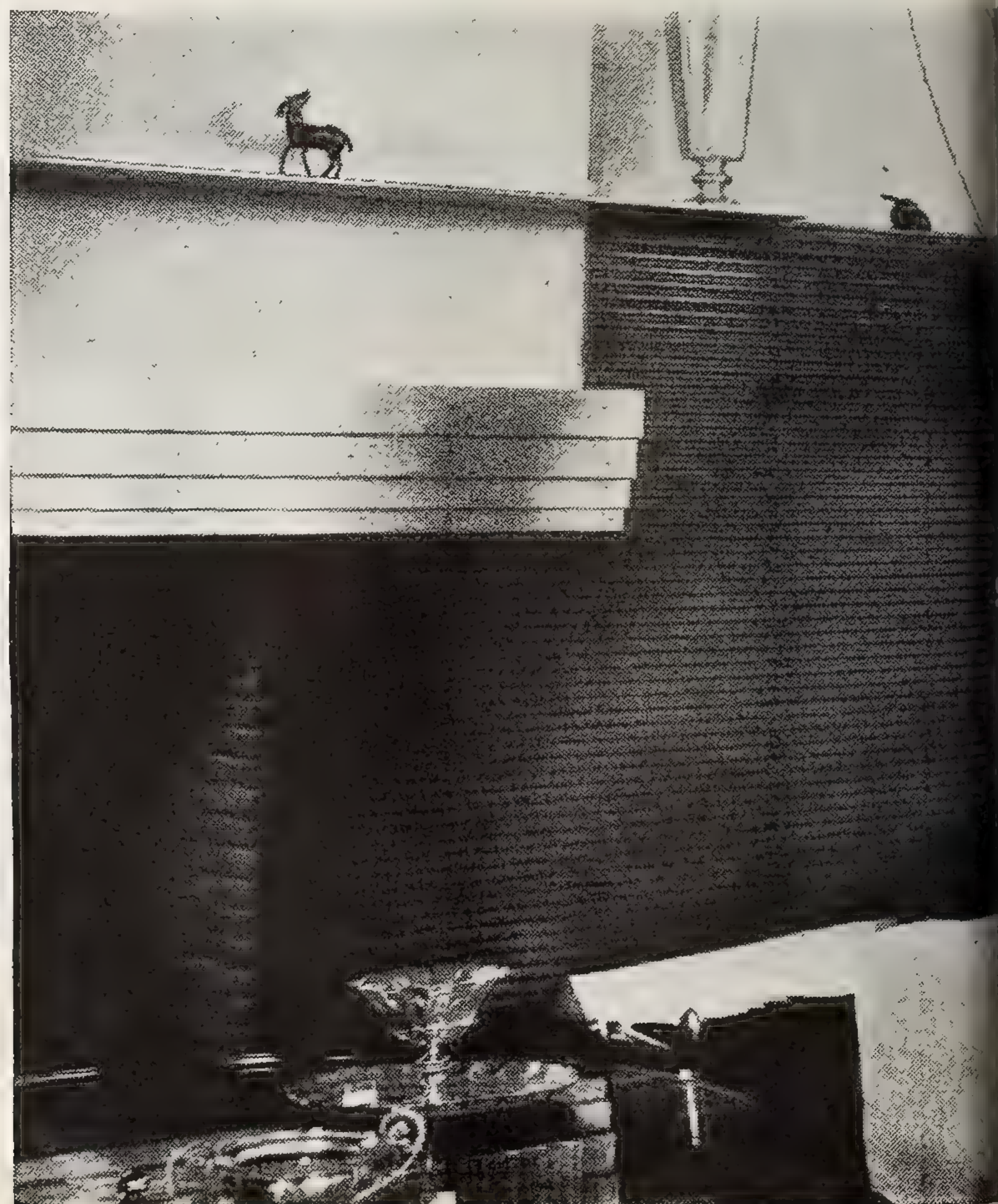
**T**HE two most important years in Dolores Del Rio's career were the two during which she did not make a picture. Two years during which all work, of necessity, came to a full stop, and ambition was held in abeyance. Two years of illness, of enforced rest, which made of Dolores a finer person, a better actress.

The Dolores Del Rio of today, of talking pictures, is as different a person from the girl who came out of Mexico, during the silent era, to score a sudden hit in "Resurrection" and "Ramona" as it is possible to imagine. Hollywood, in her case, was curiously enough both the disease and the cure. For, while it made her ill in body, it brought her strength and health of mind and soul. And that is the story I have to tell you.

A convent-bred Mexican girl, Dolores married a wealthy countryman, Jaime Del Rio. It was not an arranged marriage, but a true love match—and, as long as she remained in her own country, a happy one. A super-abundance of vitality, of energy which had no means of expression, however, made the girl restless. She



The grim intensity of the dance of Ricardo Cortez and Dolores Del Rio in "Wonder Bar" vibrated down to a part of you beneath conventional beliefs, and stirred long forgotten, primitive emotions—and that's Art.





# By Harriet Parsons

wanted something besides the routine of marriage and social life, some outlet. She loved dancing and had appeared several times at amateur affairs. This taste of the theater made her hungry for more. She was thrilled by the applause, by the limelight and public attention, and began to dream of a career.

Just at this psychological moment Edwin Carewe, motion picture director, paid a visit to Mexico. He met the lovely Dolores, was impressed by her rare beauty, and urged her to come to Hollywood for a screen test.

Now, the idea of a motion picture career was a new one to Dolores. It both amused and fascinated her. Coming as it did at a moment when she was restless, eager to find a means of expression, it made more than a casual impression upon her. She and Jaime had been planning a trip to Europe, but the provocative name of Hollywood edged its way more and more into their thoughts. They decided it might be something of a lark for Dolores to take a fling at pictures. If the screen test should prove a failure they could always continue on to Europe as originally planned. They did not realize that Hollywood, once it gets in the blood, cannot be taken lightly, tossed away at will.

The screen test was not a failure. It brought Dolores a part immediately. And with the first rôle she was caught up in the movie maelstrom, flung into the feverish whirl of ambition, driving work, social obligation, which go to make up a serious film career. Success beyond her wildest dreams was hers—but success did not bring contentment, relaxation, freedom from worry. Instead it created in her a frenzied fear of the future, a fear that she would cease to be successful, that she would lose the new glamour, adulation and fame that were hers.

She realizes now that she was spiritually ill during those hectic career-mad days. Whipped on relentlessly by ambition, tortured by worry, she did not have a happy, carefree moment. She did not know how to relax, how to rest after working hours. She had no outside interests—career was her

Gossips Are Always  
Whispering About  
the Beautiful Dolores  
—Her Marriage  
and Her Career—  
But She Has Found  
an Incantation  
Which Protects Her  
Happiness.



Above, Dolores in "Bird of Paradise." She will make one more picture as a native girl, "Green Mansions," then she goes to Warners for "Du Barry."



The living room of the lovely home of Dolores, Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. The fireplace and the book shelves are modernistic. The few objects of art reflect her cultivated taste.

single interest, her one all-absorbing thought during every waking moment.

You can easily see what such a state of mind would do to her marriage. Jaime, like everything and everyone else, even herself, was sacrificed. At first he was thrilled, tremendously proud of her success, eager to do anything to further it. But gradually he found himself slipping into the ignominious position of a Hollywood husband.

The first pang came at a party when Dolores was surrounded by an admiring mob and he found himself on the outskirts, ignored and forgotten. No one even bothered to introduce him. When they returned home and Dolores learned what had happened she felt worse [Continued on page 68]



# BURNING THEIR EMOTIONS AT BOTH ENDS

Loretta  
Young



Wallace  
Beery



By Elizabeth Wilson



Ramon Novarro

By being brutal and definite I once rid my Greenwich Village studio of mice and once actually rid my Riverside Drive apartment of water bugs—but emotions you've simply got to accept and get used to.

I've been dining out all my life—my one claim to professionalism—but never had I seen a hostess suddenly dissolve into tears and go screaming from the dinner table until I came to Hollywood. (It seems that one of the guests had inadvertently said Jean Harlow was the most popular screen star). But now I fully expect a few emotional upsets before the roast, and they annoy me no more than a little spilled water. In fact I've noticed that it's far easier to upset your hostess than your glass. Many a Hollywood husband has made that sad discovery concerning his wife, too.

I was a member of a gay little dinner party once which was completely wrecked simply because the star's husband arrived with a blonde hair on his lapel, and by the time the dessert had been served, a magnificent creation superbly glacé, and

with pink electric lights in it, everyone was so busy kicking and screaming and slamming doors that I had it all to myself, and hereby report that nothing is so disappointing to the stomach as an iced electric light bulb. Now if the husband had brought in a blonde I might understand all the excitement—but after all, a blonde hair. Poof!

If only stars would leave their emotions in the studios along with their greasepaint and false eyelashes, Hollywood marriages would be a lot more secure. As it is they're about as secure as Leon Errol's legs. But once an emotion gets itself burning on a studio set, you can be darned sure it's going to keep on burning after the star gets home. They burn their emotions at both ends—that's why Hollywood marriages haven't a chance to succeed, that's why Pitcher Peepul fall violently in love and go flying off to Yuma in the middle of the night, and why they also fall violently out of love and call in the lawyers in the cold gray dawn.



Lee Tracy

Working in the studios condemns them to emotional excesses. They have to "give all" in order to register on the screen. Acting before the camera, with a director urging you on and on to greater emotional outbursts, is like taking a shot in the arm. Pity the poor actress—it's her job. She must work her-

self up until emotion grips her with absolute reality. Until she "feels" it in every nerve. Until her voice breaks and tears gush from her eyes. "Cut," shouts the director. "Good work. That's all for tonight."

But that isn't all for tonight. La Belle is emotionally stimulated, her nerves on edge. She's hysterically a-quiver—she's got to do something violent to let off steam—she's got to shout at somebody—or throw something. She picks up the evening paper on her way home and reads in the gossip column where her husband was seen at the Clover Club the night before with a gay party of people, including, tsch! tsch! his recent leading lady. Well, that is, as Josh Billings, a famous American wit, remarked, "Tew mutch." You can be quite sure there'll be a flood and a tornado followed by a blizzard in that ducky wucky love nest



## After Emoting All Day, Is It Strange That the Stars Are Not Placid Partners When They Return Home At Night?



Jean Harlow

lar hours and going to bed early, whereas she is all exhilarated after a day before the cameras and needs something more exciting at night than home and fireside.

Joan Crawford was making "Today We Live" when she and Doug Jr., came to the actual parting of the ways. Joan was playing a young English girl caught in the chaos of the war, a girl tense, dramatic, emotional. A girl who demanded too much

of herself. Joan, in brief, was playing herself. After standing before the cameras all day, going from one emotional scene to another, she was in no mood for gay repartee when she arrived home at nights. "Please don't talk to me, I want to be still for awhile," she would say to the sparkling, boutonniere Doug Jr. "What's the matter, Billie?"

Doug Jr., would



Constance Bennett

tift, which has been going on for months, and just after we had such a struggle getting them married too. Everything seemed to be getting along smoothly until Johnny had to go back to his "ughs" and elephants in "Tarzan," and Lupe went over to the United Artists' lot to be tossed around in "Palooka" by that rough Jimmy Durante and those prize-fighting

boys, Robert Armstrong and William Cagney. It was a gay wild set and Lupe had to be full of pep and the devil. When night came along she was all nervously excited and ready to go places where there was lots of noise and bright lights, to the fights and then to a night club, screaming and laughing until day break. But poor Johnny had most likely been wrestling with an alligator all day, or been thrown about by the elephants, and was simply worn out and asked for nothing better than to be allowed to go to bed and rest his weary bones. So there they were, Lupe raring to go, and Johnny aching to stay. Naturally they started nagging and bickering and fighting.

Johnny moved to the Chateau Marmont to get some sleep and Lupe went to the fights with somebody else. What goings-on! Lupe very frankly tells you that it is difficult for her and Johnny to live together because Johnny has been an athlete all his life and is used to regu-

ask. "Have I done anything wrong?" No, no," Joan would almost cry, "I just want to be quiet." "Let's go out to dance tonight," Doug, ignoring the danger signals would suggest. "Let's call up the Gables. Guess who popped in on me at the studio today?" By that time Joan's bedroom door would be closed with a definite thud. And in the shadows of her room again she would be the English girl mourning tragically over her lost love.

There, at least, is one very obvious reason why Joan and Franchot are hitting it off together much better than Joan and Douglas ever did. Ever since they have known each other Joan and Franchot have played in every picture together—therefore they were always in the same mood at the same time. If the scenes had been tiring and tense they were both in the mood to stay at home and read to each other—or, on the other hand, if they had been dancing and cavorting around like a couple of kids all day on the "Dancing Lady" or "Sadie McKee" sets, they were all ready to continue their dancing and cavorting at the Cocoanut Grove that night. And let there be no doubt in your minds but that those love scenes in "Dancing Lady" between Joan and Franchot were quite, quite kosher. In fact so real were they that a number of movie goers were a bit confused by the plot and thought, up until the last fade-out, that Joan was going to marry Franchot instead of Clark Gable.

Of course Myrna Loy and Ramon Navarro had been hanging [Continued on page 66]



Frances Dee



Spencer Tracy

Perhaps one of the reasons for the sympathetic understanding between Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford is the fact that they are together emotionally during the daytime.

in Beverly Hills.

Well, now, I hate to get too technical about this emotion business but, believe it or not, nearly every love affair, or quarrel or reconciliation in Hollywood parallels the emotional scenes of the pictures which were being made by the principals at that time. Of course it doesn't work in every case (and of course there are a lot of cases where it worked only too, too well, but I can't tell you about them on account of one or both of the parties being married). However, some of the stars are so regular that you know just who so-and-so's next heart throb will be simply by reading the casting notes.

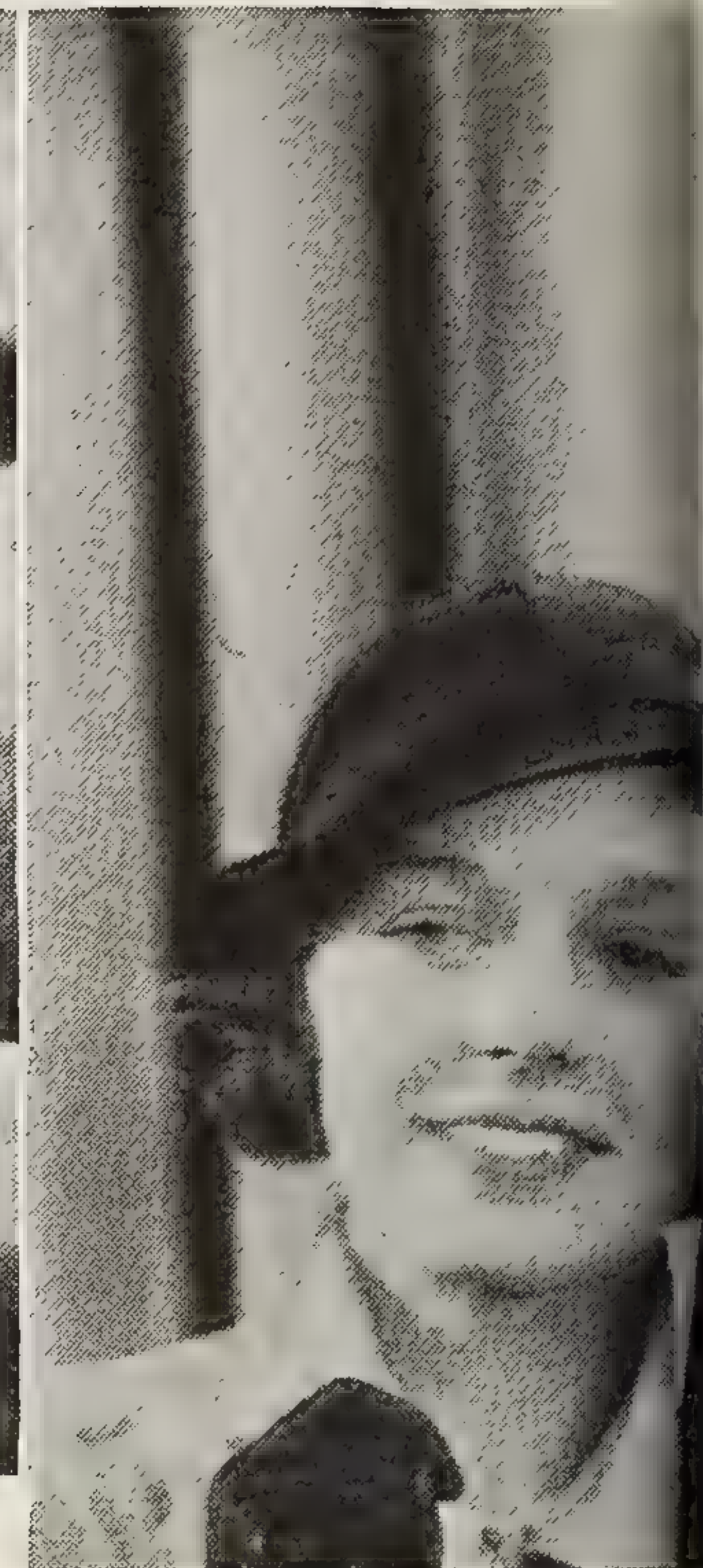
Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are still the headliners in Hollywood's latest





Margaret has brought a new type to the screen. She cares nothing about her beauty, offering instead a deep and moving sincerity.

By Patricia Keats



WELL, now I've got to dash out to Universal studios, which is way out yonder in the Valley, and whip up a little something about "Little Man, What Now" and Margaret Sullavan. Dear me, I'd much rather go prying over at Paramount this morning where practically the entire Southern California football team, all done up in grease-paint and Egyptian dingle dangles, and very few dingle dangles at that, are making their spectacular entrance into Rome today with "Cleopatra" Colbert perched on their brawny shoulders. But no, I have to miss all the fun, and go out to see "Little Man, What Now?" and Margaret Sullavan. And that is eating humble pie. (If you've a new recipe for humble pie please send it on—something with meringue preferred.)

It seems that Margaret Sullavan is the kind of person who doesn't like interviewers, and I'm the kind of interviewer who likes to be liked, so I just sort of declared a feud because you die young if you like everybody. Believe it or not, wars are fought for less reason than that. But my boss being a New Englander, without the proper appreciation of feuds, wants a story on "Little Man, What Now?" and Margaret Sullavan and so, alas, Rome will have to clash its cymbals and get an eyeful of Cleopatra and the Southern California football team without me today.

The "Little Man, What Now?" company is at work on stage 6 I am told when I reach Universal, which is only a stone's throw, as the crow flies, from First National, and with a sympathetic member of the publicity department—who'd rather be seeing Cleo too—I stumble over Boris Karloff, Gloria Stuart, and an old cab left over from "Back Street," and arrive on the set just in time to see Margaret rescue a stew from the kitchen stove—I mean a meat stew. So that cute kid is Margaret Sullavan. She doesn't look nearly as young ladyish as she did in "Only Yesterday." Well, if you don't mind, I'll just sit over

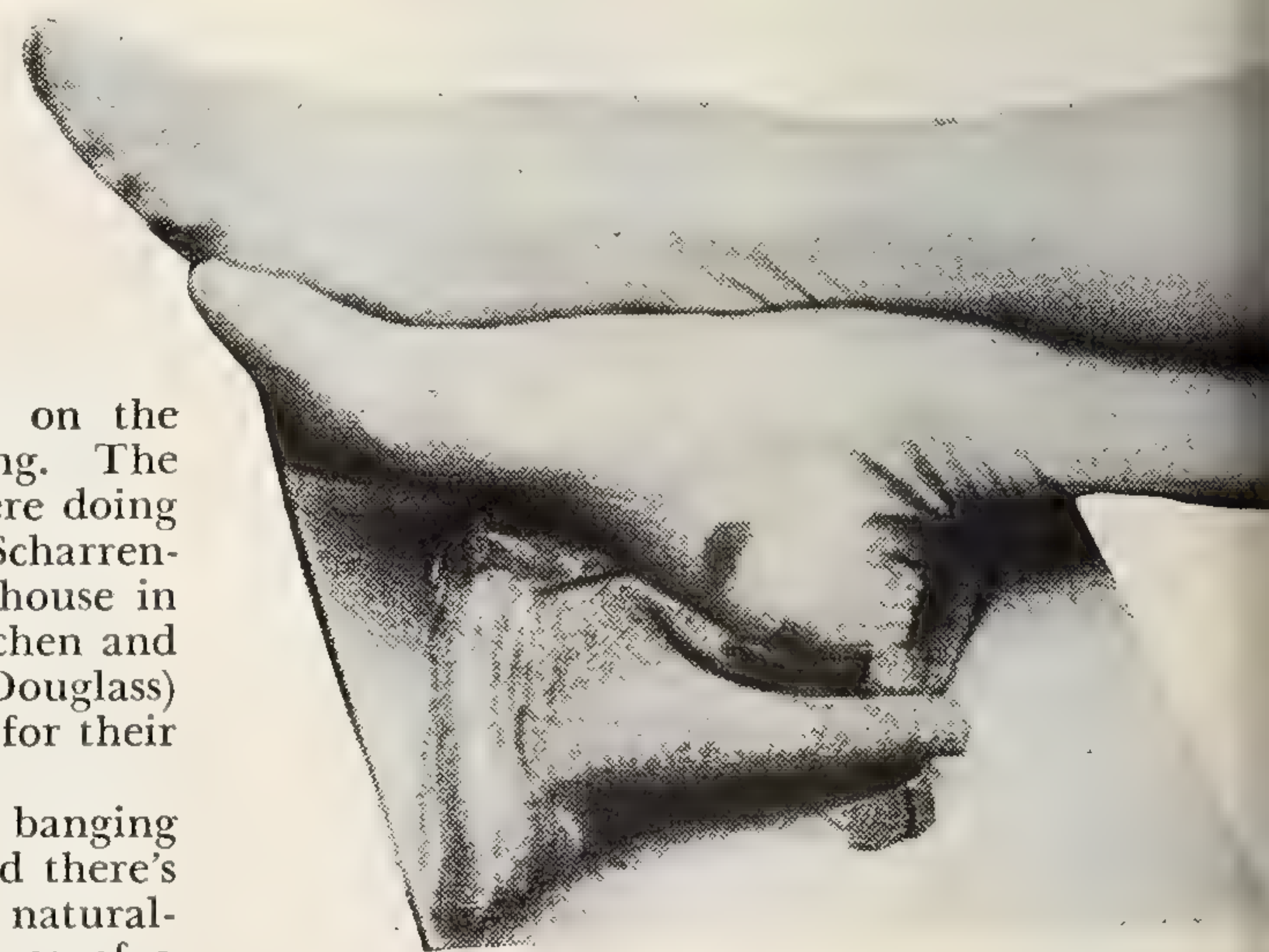
here in the corner and observe a bit. Ah, there's Frank Borzage. I feel better already.

Frank Borzage is the most widely loved and admired director in Hollywood—and, if you could just see the flock of gold statuettes he has won at Academy Award dinners, you'd know that he rates pretty high with his confrères. When I first saw the row of gold statuettes in his home I was sure that they had mated and had children. Frank is directing "Little Man, What Now?" and that is all you need to know to be convinced that it will have the charm and tender pathos and naïve humor of "Seventh Heaven" and "A Man's Castle." Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery will doubtless join those famous Borzage-made lovers, Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, and Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy.

You've probably read Hans Fallada's best seller and know what a truly beautiful and sincere story it is. And you can be darned sure that none of its beauty and sincerity will be lost on the screen, with Frank Borzage directing. The morning I spent on the set they were doing the scene in the poor Widow Scharrenhofer's (played by Sarah Padden) house in Ducherow, Germany, where Lammchen and Hans Pinneberg (Margaret and Douglass) are living in poverty while waiting for their baby.

There is never any screaming or banging or snarling on a Borzage set, instead there's a quiet calm rather conducive to naturalness. None of that graveyard silence of a Von Sternberg set, nor that circus-like clanking of a De Mille set. Everyone talks naturally, and no one gets unduly excited. Least of all the director himself. He kneels down by Margaret and goes over her lines with her. He doesn't tell her how to read them. He doesn't tell her how to "act" them. One—two—perhaps three "takes" is all he ever needs.

This is all very bewildering to Margaret because she feels as if she is awfully bad and that Mr. Borzage isn't even bothering with her. You see, the only other picture Margaret has made was directed by John M. Stahl, who used to take as many as fifty-eight takes of one little scene, and who used to direct every word Margaret spoke and every batt of an eyelash. What a contrast in directors! No wonder Margaret, who suffers intensely from ye olde inferiority complex, was quite upset. But when Frank Borzage heard that Margaret was worrying about his lack of direction of



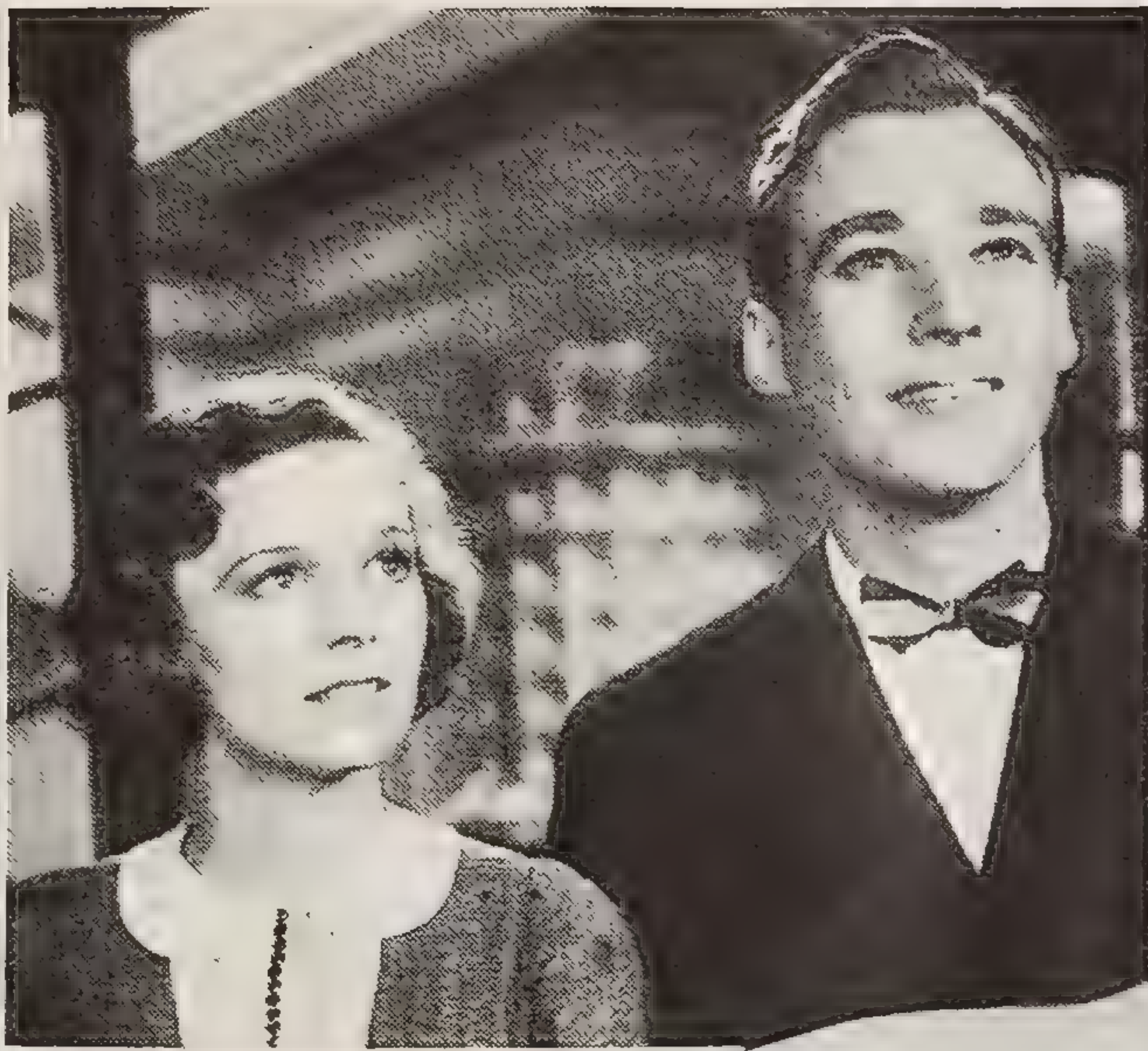
her, he told her: "When you cease to be natural, Margaret, I will direct you. Not before."

And that for "Little Man, What Now?" and Frank Borzage. It's my bet, judging from what I observed on my observation day, that Frank will have another little gold statuette ere the birdies nest again, and so



# REPEAT?

Margaret Sullavan made a hit—and what a hit—in “Only Yesterday,” but little girl, what now?



Three stills from “Little Man, What Now?”—the picture from the Hans Fallada best seller. Douglass Montgomery, who was so fine in “Little Women,” plays the husband.

will Carl Laemmle.

And now for Margaret Sullavan. You know as well as I do that she spells her name with an “a,” and that she was born in Norfolk, Virginia, May 16, 1911, that she was a New York stage star while still in her teens, and that she arrived in Hollywood last May (with an ocelot which she gave to the captain of the boat she came on for a mascot) on her twenty-second birthday to play the lead opposite John

She kicks her shoes off and studies her part between scenes of “Little Man, What Now?” while a million fans confidently wait. Will Margaret Sullavan repeat her wonderful success?

Boles in “Only Yesterday.” The picture was sensational, and so was Margaret Sullavan. You know all this, but what you don’t know is that Margaret is an old heel-

slipper-offer. Immediately I made that discovery I called off the feud. I simply have to like a heel-slipper-offer. The minute Margaret sits down (usually on one foot) off slips her slipper, which she proceeds to dangle by her toes. Upon further investigation I learned that many of Margaret’s “still” pictures are ruined because when they are developed they reveal a dangling slipper and a heel exposed to the [Continued on page 62]



# NEWS



Carole Lombard and John Barrymore recently finished "Twentieth Century," and all the picture-wise knew that it would be a movie milestone.

At the Warner Brothers' Studio

**H**OW time flies! Here another month has rolled by and it's spring. And if you don't believe me all you have to do is go out on the set of "The Old Doll's House" at Warners' First National. It'll be well worth your time and trouble—if you can get on. It's one of the prettiest sets I've seen in a long time. There's the side of an old house (the time is 1888) and all along the side is a garden. There are clipped hedges and cedars, all sorts of old-fashioned flowers—hollyhocks, mignonette, sweet Williams, larkspur and heliotrope. The garden is bathed in moonlight. From the house the music drifts out. In a trellised arbor stand Richard Barthelmess and Helen Chandler. Anything more beautiful than Helen at this moment would be hard to imagine. Her

blonde hair is a mass of curls and a little cluster of them falls at her neck. She has on a beautiful gown. The skirt is pink taffeta with *paniers* at the side and a bustle at the back. The waist is a basque made of alternate strips of the taffeta and the same shade of velvet. Dick is in full evening dress. A lock of hair falls over his forehead, as it was worn in those days. He looks about sixteen.

Suddenly he gathers Helen in his arms and kisses her tenderly. As they draw apart after the kiss he says, "You're lovely tonight, Abby. Lovelier than I've even seen you."

"I hoped you'd think that," Helen smiles. "And you're looking very impressive in your new suit."

Dick makes a wry grimace as he fingers the lapels of his coat. "It's lucky I have a friend my size." Then a shadow crosses his face. "How long can we keep it up—this deception, I mean?"

"When you touched my hand tonight I thought they must all know," Helen declares. "I trembled so."

"And I could hardly keep from shouting out that I loved you," Dick assures her.

"My father wondered why I was so nervous," Helen adds.

Dick's face darkens at the mention of her father. "I should never have made love to you."

"You couldn't help yourself," says Helen gayly. "I encouraged you."

"I should have remembered the difference between us. I've nothing to offer you."

"I don't want anything," from Helen.



In "The Witching Hour," the old Augustus Thomas stage success, are Ralf Harolde and Judith Allen.

A scene from "Springtime for Henry" is one more spring for Nancy Carroll. Nigel Bruce assisting.

"Your father will never consent to your marrying one of his clerks," Dick worries. "He'll have to," comes positively from Helen. "I'll never marry anyone else."

But Dick can't stop fretting. "It's a pity I'm so poor."

"Don't think about it," Helen begs, "not now. We have such a few moments together. We can't afford to spoil one." She smiles up at him tenderly.



# from the STUDIOS

Over Hollywood Hovers  
Silver Screen's Intrepid  
Observer, Seeing All,  
Hearing All and Using  
His Own Judgment.

By S. R. Mook



Richard Barthelmess  
and Helen Chandler  
acting up in the  
Damon Runyon  
Story.

Abigail as girl.....Helen Chandler  
Babe.....Paul Hurst  
Hughie.....Harry Tyler  
Augie.....Robert Barrett  
Senator.....Robert McWade

## "THE OLD DOLL'S HOUSE"

Lance.....  
..Richard Barthelmess  
Joan.....Ann Dvorak  
Abigail..Helen Lowell

"Barry, you'd better change your moniker. You'll never be a playwright."

"I was christened Barry," Mr. Eldredge observes haughtily. "It's my middle name."

"Oh," Robinson mocks. "Now it comes out. What's your first name, Sir James?"

"It's Horace," Eldredge admits reluctantly.

"Oh—Horace. It's white of you to tell us, Horace B. Jones," Eddie sneers.

"I never would have acted in the play if I'd known that," Mae chimes in.

"Daphne, my love," Eddie chirps, turning to her, "you've never acted in any play—and never will."

"You try to cheapen everything—both of you," Eldredge puts in. "Well, you can't." Turning to Robinson. "I know about you. You've had a hangover for ten years." And to Mae, as a parting shot, "And you—you just hang over with him. You're two chronic grouches." With which, Mr. Eldredge leaves. It's a smart wise-cracker who knows when to go.

But Robinson isn't through even yet. He turns to Mae, who is the only one left in the room with him. "By the way, dear—in the scene with the husband in the last act—I'm sure you'll pardon me—do you suppose you could give it just a touch of refinement?"

I tiptoe out unnoticed. Smart-aleck that I am, even I could not hope to cope with the subtleties of the insults being bandied about on this set. Besides, I like Mae.

## "THE DARK TOWER"

Damon Wells.....Edw. G. Robinson  
Jessica Wells.....Mary Astor  
Ben Weston.....Ricardo Cortez  
Stanley Vance.....Louis Calhern  
Barry.....John Eldredge  
Dr. Kendall.....Arthur Byron  
Daphne.....Barbara Blair  
Martha.....Margaret Dale  
Peabody.....Virginia Sale  
Morgue Keeper.....Harry Tyler

[Continued on page 70]

"The Dark Tower," starring Edward G. Robinson, comes next. The scene is Robinson's dressing room in a theatre. There is a long table, big enough for two actors. On the table is a tray with a bottle of imitation whiskey, a couple of small whiskey glasses and a large water tumbler half full of whiskey. There are the usual signs about the room—"Not responsible for valuables," "No Smoking," etc. On the walls are pictures of Barbara Stanwyck, Marilyn Miller, Dorothy Mackaill, Loretta Young and some old timer whose face is familiar but whose name eludes me at the moment. And I can't help wondering a bit sadly how long it will be before those others will be just familiar faces whose names elude me."

But enough of this sentimentalizing. Robinson is sitting at the table in full evening dress—except for his coat. Mae Clarke, in a maid's outfit, is sitting on the table. And John Eldredge (a newcomer who scored in a play called "Joyous Season") is standing talking to them. He's the author of the play.

"I don't know what you're sore about," Eldredge exclaims petulantly. "Your sister has a basket full of telegrams. Everybody thinks it's a grand play."

"Grand for a High School Strawberry Lawn Festival," Robinson snaps, turning away. "Somebody ought to stuff that second act and put it in a museum." With great scorn he points accusingly at Eldredge:

"Cut," calls Alan Crosland, the director.

"Mr. Mook," Dick yells solemnly, ignoring the director, "How did that appeal to your esthetic sense?"

"Mr. Barthelmess," I retort gravely, "it was superb. I didn't think you had it in you."

"Don't you ever try saying anything nice?" he wonders.

"Yes, but I was told I lose my color when I'm nice. It's not my natural disposition."

I've said it before and I'll say it again: as far as I'm concerned there's no actor on the screen today who gets the same quality of sincerity in his work as Barthelmess, nor who can make me believe in what he does the way Dick can.

But I can't stay here all day, much as I'd like to. There are other sets.

With Dick in the picture are many of my favorites, so how's about giving you their names and you can tell Aunt Emma who's who.





# A GIANT on BROADWAY!

Walter Huston Reaches  
His True Importance  
on the Stage.

By Lenore Samuels

The man who made "Gabriel Over the White House" is a talked-of success in "Dodsworth," the Sinclair Lewis play.

rights, but Max Gordon, who produced the play, has his own ideas on the subject. He may film the play himself—here in the East—but *not* until after it has ended its life on Broadway and "the road," full of years and honors, as he fondly hopes.

**W**HEN a celebrated actor leaves Hollywood after a successful screen career of more than five years, to appear on the legitimate stage for a second time, he generally approaches it with a different perspective entirely. At least it is so in the case of Walter Huston, who is now standing them up six nights and at least two or three matinees each week in the sensational production of Sinclair Lewis' famous novel, "Dodsworth."

As he sat in his dressing-room in the Shubert Theatre, applying his makeup with a sure and practiced touch while we talked, Huston expressed himself frankly.

"I like the screen," he admitted, "but coming back to Broadway was like coming home. And I'm not anxious to leave it again—not for a long time. I've had three offers to return to Hollywood already. But what can I do? 'Dodsworth' is in for a long run—you can see that. Why, we even expect it to hold well along into next year. After that we'll take it on the road."

Up until last season when Eva La Gallienne and Katherine Cornell decided to brave the hardships and unknown perils of "the road," Broadway players held up their hands in holy horror at the very thought of "touring." That was all right in the old days, but now! Tour indeed!

Huston has no such qualms. Perhaps the current Renaissance of the Theatre is responsible, or perhaps he is romantic enough to agree with Robert Louis Stevenson's provocative vagabond and say:

"All I ask: the heaven above  
And the road below me."

He is looking forward to a renewed ac-

quaintance in this fashion with the thousands of loyal fans who have missed him since his temporary retirement from the films. He thinks that the tour of a former picture star will bring into the theatre many people who have never before seen a legitimate play.

"Why, just the other day," Huston observed, "I received a letter from a brother and sister who said that 'Dodsworth' was the first stage play either of them had ever seen. They came because they enjoyed my films and wanted to see what I was like in person."

"They must have been very young," I said.

"They were—about seventeen or eighteen. At the same time I gathered the impression from that letter that my screen popularity is going to play a big part in my future stage success."

He may be right. Yet, no amount of acquired movie fame or popularity could add one iota to Walter Huston's magnificent performance in "Dodsworth." His "Sam" is a characterization so ideally true to Sinclair Lewis' fiction creation of the automobile manufacturer of Zenith, whose wife insists that he give up his work and retire to a life of leisure abroad, that one feels the author should thank whatever god he worships for this marvelous stroke of casting luck.

Without a doubt "Dodsworth" is the hit of the year, and because of it Walter Huston, the star, and Sinclair Lewis, the author, are the Men of the Hour in so far as the theatrical world is concerned. Every producer in Hollywood has been on his toes trying to purchase the screen

Huston is not averse to these plans. Why should he be? His salary each week, with the additional ten percent profits, adds up to something more than a thousand dollars over his former weekly picture salary. And it will continue to do so as long as the play proves such a conspicuous success.

However, on the strength of the amazing manner in which Walter Huston has captured the town in "Dodsworth," long before this play itself is repeated in celluloid, you will be treated to a sight of the homely thoroughfare of Zenith, Ohio, that mid-western manufacturing town immortalized by Sinclair Lewis in so many of his sturdy novels. For Warner Brothers have decided to do a talkie version of "Babbitt," which was done as a silent film a good many years ago. Some of you who admit to being in the neighborhood of thirty may remember Mr. Babbitt, who, by the way, has a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Samuel Dodsworth.

Warners are also going to bring Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" to life again, and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing Miss Carol Kennicott walk down that famous thoroughfare, muttering aloud, perhaps, her disapproval of the humdrum state of affairs in Gopher Prairie, Minnesota.

The fact that these two Sinclair Lewis stories will be filmed before "Dodsworth" does not trouble the gracious Mr. Huston at all.

I commented that it was a pity his fans, most of whom could not visit New York, might be denied a sight of him for a year or more.

He turned to me with that quizzical  
[Continued on page 57]



# The VICTORY FOR BEAUTY



Anna Sten Won a Personal Triumph in "Nana." She Was So Lovely No One Noticed the Picture.

By Muriel  
Babcock



The Russian is recognized! In fact, we surrender to Anna Sten, The Sensuous Daughter of the Soviet.

**H**OLLYWOOD has gone Anna Sten conscious in a large way.

The whole town is talking about the beautiful woman from Russia who just emerged from a two years' shell as a sensational personality in "Nana."

At practically every gathering of people who follow pictures, questions like these are being asked: "What do you think of Anna Sten? Do you think she's like Garbo or like Dietrich or like either of them? Do you think she'll be greater than Garbo?" She is the city's most important conversational topic of the day.

What do I think of Anna Sten? Me, I think she's swell—I think she's got the emotional fire and drama and beauty on the screen that makes you want to see her again and again. I don't think she looks like either Dietrich or Garbo. I think she looks and acts like Sten. She's an individual film personality.

She's a very intriguing and interesting person herself, too. Not a lot has been written about her because not a lot of people know her. Why? Is she another mysterious beauty? No. When she first came to Hollywood to be relentlessly groomed under what I might flippantly term the Goldwyn one-year plan, she had instructions not to talk to a soul. She was to be a Goldwyn surprise package to be delivered to the public when Mr. Goldwyn had her good and ready. Meanwhile, he didn't want any nosey writers looking her over before she was properly dolled up in

her new ribbons and tissue paper for delivery.

This suited Sten. She went into seclusion with tutors and hair-dressers and masseuses and clothes designers, and didn't accept Hollywood invitations. Nobody knew very much about her. And nobody knows very much about her yet, although I discovered that, instead of being a mysterious beauty, she is a simple soul who is an interesting entity in herself.

Let me tell you about her—as I know her. Let me tell you about the real Sten.

Deliberately transformed into a recluse by Samuel Goldwyn, she is likely to stay one now because she is naturally shy, nervously sensitive about meeting new people and interested not in the crowd but in her own thoughts and actions, her books her husband and her home. She is a full-souled, full-bodied woman of great resources within herself.

Like Garbo, she suffers nervous indigestion when confronted by newspaper people. She is terrified of them. Once, Garbo told me in one of those rare interviews which are to be had no more, that "It is not because I do not like to talk. It is because I do not talk well and it makes me sick at my stomach to have to do so. I do not know you and why should I have to answer your questions when they make me nervous?" Well, why?

To Sten, exactly the same thing happens.

Interviewers make her "sick at the stomach" and she shrinks from the thought of them although she will talk for hours to her friends or to anyone she meets in a casual, friendly way.

What does she look like off the screen? Well, I used to see her chugging into the United Artists lot in her little 1930 model black Ford coupe, sometimes accompanied by her tutor, Mrs. Margaretta Knapp, sometimes by her volatile Slavic husband, Dr. Eugene Frenke. I used to wonder if it were possible for this big boned, tall, carelessly-dressed woman to possess that emotional spark which made for greatness on the screen. I used to wonder if beautiful clothes and well-groomed hair could achieve that amazing transformation from almost a peasant-type woman into a glamorous star. (I wonder no more for exactly this has been accomplished in "Nana.")

Sten hates to dress up. Flannel slacks, a sweater and a beret are her favorite outfit. Not because she has any Dietrich-like penchant for pants, but because she finds these things comfortable and she is a woman of no clothes pretensions. She likes to drive her own Ford and, whether she leaves the studio at 5 in the afternoon or 2 in the morning, she drives it home herself. Imagine, the Great Sten chugging down the dark and lonely road toward Santa Monica at two o'clock in the morning?

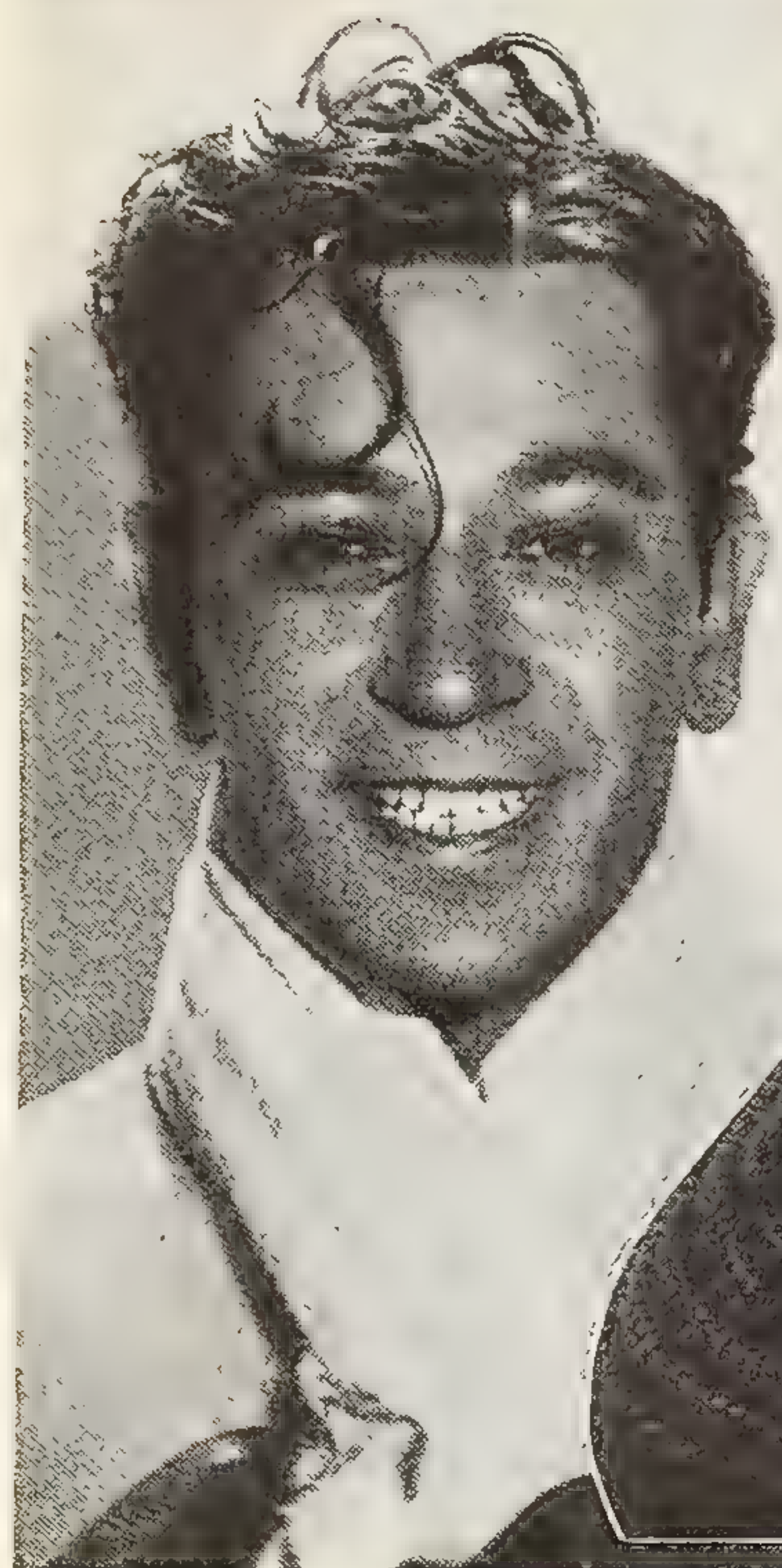
She loves food—platters of Russian food such as borscht, and likes to drink cognac and vodka with her husband. Too fat when she first came to America, she

[Continued on page 64]



With "Bolero" a Country Wide Hit, George Raft Becomes One of Our Ranking Stars.

Forty-second Street's Only Contribution to the Movies.



Some of the resin of the ring still clings to George's shoes. He never slips.

# RAFT

By  
Maude Cheatham

**G**EORGE RAFT'S biggest kick came when he returned to New York, which is still *his world*, after two years in Hollywood, and found three of his pictures, "Night After Night," "Undercover Man," and "If I Had a Million," showing on Broadway.

Yet, all I could get out of him on his Big Moment, was the simple comment, "I'm glad I made good."

It was characteristic of him. His simplicity and fearlessness are outstanding traits. There's none of the false movie grandeur about him. You take him or leave him just as he is. In his underworld rôles on the screen he somehow suggests the tiger. But off the screen he is boyishly earnest and absolutely unspoiled.

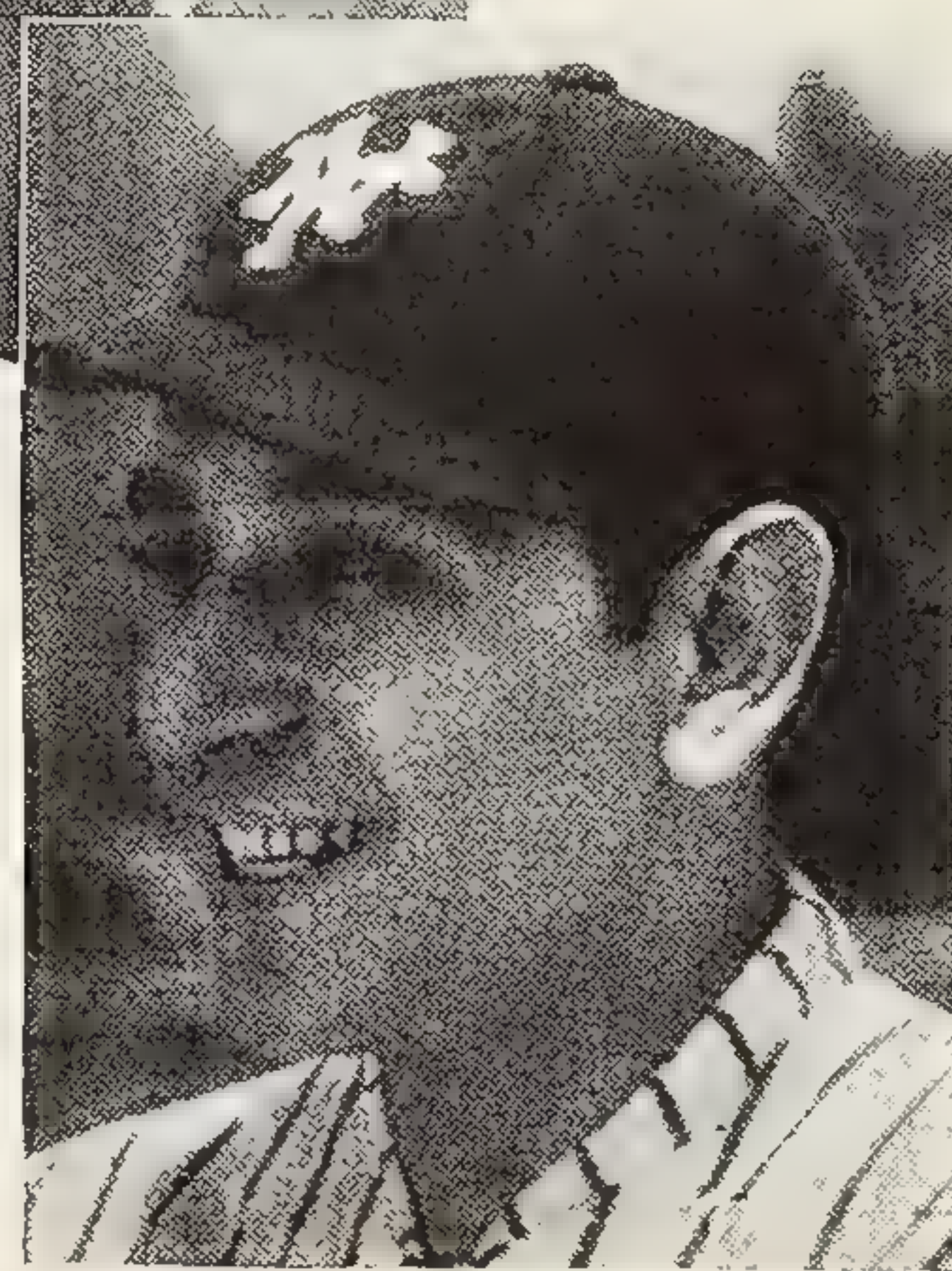
He may still be a little dazed with his success, but he's been hearing applause too long to let it ever turn his head. He's watched too many triumphs fade over night to have any false illusions.

Now, at thirty-one, George has emerged from his experiences—nonchalant, a bit hard and with an easy attitude toward life. He's modern as Tomorrow. A blended product of many conflicting environments—a very compelling and attractive personality.

Motion pictures are Raft's fourth career. He's entertained the high-ups and the low-downs as a boxer, a baseball player and a

George Raft and Frances Drake in "The Trumpet Blows," the story of a bull fighter.

Not so long ago, George played professional baseball with the Springfield (Mass.) club.



dancer, and now he is amusing a world audience via the screen.

At fifteen, rather than go to school, which he hated, George stepped out as a boxer. He was bantam weight and in twenty-five bouts was knocked out seven times. His last mauling made him decide to quit while he was intact.

Then he signed up as outfielder on the Springfield (Massachusetts) Eastern League Base Ball Team, but, after the second season, was dropped because his batting average didn't measure up with his fielding.

Returning to New York, in search of a job, he ran across the chance of going on as a dancer at Churchill's or Rector's, during the tea hour. Now, dancing had always been his hobby. Once, while still a kid, he had taken his sprightly mother to a waltz contest and they had won the prize.

So George danced to fame. In New York he appeared in many of the leading shows and all the best Night Clubs. Then he stormed Europe, visiting the various gay capitals and creating a sensation with his Charleston—he is the fastest Charleston dancer in the world—and other adagio numbers. One of the high lights of this tour was his becoming friendly with the Prince of Wales, and teaching

him the Charleston. A cigarette case from the Prince is a prized memento of the occasion.

Returning from Europe, Broadway wouldn't meet his salary demands, so he came to Hollywood for a rest. Honestly, Raft never thought of the movies. He didn't consider he was screen material. But one night, at the Brown Derby, Rowland Brown spotted him and decided he wanted him for "Quick Millions," his new film, and George suddenly found himself launched on his fourth career.

It was "Scarface" which carried him to the top. That death scene! He says himself he probably couldn't do it again, for he followed no technique. He just felt the tragedy of that boy's death and acted it out.

His emotions are visual; he thinks with his body. This is [Continued on page 58]



Ann Sothern Failed Once in Pictures. She Struggled for Three Years to Win Success on Broadway—but NOW Look at Her.

By Margaret Ettinger



Harriet Lake changed her Hard Lot into a Blossoming Career and her Name into Ann Sothern. She sings in "Melody in Spring," and no wonder!

SIX years ago a girl rode from Hollywood to Culver City using her last dime to do so. If she didn't get a job at the studio that day it would mean she was without food and lodging and that the end had come. There was a certain defiant look to the face framed by soft golden hair, and out from which protruded two enormous blue eyes fringed with long black lashes. The turned up piquant nose seemed to turn up more than usual this day. Two freshly washed gloves tied a red scarf at the throat a little more firmly. Two trimly shod feet put themselves determinedly on the floor.

Apparently something in the little figure dressed in a tailored blue suit conveyed a message to the girl in the casting office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It was the first time—in the many, many times Harriet Lake applied for work there that she was told to "wait a minute."

Some minutes later she was told to report to the wardrobe—was given a pass—went through the gates that had so frigidly withheld her from entering previously, and shortly was putting on make-up with a group of other girls in the extras' dressing room at the far end of the lot.

The day was like many others Harriet had known on other lots—time for lunch—a return to the set, when the music started—there she was in the very far background as the camera ground out the film for this scene, a large ballroom jammed with extras.

The best news of all came at the end of the day when she not only received her seven-fifty check, but was told to come back to the same set the next day.

A week's work developed from that—a week in which Harriet had time to get herself organized on what she was going to do. No more being down to her last nothing. She had had enough of that in the year's time she had been in Hollywood, clinging desperately to the hope that she might land in pictures and thereby find a means of livelihood. She could sing—she could dance—she could wear clothes, and she was going to earn a living—a worthwhile living, too.

# "IT'S WORTH IT!"

So, she bought a new dress—a most becoming one fashioned to show her figure to its best advantage—spent a day's earnings on accessories to make the outfit complete and returned to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios to talk with the girl in the casting office who had so kindly helped her. She took the girl into her confidence and asked for advice. The casting office girl, wanting to do her part, arranged for a special test to be made, which resulted in Harriet's being put under contract to the studio at seventy-five dollars a week. She cried herself to sleep that night. "Who wouldn't have?" she asks when recounting the experience.

But—nothing happened. She was under contract—got her salary each week, used her spare time to good advantage by continuing with her study of voice—but was never assigned other than a bit part in a picture. She worked most of the time, it is true—but ambitious as she was, the great moment never came.

A year later—terribly disappointed and resigned to the fact that there was no place for her in pictures, she took the money she had managed to save—begged to be released from her contract—a request that was granted—and left for New York.

She decided to try the stage—perhaps her voice and her knowledge of dancing would help find a place for her on Broadway. Here the struggle began anew, but eventually a small part led to a larger one and so on and on, until three years after she arrived on Broadway she was given the

leading feminine rôle in "Of Thee I Sing" in the Chicago company. In this play she toured the country and in due time her name went up in lights on the Biltmore Theater marquee in Los Angeles, and practically all of Hollywood turned out *en masse* to see the opening night performance. Before the next day ended three major studios had offered contracts to her. But they were all refused.

She was back in New York rehearsing another play when Columbia sent her a script to read. They wanted her for the leading rôle. They made her a grand offer—so grand that she couldn't turn it down. Besides, the part appealed to her tremendously. She came West—signed a contract with Columbia and played her first important rôle in "Let's Fall in Love." And she changed her name to Ann Sothern.

She lives in a fine house in Beverly Hills now—has servants—a beautiful motor car and a wardrobe full of lovely clothes.

I asked her the other afternoon, as we sat on the terrace of her swimming pool sipping Claret punch, if the struggle and heart-aches and years of depriving herself of fun and gayety didn't make her present success seem very futile—not worth the struggle she has gone through to attain it.

"Worth it?" asked Ann.

"Worth it," she repeated, half closing her eyes and throwing back her head and taking a deep breath, "My, yes—a hundred times, yes. It has been well worth the struggle. I would gladly go through it again."



# NEW GIRLS TO SATISFY Hollywood's Insatiable DEMAND

By Helen Louise Walker



is that promise, that talent, that quality which sets them apart and makes them worth, at least, an expensive gamble? They are all young, mentally unformed, eager, earnest, enthusiastic. None of the four is a spectacular beauty. Each of the four is pretty.

I had met Evelyn Venable shortly after she arrived in Hollywood. Here was a veritable child. Daughter of a father who was an internationally acknowledged authority on Shakespeare, she had been reared in the atmosphere and the traditions of the Bard from the time she was an infant. Her two years of stage experience had been with Walter Hampden, an old friend of her father's, in Shakespearian repertoire. Hampden had guarded and guided her as conscientiously as her own family would have done. She

**W**HILE ordinary people are reading the seed catalogues in the Spring, wondering whether a new, hardy perennial will flourish next to the pansy bed, inquiring just when the roses should be pruned to obtain the best results . . . motion picture producers are going over their lists of players, wondering which ones to keep, which ones to weed out, which ones to prune in the interests of pictures for Autumn release.

Each studio has on its lists of players a few in whom it places its hopes . . . to supplant the stars of today and yesterday when the time of these latter shall have passed. Youngsters, whom they are grooming, nurturing, fostering, teaching. Youngsters on whom the future of studios . . . and pictures . . . rest.

In the past week or two I have met and talked with four of these sprigs, each of whom has won for herself a long term contract by dint of a notable performance. Young girls in whom shrewd and high-powered executives believe enough to invest large numbers of pleasant, round, silver dollars. Girls whom you have seen and will see again upon the screen.

What, I wondered, do these girls have that a thousand other girls do not? What

Evelyn Venable, who, in "Cradle Song" and "Death Takes a Holiday," staked her claim on a section of Hollywood's glory. Her next is "Double Door."

In "Viva Villa," beautiful Katherine DeMille easily holds her own as Pancho's wife.



The New England picture, "As the Earth Turns," established Jean Muir on a long career.





International

The Wampas Baby Stars of 1934. (Front Row) Helene Cohan, Jacqueline Wells, Betty Bryson, Jean Carmen, Lu Anne Meredith, Dorothy Drake, Lucille Lund. (Rear Row) Judith Arlen, Jean Gale, Ann Hovey, Katherine Williams, Hazel Hayes, GiGi Parrish.

was steeped in the classics, educated (so far as books went) far beyond most girls of her age.

Evelyn has never touched life, has never thought for herself, has never made a decision or a move without mature guidance. When she signed her contract with Paramount, she was, although still a minor and subject to her father's judgment, an independent young person with a job and an income of her own. What do you think she did?

She acquired a saddle horse before she acquired a house, the proper clothes to wear in California or a car to take her to and from the studio. Accustomed to dependence on other people's judgment and emotional support, she acquired a woman friend, a Mrs. Gardener, who devotes all of her time and affectionate attention to Evelyn's affairs. She acquired a cat.

Evelyn is a study in contradictions. Her face looks like a fresh, ripe and rather downy peach. Her walk and gestures, her voice and diction are mature and stage trained. Her childish and delighted giggle over some triviality belies these attributes. She has never gone anywhere unchaperoned, and you become aware of that fact, somehow, by the time you have talked with her for five minutes.

She has never tasted meat in her life. This, she thinks, is because of her love for animals, because of a conviction that you must not eat their flesh. "I was brought up that way," she will tell you. "I think that I shall not change." It isn't, of course, a conviction at all. It is because she was "brought up that way," because that is the way she was *taught to feel*. It will be interesting to see what happens when that bookish young mind begins to think for itself, when Evelyn begins to *feel* for herself.

Hollywood has not touched her very much, as yet. She has worked hard and constantly almost ever since she has been here. She is excited and a-thrill over her new experiences, over meeting film celebrities, over enjoying film success. She is a little bit embarrassed over her thrills because those austere, Shakespearian circles might disapprove of pictures . . . She is beginning to get a perspective.

I shall be extremely interested to see what Hollywood will do to that child; Evelyn Venable.

Jean Muir, I think, interested me more than any of the other sprigs. Dick Barthelmess introduced her to me first, told me that she had great promise and added, solemnly, "A beautiful and reverent love of the theater. An authentic and interesting talent. Watch that girl! She will go very far."

Jean is dedicated to the theater and all its ramifications (which include pictures) with a passion which might have belonged to a medieval nun, dedicating her life, her soul, her whole being, to a shrine. It is the sort of single-souled devotion which one woman in perhaps four hundred thousand gives to one man. The theater to Jean is sex and religion, emotion and intellect. It is all of her.

Everyone she meets, everything she reads, [Continued on page 56]



Frances Drake is now leading woman for George Raft in "The Trumpet Blows." Her "Bolero" dance did it.

## THE FOUR MOST PROMISING ARRIVALS.

for JUNE 1934



# ~ REVIEWS ~



Fay Wray and that old bandit, Wallace Beery.

VIVA  
VILLA



Ginger Rogers  
stoops to con-  
quer Warren  
William in "Up-  
perworld."



Rating: 102° VIVA BEERY AND HENRY B. WALTHALL—M-G-M

**N**OT since "The Birth of a Nation," "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Big Parade" has there been a picture so

In "Riptide," Robert Montgomery is the playboy and Norma Shearer the other man's wife.

magnificently stupendous as the much publicized "Viva Villa." Hollywood once more can say "Colossal" and not be jeered at. There has never been so much thrilling entertainment, so much humor and humaneness packed into one film before, and

if you don't leave the theatre simply raving about Wallie Beery and Henry B. Walthall—well, you'd better see a doctor about your red corpuscles. Of course, the really funny thing about it all is that the greatness of the picture came to Hollywood as a complete surprise. There was all the trouble in Mexico you remember, and Lee Tracy getting thrown out of the picture, and the director being changed, and then a lot of the cast were changed, and then a new director had to work in a story to fit the scenes photographed in Mexico—and so we in Hollywood just decided it would be "one of those things." Well, it isn't. It's—colossal.

Beery has never given a better performance than he gives as Pancho Villa, the bandit. Mexico should certainly have no cause to quarrel with Hollywood over the presentation of its popular hero—for David Selznick of M-G-M has not only glorified him but made him lovable and human. And what a great actor Henry B. Walthall is—has always been—but Hollywood forgets so easily. Since talkies came in Mr. Walthall, the never to be forgotten Little Colonel of "Birth of a Nation," has been playing bits here and there, even "atmosphere," but once more, thank goodness, he comes into his own, and a generation who never knew him as the Little Colonel will acclaim him anew as Madero, the saint-like Revolutionary leader—whom Pancho Villa called "the Little Feller."

"I'll Tell the World" is Lee Tracy back again, and Gloria Stuart, too.

Raves must also go to Stu Erwin, who plays the newspaper reporter from New York, who made friends with Villa and traveled with him on all his campaigns. And to



# JUDGING THE NEW PICTURES

SILVER SCREEN'S  
PICTURE THERMOMETER  
Degrees of Quality



Dick Powell and  
Ginger Rogers  
are delightful in  
"Twenty Million  
Sweethearts."

"Wild Cargo" is  
the new Frank  
Buck picture,  
where cobras  
perform and  
courage is in  
every scene.



Leo Carrillo, Villa's conceited lieutenant, and to Katharine De Mille, one of the bandit's many wives. Also giving brilliant performances are Joseph Schildkraut, the villainous, double-crossing General Pascal, George Stone, Villa's letter-writer who draws pigeons every time his master asks for bulls, and Fay Wray and Donald Cook, as the young aristocrats.

Yes, "Viva Villa" is a smash hit. People will be talking about it for years and years. And it's just what you need to start the old blood racing in your veins again.

## TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS

Rating: 71° AND FUN EVERYWHERE—Warner  
Brothers

GOOD clean fun is packed into this picture like sardines in a can, and believe you me (as Roscoe Karns says in "It Happened One Night"), you're in for an evening of grand entertainment. All the action and the song hits and the fun center around a broadcasting station, so you can get your music without having an ensemble of cuties come loping in—which is rather a relief for a change.

The Four Mills Brothers do three numbers, guaranteed to stop any show, which are worth the price of admission. Not to mention the series of impersonations done by the famous "Three Radio Rogues" right at the beginning of the picture.

The plot? Oh, the plot isn't so important—just sort of a rack to hang things on. It's about a singer who's discovered in California and taken to New York by a fast-

talking agent. After being a colossal flop he becomes a colossal success—thanks to the efforts of his girl friend. He is talked into believing that marriage will interfere with his career so there is the usual misunderstanding which gets straightened out beautifully in the end. But on to this, and

[Continued on page 60]

"VIVA VILLA" →

"TWENTY  
MILLION  
SWEETHEARTS" →

"THE CRIME  
DOCTOR" →

"YOU'RE TELLING  
ME" →

"WILD CARGO" →

"FINISHING  
SCHOOL"  
"RIPTIDE" →

"THREE ON A  
HONEYMOON" →

"MELODY IN  
SPRING" →

"THE TRUMPET  
BLOWS" →

"I'LL TELL THE  
WORLD" →

"GLAMOUR" →

"UPPERWORLD" →

Learn the  
real rating  
of the  
pictures  
from  
SILVER  
SCREEN'S  
MOVIE  
MERCURY

The better  
the picture,  
the higher  
our  
enthusiasm.





*Together again*

The most *Glorious*  
sweethearts of the Screen



*Janet*  
**GAYNOR**  
*Charles*  
**FARRELL**

Just as they captured your hearts in  
"Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up",  
they'll win you again in this lovable  
romance of young hearts, young love—

# CHANGE OF HEART

with  
**JAMES DUNN**  
**GINGER ROGERS**

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN  
Directed by John C. Blystone. From  
the novel "Manhattan Love Song"  
by Kathleen Norris





# A GALLERY OF GALS AND GALLANTS

*Stylized signature or logo*



UNA MERKEL

*Small text, possibly a credit or photographer's name.*

**M**AKE a list of the great, popular year-in and year-out players, from Marie Dressler to ZaSu Pitts, from Alice Brady to Wallace Beery, and you will find they all have that curious human quality which brings a friendly smile when they appear on the screen. This is the indispensable attribute of real popularity and Una Merkel has it more than any young player. She is destined to number her fans by the millions whereas dramatic actresses only reach thousands. Harold Lloyd knows—that's why Una is with him in "The Catpaw."



FRANCES DEE  
JOEL McCREA

THEY fell in love, got married, bought some overalls and now they have a ranch in the San Fernando Valley—a very easy spot for the stork to find. Frances finished "Finishing School" and Joel's next is "The Sea Girl." No one can forget Frances Dee in "The Silver Cord," and soon, after the greatest experience of any woman's life, she will again be on the screen with a brilliant career ahead of her. We're all for you, Frances.

*John Miebke*



The ranch house  
is open to the  
south to let the  
sun in.





## CLAUDETTE COLBERT AND HER MOTHER

**T**HE world lies fair before Claudette Colbert. From her home in Brentwood she surveys the Santa Monica Canyon and loves every inch of it. Her mother, Mme. Chauchoin, is very proud of her little girl and remembers happily how she first demonstrated, on a certain September Thirteenth in Paris, France, that she was wired for sound. Director De Mille discovered that Claudette was cast in the mould of Empress Poppæa, and now he is trying to prove that she is Cleopatra reborn—such goings on!

*William A. Fraker*





## KAY FRANCIS

**W**E SUSPECT Kay Francis is smarter than most people. Anyhow her star continues to rise. She put over "One Way Passage," Robert Riskin's original screen story, which won the Academy Trophy. "The House on 56th Street" had some great Kay Francis moments. Next comes "Dr. Monica," which will show just how much better Kay is now that she has discarded another husband.

*Elmer Fryer*



Bill Powell and Kay Francis  
in "One Way Passage."



William Boyd  
and Kay Francis  
in "The  
House on 56th  
Street."

Kay Francis  
and Warren  
William in  
"Dr. Monica."







*Carl De Voy*

## JOHN BARRYMORE

"TWENTIETH CENTURY," a successful Broadway play of last year, landed in Hollywood, and the part of the bankrupt stage producer has been brought to screen life by John Barrymore. In the story the producer, while traveling to Chicago, tries to recoup his fortunes by wheedling a contract from Carole Lombard. They have great scenes together, and Carole will surprise you as she did Mr. Barrymore. He complimented her, and just to show—you know—let himself go. A great performance by the Greatest Actor on the Screen—no one barred from competition.



John Barrymore and Carole Lombard between scenes, enjoying each other's clever company.





*Hewitt*

## FREDRIC MARCH

**I**N "The Firebrand," Fred March plays the romantic Benvenuto Cellini, who, in Sixteenth Century Italy, wrought miracles in gold and romance. This gay comedy introduces some new and picturesque clothes in our cycle of costume dramas. Constance Bennett co-stars—and comedy is her birth-right.







*Elmer Fryer*

**T**HERE'S a zest to Joan that is her contribution to pictures. She has a rough and ready way of making cracks that has truth for its motive force. She is the very spirit of the democracy which is now coming back to us—perhaps Joan helped. She is Hollywood's Number One Trouper, for she has played split weeks in China and one night stands in Germany. Her next picture is "Smarty."

**JOAN  
BLONDELL**



# BLOSSOMS for SCREEN of June



The principals:  
Kitty Carlisle,  
Carl Brisson, Dor-  
othy Stickney,  
Victor McLaglen  
and Jack Oakie.



Gertrude  
Michaels sings  
and dances as if  
the whole thing  
was just pretend-  
ing. You can see  
she's hiding the  
body—but only  
in this number.

Jack Oakie is head man,  
and still he keeps in  
touch with the two Portal  
Passers who, just to fool  
him, are disguised as  
roses. The one at the  
left, Dorothy Dawes, is  
the first rose of summer,  
and the other, Evelyn  
Kelly, represents a cling-  
ing vinie on the stalwart  
Oakie, and all together  
they spell Jack's rosary.

**I**NSTEAD of a backstage story about the leading lady's  
ankle and the understudy, this one, "Murder At the  
Vanities," is a backstage story concealing a murder and  
the show must go on. Ugh! Earl Carroll is an authority  
on girls, as who is not, and here are his opinions—did you  
ever see an opinion walking?







Toby Wing, a Hollywood girl, who keeps alive the idea of personality.



Kitty Carlisle in a scene from the unusual backstage thriller.



THESE eleven girls were brought from New York to give the authentic beauty quality to the Vanities part of the show. (L. to R.) Beautiful Beryl Wallace, Exquisite Evelyn Kelly, Delightful Dorothy Dawes, Admirable Anya Taranda, Lovely Laurie Shevlin, Charming Constance Jordan, Likeable Leda Nacova, Elegant Ernestine Anderson, Wonderful Wanda Perry, Merry Marion Callahan and Irresistible Ruth Hilliard.



ROBERT  
MONTGOMERY

**I**N "Riptide," the Shearer return-from-exile picture, Bob grabbed so many of the press notices that they had bonfires in Beacon, N. Y., to glorify their native son. Anyway, they should have had—he's done 'em proud. He and the Missus are now taking a vacation far from Hollywood for a month.

*Hurrell*







## ALICE FAYE

**I**N "Scandals" Alice looked very enticing, and danced with that professional ease which cannot be counterfeited. She will be with Spencer Tracy in "Now I'll Tell"—and, by then, the verdict of the public will be in and either she will be Alice of Hollywood or Alice sit by the fire forever after.

*Otto Dyar*





## NANCY CARROLL

**T**HERE just wasn't anyone who could take the place of Nancy Carroll, so she's back again. She is making "Springtime for Henry" with Otto Kruger, and *that* she can do. Don't let them cast you for any more "Sweeter Than Sweets," Nancy—you're an actress.







# My Make-Up Secret To accent the Allure of Beauty

As told to Florence Vondelle by ANN DVORAK

**POWDER...** "The color tone of face powder should blend softly with the skin, enlivening its natural beauty. For my colorings...brunette hair, hazel eyes and olive skin...Max Factor's Olive Powder is the harmonizing shade. Of velvety texture, it adheres perfectly, creating a satin-smooth make-up that is flattering under any close-up test."

**ROUGE...** "Harmony of color between powder and rouge is essential, for rouge should merely emphasize a natural, youthful glow in the cheeks. For my colorings, Max Factor's Carmine Rouge is extremely life-like in effect...and it is so creamy-smooth, like delicate skin-texture, that it always blends easily, evenly and naturally."

**LIPSTICK...** "The appeal of the lips may be accented a trifle...but it is most important that lip make-up be in color harmony. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Carmine Lipstick is the proper color tone to complete my make-up. It's moisture-proof and permanent in color...so that you may be sure your lips will appear attractive for hours and hours."

"There's a certain mystery about the appeal of beauty...but I know that color, perhaps more than anything else, is the one thing that makes feminine charm alluring.

"This appeal of color we may accent with make-up...but powder, rouge and lipstick should be in harmonizing color tones to give beauty a lovely, alluring warmth and life. This is the secret of color harmony make-up...created by Max Factor, Hollywood's

make-up genius...and my make-up secret, too."

Discover the difference Hollywood's magic make-up will make in your own beauty. Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius. Now featured by leading stores at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Mail the coupon below for personal make-up advice.

## Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

FILL IN and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

★ NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.



MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR,  
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Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
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Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>

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## THE WINNERS OF THE AWARDS OF THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES FOR 1934

### BEST PERFORMANCES—WOMEN

Katharine Hepburn won the greatest honor for her performance in "Morning Glory." And rightly, too.

### BEST PERFORMANCES—MEN

Charles Laughton in the English-made picture, "The Private Life of Henry VIII," was such a convincing king that he took the highest honor—his humor did it.

### THE BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR

"Cavalcade" topped them all, and Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook deserve great credit along with Frank Lloyd, director, and Noel Coward, author. At right, together again in "Where Lovers Meet."





# Three little words—

*I*F YOU want to assure the success of your own permanent wave, say these three words to your hairdresser as she prepares your hair: "USE EUGENE SACHETS."

Then rest content that you have done everything possible to help your waver make a success of your wave. For the Eugene sachet holds the *secret* of permanence and beauty.

When used to wrap your long strands of hair, with the Eugene Spiral method of winding—from roots to ends—it creates waves that are wide, soft, and natural.

When used for your shorter strands of hair, with the Eugene Reverse-spiral method of winding—from the ends to the roots—it fashions curls that are "springy" and will not easily come out.



**BUT WE REPEAT:** *Tell your operator to "Use Eugene Sachets."*

Beware of any substitutes. Avoid inferior wrappers—or home-made bits of flannel. The results may prove sadly disappointing.

You can identify genuine Eugene sachets by the trade-mark stamped on each one. *See this trade-mark figure—"The Goddess of the Wave."* Then you will know that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent, preferred by fashionable women the world over. Eugene Ltd . . . New York, London.

**eugène**  
*permanent waves*







LESLIE HOWARD

"**O**F HUMAN BONDAGE" is being filmed and every one of the hundreds of thousands who enjoyed Somerset Maugham's story is looking forward to seeing Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in this delightful tale. One of the first scenes in the play, at the left.





# Whispering Tongues!

How Much Truth Is There in Those Rumors About Jean Harlow?

By James M. Fidler

The walls of this room in Jean Harlow's Bel-Air mansion are in ivory white, with delicately tinted shutters and drapes. The furniture is of modern antique designed in pastel shades. The white blossoms carry out the color motif.

My dear Jean Harlow:

Of late, you have been the very attractive center of more gossip rumors than any other person in Hollywood, or perhaps in the entire world.

These rumors have spread with the speed of the influenza plague, Jean, until from every nook and corner of our globe come letters demanding to know if this story is true, and if that report is a fact.

With this letter to you, I am enclosing a carefully compiled list of the rumors that have reached my ears. There may be others, God forbid.

I hope you will steal the time from your very busy life to answer each item of gossip separately, Jean.

In closing, I want to assure you that, as your lifelong friend and devout admirer, I personally know the true answer to every ugly rumor circulated about you. But it is not for my own benefit that I am writing this letter to you. I am really writing in order to give you the opportunity to reply, in your own words (which will be published in public print that will be read by millions), to all the gossip that has been whispered—and shouted—about you.

With fondest wishes, I am

That nosey egg,

Jimmie Fidler.

## Jean Harlow's Letter

**M**Y EQUALLY dear Jimmie:  
To begin with, I feel like climbing to my housetop and screaming with joy. I have secretly wished for a

long time that somebody would provide me with just the chance you have given me—the chance to “air my views.”

Of course, newspaper and magazine writers have asked me questions about a few of the gossip items that have been circulated about me, and these writers have been kind enough to repeat my refutations. But without meaning to, they have often misquoted me in their answers.

This time there will be no misquoting, because I am writing my own answers (and gosh, I must be careful of my grammar and spelling!).

I have read and re-read the list of rumors you attached to your nice letter, and I find that you omitted two of the worst. I suspect you, Jimmie, of having purposely left them out because you thought they might embarrass me. At any rate, I have put them with your list, and item by item, I shall answer all.

*Am I going to have a baby?*

No. I mean, not for a long while. Eventually, yes. There have been so many reports lately that I am expecting to become a mother; I cannot imagine how and where they started. One newspaper in Philadelphia printed a statement that I had reserved rooms in the maternity ward of a hospital there. Another newspaper in New York announced a stork-visit for me. The Philadelphia Public Ledger telephoned me in the wardrobe department at the studio to inquire about these baby rumors.

To begin with, when I do make preparations for a baby, I will not go to Philadelphia or some other city; I'll have my baby

## THE HARLOW RUMORS

Is Jean Harlow going to have a baby soon?

Did Jean win her studio fight for a bigger salary, and is she happy with her present contract?

Is she living with her parents, with her husband, or both?

Are Jean's mother and step-father about to separate?

Is she having an operation performed to change the appearance of her nose?

Has Jean's book, “Today Is Tonight,” been rejected by publishers?

in Hollywood. Secondly, while all these rumors are going on, I am just about to start two new pictures, one after the other, and I'll be busy at the studio for, at least, the next four or five months.

There! Does that answer your baby question?

*Did I win my studio fight and get my salary raise, and am I happy with my present contract?*

To begin with, and as you know, I did not walk out of the studio. I visited the studio daily during my efforts to get a better contract.

This is the final outcome of our negotiations: After a few weeks, newspaper reporters began to publish the fact that I was

[Continued on page 66]



# ~ G O S S I P ~

## In Hollywood Every Actors' Boarding House Has Rumors

**D**ON'T ever let us hear you calling Marlene Dietrich high-hat. She's anything but. She and her husband, the attractive Rudolph Seiber, who's paying one of his annual visits to his family in Hollywood, and little Maria arrived at the Russian Eagle for dinner one night and were greeted enthusiastically by the proprietor, General Lodijensky, who is an old friend of the Seibers. After being seated in a secluded corner of the cafe, Marlene said, "Come, General, let me see those kitchen improvements you spoke to me about." With which she arose from the table, tucked her arm in his and nonchalantly strolled out to the kitchen just as if she were in her own home. Of course, the curious diners kept peeking every time the swinging doors opened, and for a good quarter of an hour they saw Marlene and Rudolph and the General sipping vodka from old cobwebby bottles. So that's what Marlene calls "kitchen improvements"—Hmmm!

—♦—

**I**T WAS a big night for little Maria, too, because the General permitted her to hold and wave through the air the famous flaming swords of Shashlyk. Also, Gloria Swanson was there and Fay Wray and Mae Clarke and Maurice Chevalier, and if there's anything Maria gets a bigger kick out of than looking at movie stars, it's looking at more movie stars.



Acme

Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore left the children at home, the yacht at anchor and went to the Domino Club Ball. Doesn't Dolores look well?

The youngsters of the screen at Patricia Ellis' party. Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Richard Cromwell, Mary Carlisle, Phillip Reed and Patricia.

**G**LENDA FARRELL, the screen's wisecracking blonde (and wasn't she swell in "Hi Nellie"?), is a regular homebody and doesn't care who knows it. Her old Irish dad and her young son, Tommy, are her pride and joy, and in keeping with her plans for their secure future she has recently given her dad an adorable English cottage furnished throughout in the comfortable simplicity men love. "And just incidentally," Glenda tells you, "it might be a good place to park the old Farrell—in case."

—♦—

**G**REAT tidings for good picture lovers! ZaSu Pitts has just been signed to play Miss Dazy in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and that's something to cheer us up in life's darkest moment (when the landlord says, "Scram!"). Pauline Lord, the famous New York stage star, has already been signed to play Mrs. Wiggs, and with W. C. Fields and Charlotte Henry in the cast, too, it looks like things will get underway on our favorite play soon.

—♦—

**A**LSO the announcement that Helen Hayes will appear in "What Every Woman Knows," as her first picture when she returns to the coast this summer, is pretty



International

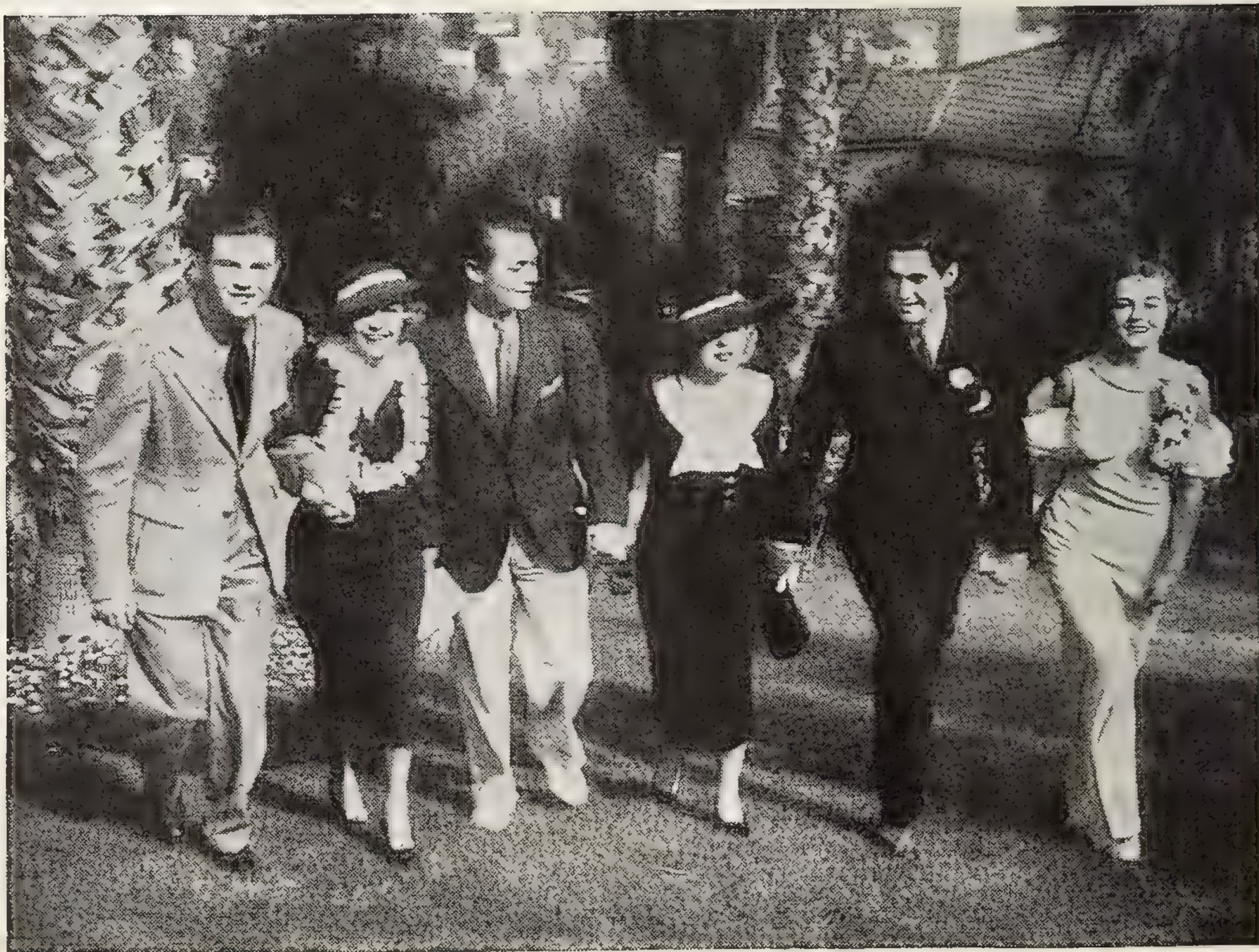
Constance Bennett and her son, Peter. Connie typifies the moderns. Every thrill attracts her, even motherhood.

time the cop had ever been able to catch up with her, because that yellow car used to whizz like a streak of lightning.

—♦—

**M**IRIAM Hopkins' two-year-old son, Mike, is on the way to join his mother in Hollywood via the Panama Canal. Miriam received a wire from Mike saying that he is stopping off in Havana to learn the rhumba.

[Continued on page 54]



Acme



# CAROLE LOMBARD AGREES WITH Cupid



**CUPID:** "Hello, angel face, you look as though you'd just washed in morning dew."

**CAROLE:** "I've just washed in something much nicer—and it's your own prescription, too."

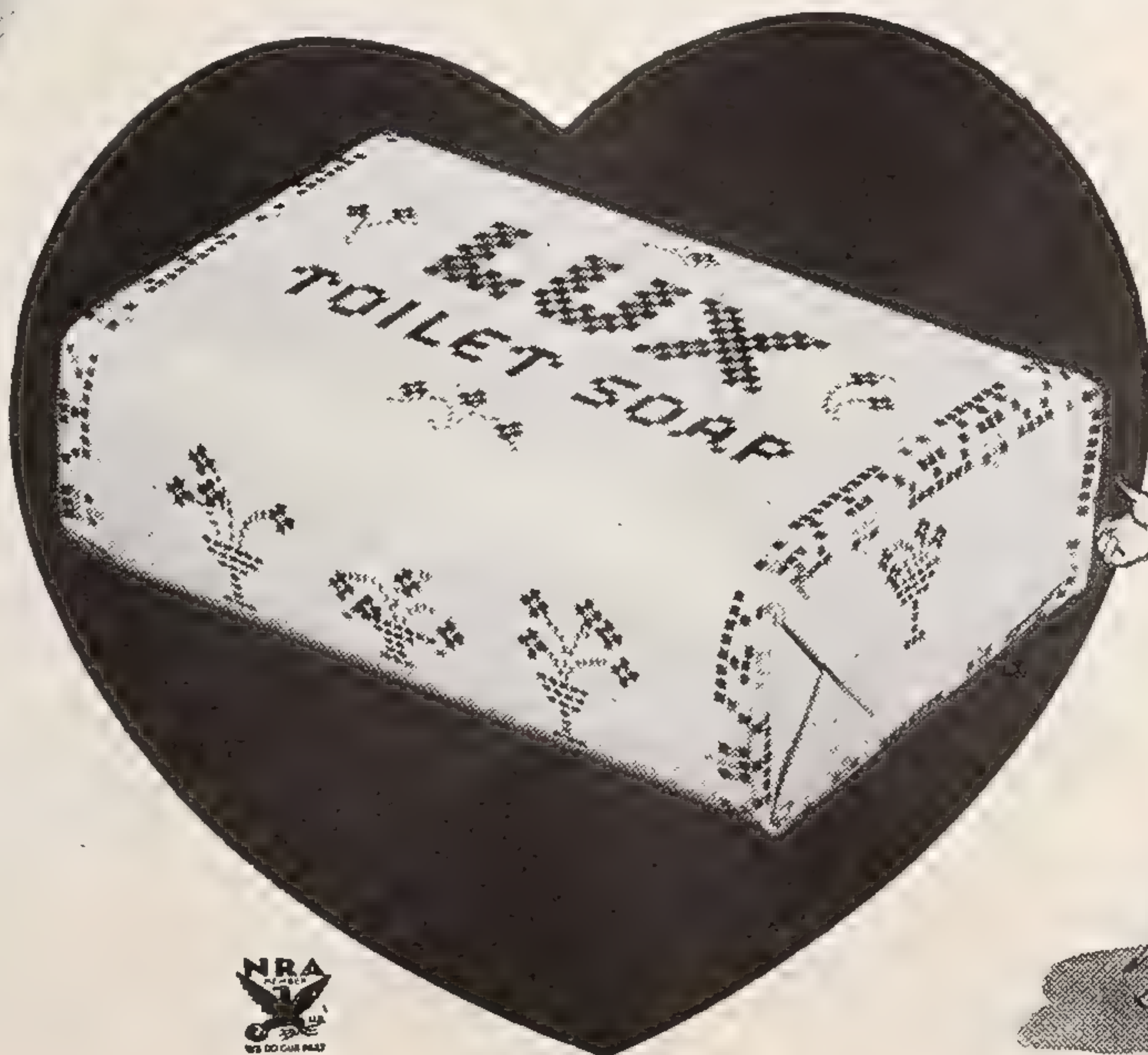
**CUPID:** "When did I prescribe for you? You've turned men's hearts and heads so often that I can't remember when you needed my advice."

**CAROLE:** "Well, once you told me always to use Lux Toilet Soap—and I agree that 'it's a girl's best friend'—those were your words, Dan."

**CUPID:** "You're not the only girl I've seen surrounded with admirers after taking that same advice of mine!"

Charming star of  
Paramount's  
"We're Not Dressing"

And how angelically smooth and fresh is *your* skin? If your complexion doesn't make hearts flutter, why not do what 9 out of 10 screen stars do—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap? Cupid's prescription will work for you, too—give you a romantically lovely skin, and the love that goes with it.



"MY GREATEST ALLY"





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Film is the best  
combination yet  
for day-in and day-  
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...Verichrome  
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**KODAK  
VERICHROME  
FILM**

**"I Don't Care What You Say, As Long As  
You Mention My Name."—George M. Cohan.**

**L**UPE VELEZ was seen examining Jean Harlow's new car while it was parked on the Metro lot.

"What's that big thing on the back," Lupe asked.

"A trunk," was the reply.

"Well, it looks like a hearse," announced Mrs. Weissmuller, and walked away.

**T**OM BROWN carries around a gold cigarette case that flips open on top and discloses a miniature of Anita Louise.

For a time there it looked like Ida Lupino was going to break up that young love affair, for Tom and Ida were just like that. But Tom's back to his first love again, and Ida is making those goo-goo eyes at Kent Taylor.

**I**T'S a miserable and hectic life Sidney Blackmer leads, what with the girl friend, Mae Clarke, invariably up to some devilment. Upon a recent date, when Sidney phoned from picture location not far from Hollywood, Mae, anticipating his call, answered the phone. "Is Miss Clarke there—this is Mr. Blackmer calling," Sidney began in one breath.

"Meester Blackmer, he ees not here," Mae answered affecting the French maid's accent.

"But I'm calling Miss Clarke. This is Mr. Blackmer speaking," urged Sidney.

"But I tell you Meester Blackmer he ees not here. He ees out of town, he ees on location. He ees not here. Goodbye."

And poor Sidney won't know until he reads this that Mae pulled that one on him.

**B**Y THE way, a lot of stars impersonate their maids and butlers when they happen to answer the phone—just in case they don't want to talk to you. And being actors I must say that they are pretty good at it. But the real credit for good impersonations should go to the maids and cooks who talk (intentionally or not I don't know) just like their mistresses. Madge Evans' mother and maid and Madge all speak just alike over the phone and just as certain as you say "Hello, Madge"—it's the maid. But the most bewildering is Loretta Young's household, where two sisters, a mother, three maids and Loretta all sound exactly alike.

**C**REDIT the Hollywood Reporter with this—and it's well worth repeating.

At a party the other night, Johnny Weissmuller was seated at the table opposite the wife of a famous star. Putting her arm across the table at him, she asked, "How do you like my new bracelet?"

Johnny thinking of Lupe's yards and yards of diamond knick-knacks, took one look at the inch-wide bracelet, and without a smile, answered, "I live with twenty of those."

**E**VERYBODY on the "Sadie McKee" set, electricians, grips, prop boys, script girls, just everybody, celebrated Joan Crawford's birthday by wearing gardenias. And an electrician in overalls and a gardenia is really something to look-at.

**W**HILE Alice White was trying on hats in a Los Angeles department store recently, a flighty woman came palpitating up to her and asked to try on the hat Alice had just taken off. Then the woman jerkily tried it on herself and asked Alice to show her some more. The salesgirl was paralysed with fright—expecting a scene—but no, Alice entered into the spirit of the thing and sold the lady two hats—even making out a sales slip for them.

**F**OR a long time we've wanted to know the real meaning of "ham actor"—and, at last, John Barrymore to the rescue. One day on the "Twentieth Century" set John got reminiscent, verbose, and everything. "The meaning of ham actor," John contributed, "comes from prior to Shakespeare's time when a greasy ham rind was used to remove the make-up. In those days it was the best thing known for this purpose, and a piece of ham could be used over and over again. Every actor who used make-up used this remover, and thus the term came to be applied. It's a misnomer and an unfair mistake to apply the term 'ham actor' in derision."

**J**OHNN BARRYMORE and Carole Lombard hit it off beautifully while working together on "Twentieth Century." Each is right there with the snappy answers. They do say that on the day Miss Lombard and Mr. Barrymore took pictures in the gallery for the movie magazines, practically the entire studio gathered at the key-hole, for there hadn't been so much wit—of a kind—on the loose in years.

**A**T A stag tennis tournament held recently at Bob Armstrong's rancho, Lew Ayres and Elliot Nugent walked off with the prizes, with Johnny Mack Brown and Billy Bakewell as runner-ups. Johnny Mack says his side would have won if Billy hadn't kept running in to call up Polly Ann Young (Loretta's sister) every few minutes.

**A**FTER seeing "Man of Two Worlds," Francis Lederer's Eskimo picture, Jimmy Durante remarked, "I should have been an Eskimo. They kiss by rubbing noses. What a lover I'd have been."

**N**OW that Ruth Chatterton has gone to New York and George Brent has gone back to Warner Brothers and definitely intimated that a divorce is in the offing, Georgie is doing all the things that were vetoed while he was Miss Chatterton's husband. While waiting for Warners to get his next story ready, George is taking up both aviation and polo. And he is stepping out to parties and to the Friday night fights with Kathryn Carver Menjou, the "ex" of Adolphe.

The rumor is that Ruth Chatterton will re-marry Ralph Forbes when she gets out of her present entanglement. Ruth, Ralph and George made quite a famous triangle in Hollywood and provided much speculation.

**W**HEN Jack Oakie saw Claudette Colbert leaving her dressing-room for the stage, all made up as Cleopatra in a couple of wisps and a hand full of beads, he remarked philosophically, "History is what I like best."

**T**HE maddest man in Hollywood is Henry Wilcoxon, De Mille's English importation who will play Mark Anthony in "Cleopatra." Henry (he was Harry in England but De Mille decided that wasn't dignified enough) arrived at the studio at seven o'clock on a nine o'clock call, because it takes him two hours to put on all his make-up and armor, but unfortunately the gateman and the fellow in the casting office didn't recognize him, so he was left to stand out in the cold and burn for a whole hour until another member of the cast arrived. Whew—he was mad. And if that wasn't enough, De Mille bawled him out for being late when he finally did arrive on the set.





*I'm sending the snapshot  
— did you really mean it  
when you asked for one?*

★ How much a snapshot says to the one who waits for it! No longer is the separation real. This little square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats . . . Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

*Don't just write it—*

*Picture it—with snapshots*



# New Girl to Satisfy Hollywood's Insatiable Demands

[Continued from page 31]

hears or experiences is one more tiny thing to be added to the sum of knowledge she wants to lay upon that shrine, material which she wishes to use to advance her god.

She has a delicate, sensitive profile, too young yet to show more than an eager promise of character, ash blonde hair, a taut, slim body which looks as if it walked often in wind and rain.

"I give you my word," she told me, "I haven't any interests outside my job. I have never been in a night club in my life. When people come to me and ask me questions about what I think about men and life, I haven't any answers because I have known so few men, I have known so little of life. I don't go in for sports or games or parties. I just work at my job . . . and think about it."

She is a little concerned about herself just now. She lived in a basement room in New York, on six dollars a week. Now she has a salary which makes her comfortable and she finds that she enjoys the security and the ease which that salary can buy her. She has a guilty feeling that she should not let herself enjoy this comfort and ease. She should, at her age, be "living for her art." She has made up her mind that no matter what proportions her salary may reach, she will allow herself just so much (a modest sum) per week to spend. "Because, when my career is over and I must go back to living on what income has accrued to me, it may be a come-down. I think it is sensible, don't you, not to allow myself to become accustomed to spending more than I shall be able to spend later?"

She will fib about small things to make people comfortable and happy. But don't expect Jean to fib about anything which is connected with her work! If a mature and experienced actress asks, as a matter of mere courtesy, this immature girl what she has thought of a performance, Jean will tell her. "Oh, I get myself into lots of trou-

ble!" she told me, earnestly. "I can't lie about things in the theater . . . any more than a woman in love can lie about her love! It is that important to me . . ."

I find in all these young women this same uncompromising honesty of opinion. They are all devotees of the theater and to all of them the Moscow group is the alpha and omega of all art. They may or may not know for what the Moscow group is reaching . . . but it is never-the-less important to them!

There is Katherine DeMille, the adopted daughter of Cecil de Mille. But she had rather you did not mention the relationship. She is as dark and intense as the other two were blonde and ditto. She has a restless, darting mind, she feels "limited," she says, by pictures. But she doesn't know what pictures have limited her from.

"I am interested in *everything*. Everything, that is, which has to do with the arts!" A portentous saying for one so young. I fancy Miss Katherine will discover, in due time, that there is little in life which has not to do with those arts.

She was cheered when I told her that my friend and neighbor, that ripe trouper, Alison Skipworth, had said that nearly every person who makes anything important of himself is bewildered and confused about what he wants to do until he passes thirty.

"I feel so much *better*!" said Katherine. "I had begun to think that I simply had no character because I could not make up my mind. The 'breaks' in pictures seem to be coming my way and I am thrilled all out of proportion about that. But I know that there are so many other things in the world . . . I know that I shall be a better actress, if actress I am to be, when I have learned about a lot of things outside of acting."

This was her first interview and she took it with eagerness and a fair amount of poise

and calmness. She was dieting. She wants to lose twenty pounds, although I am sure I can't imagine what there will be left of her which will be visible at all, if she succeeds! She is a little cautious about dieting because she was ill for two years as a result of a too-strenuous dose of it. This time she will proceed slowly and with care.

She is hardly pretty . . . this little De Mille. She is, rather, vital and vivid and interesting. She might be twice her age . . . if you judged her by a first impression. It is only after she has talked to you a while, after she has aired her young, intense theories, that you realize how immature she really is.

Then there is Frances Drake. Now, here is a young woman who knows pretty much what all this is about! Frances, born in New York City, of a Scandinavian mother and a British father, was educated in England and brought to Hollywood as a new and startling "foreign discovery."

Frances is of the stuff that important women, women of history who have wielded influence in world affairs through their influence over men, are made of. As a very young child in Canada she was a run-away, an infantile adventuress. As an older girl, fresh from English boarding schools, she was still an experimental young person. She proved that by becoming, willy-nilly, against family wishes, a professional night club dancer. She achieved a bit of stage experience and wound up in Hollywood under a long term contract to Paramount at the age of twenty-one.

She photographs gorgeously. If you were to meet her, you would see a slim young person with perfectly tremendous eyes, a deep, mature voice with a trace of accent, and an agile, alert intelligence. Life and the things she has learned about it have appalled her a little bit. But she has made a common sense adjustment to these matters. She has persuaded herself to face them and to say, "Well, if that is the way things *are*, that is the way I shall have to deal with them."

You feel, somehow, that Frances has done a bit of living, that she has known something of human emotions and reactions and passions, although she is so young. You feel, moreover, that she has learned and profited from the things that she has either seen or experienced. She is old, far beyond her years.

She resents it a little that she has been called upon to portray women who are older than her actual self, almost without exception, in her screen rôles. Well, you *couldn't* cast Frances as an ingenue. There is a knowledge, an *awareness* in her eyes which would belie the rôle.

Perhaps it is merely that she is sensitive and intelligent, and imaginative enough to have learned things far beyond her years from observation and instinct. I don't know. Her personal hopes and ambitions are young enough . . .

Frances Drake, one feels, is never going to be a very happy person. She may be going to be an interesting and important one. The next time you see her in a picture, notice her melancholy eyes.

Well, here are some of our most promising spring buds. One or two of them will be stars. There can be no doubt about that. Possibly the hopes of one or two will be blasted, disappointed. They are interesting, a shade more intensely than mere youth is interesting. The potentialities of these girls have been recognized while they are still young. Their sophistication is startling. The intelligence with which they view pictures is arresting. Perhaps these are the modern qualifications for success.



FIRST STILL Jean Harlow and Lionel Barrymore in the first sequence photographed in their new picture "100% Pure."



## A Giant on Broadway!

[Continued from page 26]

smile which is so much a part of his winning personality and that never-failing sense of quiet good-humor.

"They won't have to wait," he replied. "We're closing up 'shop' for six weeks this summer. We're going to Central City in Colorado to give two weeks of 'Othello.' We'll rehearse for three weeks. The Welsh miners built the opera house there years ago. But 'Othello' has only been played in it twice before; once by Booth, and the other time Salvini." He chuckled. "That's something to live up to, eh?"

I agreed and eagerly begged for more information.

Robert Edmund Jones, Huston's brother-in-law, is to produce the Shakespearian tragedy, Stanley Ridges is to play the scheming Iago, and Mrs. Huston, known as Nan Sunderland on the stage, is to be the much harassed Desdemona.

Miss Sunderland, by the way, plays the part of "the other woman" in "Dodsworth"—the lady who gets Sam away from his selfish, intriguing wife in the end—for which state of affairs even sophisticated audiences are desirous of shouting: Bravo!

I was tempted to ask Huston how he felt about making love to his own wife on the stage. Was he embarrassed or self-conscious?

His grey eyes crinkled with inner laughter. "On the contrary," he replied, "we have a lot of fun playing together." Remembering how companionable and happy they appeared when entering the theatre together that evening, I could readily believe it.

It is easy to be happy and companionable when in the company of Walter Huston. There is nothing high-hat or stagey about him. In his spare time he likes to do carpenter work—and a man who "whittles" is generally jolly. It takes only a moment or two for him to give you that nice "we went to school together" feeling, which is decidedly comforting to an interviewer who is taking up a famous actor's time while he is making up for a performance, and the cue-boy is shouting—"On the stage in twenty minutes, Mr. Huston!"

"Don't hurry!" admonished Mr. Huston sociably, as I got up to go. "We can talk



Wide World

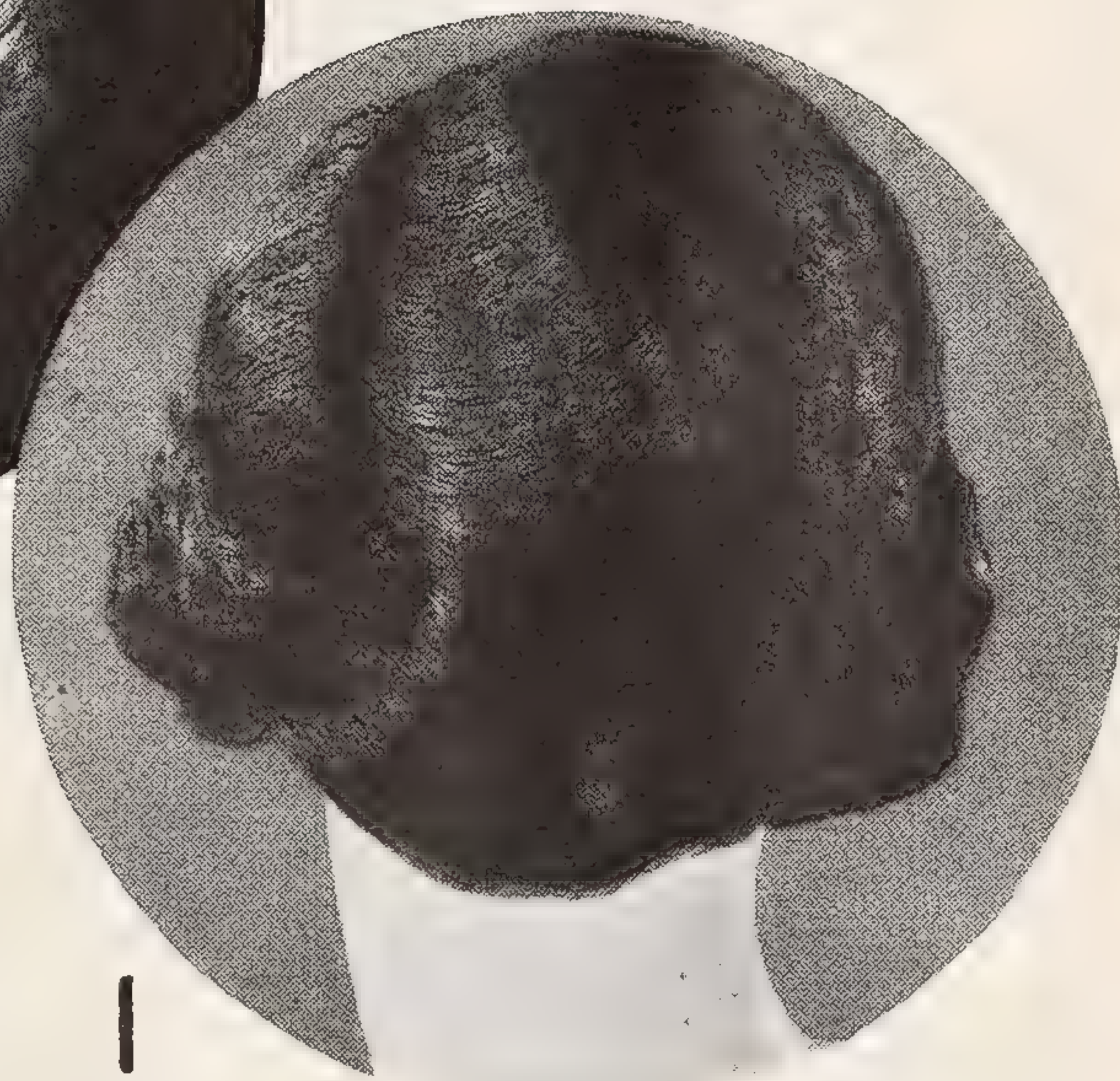
Madge Evans in a chic new visored cap, and with gloves matching her jabot, is escorted by Tom Gallery to a first night in Hollywood.

# New Hair Styles . . . Created by Hollywood

But not for hair too **DRY** or too **OILY**



(above) A lovely Hollywood blonde goes in for a "Helen-of-Troy" hairdress with romantic curls at the back. Ideal for evening if your hair is soft and silky, but merely untidy if your hair is dry and harsh. To help dry hair, use the Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment below.



(below) Another star, who likes simplicity, uses a satiny swirl from right to left in back. For this style the hair should *not* look plastered down, and that means it cannot be oily and stringy. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment (below) helps to correct over-oily hair.

### Help for **DRY** hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

### To correct **OILY** hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

## PACKER'S

OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

for **DRY** hair

PINE TAR SHAMPOO

for **OILY** hair



some more." And so I settled down again and asked him to tell me something about Sinclair Lewis. Before he could do so, he was interrupted by a telephone call and a visit from Margaret Perry, the actress, and when he got around to me again he just had time for the following thumb-nail anecdote, before he rushed down to the stage.

"When Lewis first met me, he kept telling his friends: 'You know that fellow, Huston. He's a hard man to get to know. Why, it took him all of two minutes to get around to calling me 'Red!'"

From which you will gather a fairish sort of impression of the personalities of these two theatrical Men of the Hour.

There was a time when it looked as if Walter Huston's future screen identity would be linked irrevocably with his characterization of Abraham Lincoln in D. W. Griffith's graphic production of the martyred president. He played Honest Abe so much to the life that it was only with difficulty that one could imagine him in any other rôle.

However, his flattering success with succeeding rôles in such pictures as "American Madness," "The Bad Man," "Gabriel Over the White House" and "Hell Below" put a quick stop to those grim forebodings. Huston proved conclusively that "one man in his time" can play many parts—and play them flawlessly.

Just as "Gabriel Over the White House" remains his most outstanding screen characterization, so I think his marvelous study of Sam Dodsworth tops all his legitimate stage rôles, surpassing even his great personal triumph as the bitter old man in Eugene O'Neill's tragic play, "Desire Under the Elms."

How I wish that all of you who read this could dash right over to the Shubert Theatre and buy a ticket for "Dodsworth." What a time you'd have, even if you had to pay the agencies a dollar more for your



The new brides and bridegrooms comparing notes on the marriage state. Left to Right: Johnny Weissmuller, Mrs. Bruce Cabot (Adrienne Ames), Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller (Lupe Velez), Mrs. Gary Cooper (Sandra Shaw), Gary Cooper and Bruce Cabot.

ticket. It would be cheap at twice what they demand.

But, knowing that a visit to New York is impossible for some of you, the next best thing I can suggest is a visit this summer to one of the Dude Ranches dotted so plentifully over the gorgeous mountains of Colorado.

Or, if you're still at the "toting school-books" stage, get your dad to send you to one of those swanky summer camps near

Denver. Then you will be near at hand when Walter Huston and his company of New York players hit the Central City "Opry" House—where there's goin' to be some doin's, round about August, with Othello demanding "Desdemona, give me that handkerchief!"

It will be Colorado's Big Event of 1934—destined, perhaps, to rival the second edition of the Chicago World's Fair. See that you don't miss it!

## Raft [Continued from page 28]

the result of his dance training, where he had to put over various moods with his lithe, slim body. And his eyes! Remember, in "Scarface," how George stood perfectly still flipping his coin and watching his pals with those inscrutable eyes? He expressed more than a dozen pages of dialogue could have told.

"After your characterization of Steve Brodie, in 'The Bowery,' I began, triumphantly, 'you can never again say you are not an actor.'"

We were sitting in his dressing room at the Paramount studio between scenes of "Bolero." Stretched in a big chair he was resting from a strenuous session of a swift version of his Charleston, which opens the picture.

"I'm not an actor." He was serious. "I've got to be the fellow in the story, and if they'll let me talk and act as I would talk and act, I'm all right. But if they try to make me *play* him, I'm sunk. So, you see, I'm not an actor."

"Raoul Walsh is one swell director. He understands. When we were making 'The Bowery,' he'd say, 'How does it feel, kid?' I'd explain and he would laugh and say, 'Go ahead. Do it your way.' So I dug into it. I was Steve Brodie. Gee, I liked that part. Real, you know. No false stuff."

"And you smiled! You don't very often, do you?" I asked.

"I've been afraid to. That's the first time I've ever smiled before the camera. You see, I used to dance with a girl who had a glorious smile. Her husband kept telling me I must not smile, that I looked funny when I did. So, with that ringing

in my ears, for four years I never smiled while dancing. I just danced. When I came to pictures I was still afraid. I didn't want to look funny. Walsh tricked me into it. He'd say something amusing as the scene started and before I knew it the camera caught me."

George laughed. His face lighted up, his teeth, even and very white, flashed in contrast to his olive skin. His smile added potent charm to his personality.

Just then, dapper Mack Gray, Raft's buddy, pal and "body guard," dashed in. These two have been aces for years, ever since Gray managed George's lively fisticuff career.

Mack was armed with an autographed picture of Pepe Ortiz, premiere bullfighter of Mexico, who had just left for home after a two weeks' session teaching George the intricacies of the bullfighter's tricks for his next film, "The Trumpet Blows," to be made in Mexico.

George was as pleased as a small boy with the gift and there was a discussion as to where to place it. It finally went up over his davenport in the center of a group of photographs that included Gary Cooper and Bing Crosby, his close friends; and Chevalier, Clive Brook, Paul Muni—George worships Muni—Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns and Maxie Rosenblom, light heavyweight of the world.

Over his desk I noticed another group of pictures—Carole Lombard, Fay Wray, Mae West—he has known Mae for years—Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Sylvia Sydney, Constance Cummings and Alison Skipworth—whom he calls his "best girl."

Between these two is a devoted friendship, a real admiration, formed during the filming of "Night After Night," and "Midnight Club."

"I like 'Bolero,'" George said, settling down once more in his chair. "It is based on the life of Maurice, the dancer. I knew him well and suggested the story to the studio. I hope it's a knockout."

"He does four dances in 'Bolero,'" took up Mack. "The Charleston, tango, waltz and Bolero."

"Funny, this is the first time I've had a chance to dance in a picture," George went on. "I do the Bolero with Carole Lombard; she's a swell dancer. We're to have the Ravel music, too. If this doesn't go big I might as well quit."

"He's to do 'Nick, the Greek,' after 'The Trumpet Blows,' and that's bound to make a killin'," Mack was enthusiastic.

"That picture will complete my Paramount contract," said George. "Then I will take a four month's vacation. Go to Europe, maybe. After that? I don't know. I'm not much to plan ahead."

He isn't worrying. He probably knows that Paramount and several other major studios have their eyes on him. George Raft's screen career has just started.

"I'm saving my money, buying Government Bonds," he told me. "If I can't get what I think I'm worth in pictures, I'll scam. I'll never hang around the fringes and squawk. I can always dance."

"He's restless, can't stay still," supplemented Mack. "Hardest work I have is getting him to bed. He loves the night clubs, can't leave 'em. Likes the music,



likes to watch the dancers, the swirling life about him. Used to it, you know. Of course, when he's working he doesn't go out nights. We have dinner, go to a picture, then home where he studies the script for next day, and turns in."

"How about romance—girls—" I began.

"He likes them all," Mack volunteered. "But so far there's been no serious romance."

"Girls and women are all beautiful, all charming," said George, gallantly. "I've been thrown with them so much, guess I'm too used to them to fall in love. Anyway, I'm busy. I love my freedom. I don't want to be tied down, not even to a lovely wife. When I'm through with pictures I plan to travel. Years, perhaps. I want to poke into every corner, stay as long as I like. So marriage can't enter in until my travel fling. So far, my mother is my only girl. She sticks to me through thick and thin."

We walked over to the set, representing an old-time Nicholodeon of the 1910 period, and watched George do a strenuous Charleston. It was a great scene. By the time Director Wesley Ruggles called, "Cut," the pianist was limp and George was breathless. Mack dashed to him with a glass of water.

Here are a few odd ends I had picked up during my visit.

George doesn't like to be waited on. He has a chauffeur but still drives his own car. He and Mack live in a swanky apartment in the heart of Hollywood, but he's no pampered darling of the movies, believe me. He doesn't want to be left alone, wants someone with him every minute. His extravagance is clothes. He loves them. And all the proper accessories. Conservative, but everything the very best. He's very orderly. You should see his closets. Everything so-so, all in place. No stray shirts flung on chairs, no dresser drawers spilling cravats. His most sacred possession is a rosary his grandmother left him. He carries it with him always, in his hip pocket.

Food means little to George. When he's dancing he doesn't eat. He has, however, a regular he-man dinner. Steak or roast beef, vegetables and salad. No dessert, no sweets.

Mack returned. He said George was going to do his dance again, so we settled in our chairs and waited.

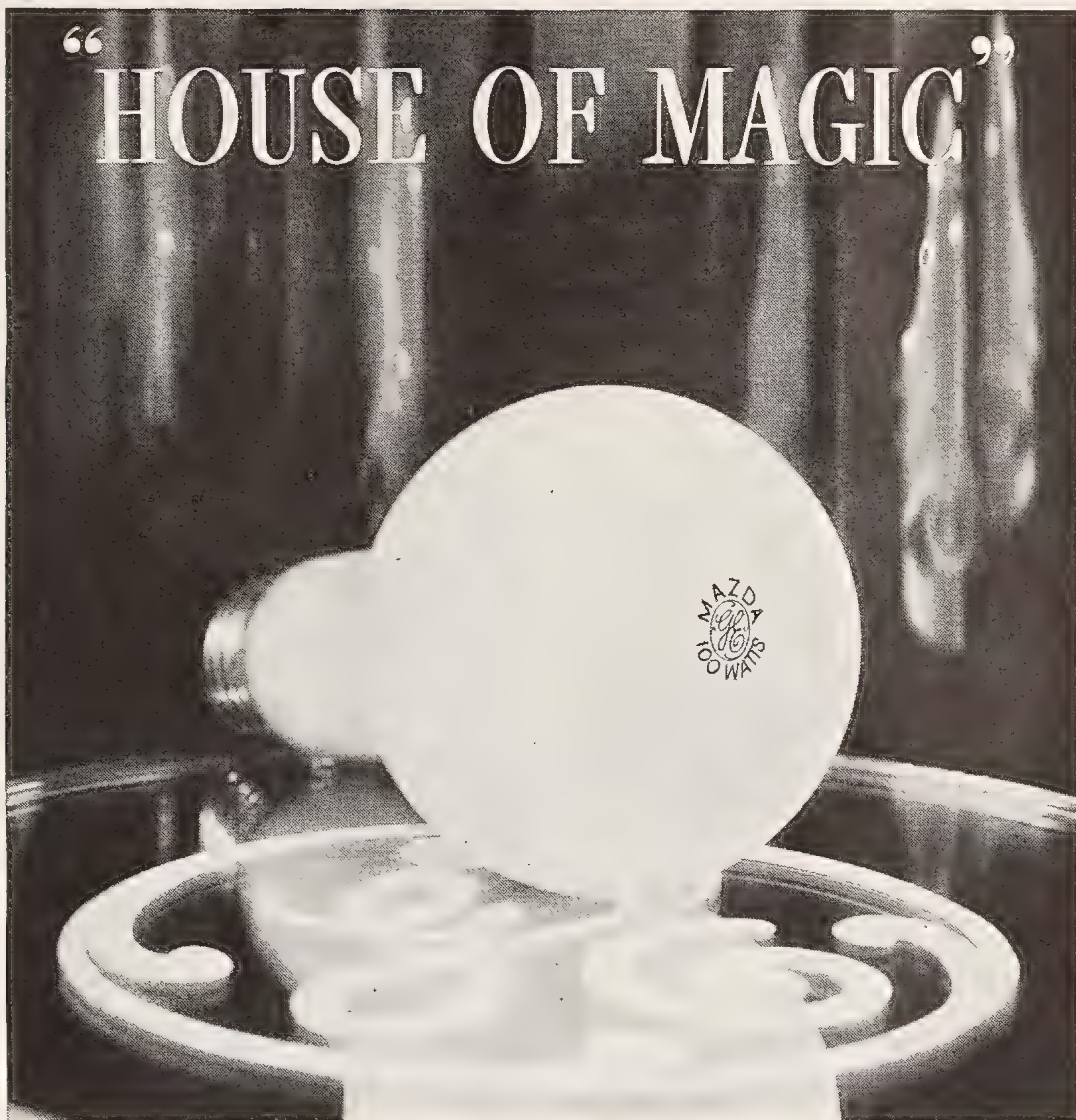
"He's a swell guy if ever there was one," Mack spoke, warmly. "A straight shooter. The turning point in his career was when he walked out of doing 'The Shame of Temple Drake.' He felt it would be fatal for him to play such a rôle. He tried to get the studio to understand, but it couldn't. So he left. Took grit, though. He thought that closed his picture deal. But he never looked back. He went to New York and planned to go to Europe and dance. They wanted him over there."

"He was pleased when several of the foremost magazines and newspapers commended his stand. Guess everybody was with him before it was over. Then the studio sent for him. He was happy for he had won his point. He also refused a part in 'It Ain't No Sin,' which in itself is something of a record since few actors would refuse to play with Mae West. But George felt the part wasn't suitable and nothing on earth, not even Mae, would make him play it."

"As I tell you, he's a swell guy. Everybody likes him. He sticks to his old friends. The first thing he did when we went back to New York was to go out to the old neighborhood at 34th Street and 10th Avenue. And do the old cronies think he's great? Why, to them, he's the only actor on the screen!"

So, George Raft's fourth career has done him right!

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# Reviews

[Continued from page 33]

around this, and into this is woven yards and yards of fun.

Dick Powell plays the young singer discovered in a Hollywood beer garden and taken to New York by Pat O'Brien. Ginger Rogers is grand as his girl friend—already established on the air—who steps aside to give him a break. The comedy is divided among Allen Jenkins, as a grouchy Uncle Don who tells bed-time stories to the kiddies, Grant Mitchell as the station chief, and Joseph Cawthorn who is the sponsor for a soap program. There are situations that are situations and a new song hit, "I'll String Along With You," which will tickle the ears.

## I'LL TELL THE WORLD

Rating: 25°—FLASH! LEE TRACY'S BACK!—  
Universal

**H**ERE'S Lee Tracy's first picture since the Mexican interlude, and it's right nice having him back again. This time Lee plays a star reporter, (in tails, no less—aren't the press getting elegant!) for the United Press, who's always scooping Roger Pryor of the Consolidated Press. Lee's boss sends him to Europe to find out who's throwing bombs and taking potshots at Archduke Ferdinand, and while he's snooping around he collides with a beautiful blonde from Baltimore, Gloria Stuart.

Well, he finally learns that Gloria is the heir apparent of one of Europe's old thrones, and that she has been advised by her uncle, the Archduke, to return to her kingdom and marry her cousin Prince Mike (Onslow Stevens). After she has set out for her country, much against her wishes, because she has fallen for Lee in a big way, our sterling reporter learns that there is a sinister plot against her life—and there's a swell chase scene. Lee saves the gal—who has decided that she'd rather be the wife of a crazy reporter than a queen any day. So there you are.

## UPPERWORLD

Rating: 20°—THE UNDERWORLD'S MORE  
FUN—Warner Brothers

**D**EAR, dear, it's the drawing room drama again, just when we were having so much fun in the auto camps. Warren William is married to Mary Astor, who has social ambitions and neglects Warren and their little son, Dickie Moore, who neglects beautifully. Naturally this throws Warren into the arms of "another woman," who happens to be Ginger Rogers, which is so often the case in the cinema.

Ginger falls in love with Warren, there is a murder, and a trial scene (how about giving an Academy Award next year to the studio that doesn't use a trial scene for an entire year?) and eventually a reconciliation between Mary and Warren and Dickie.

## FINISHING SCHOOL

Rating: 50°—WELL ACTED—RKO

**H**ERE'S another of those I'm-going-to-have-a-baby pictures, and let us hope that with this one the cycle will be content to call it a day, and go jump in the lake. One "Eight Girls in a Boat" or one "Coming Out Party" or one "Finishing School," every now and then wouldn't be so bad, but a whole cycle of them is just too, too much.

Now, "Finishing School" starts out to be a perfectly swell little comedy with some grand acting by Ginger Rogers, Frances Dee, Bruce Cabot, Billie Burke and Beulah Bondi—and some hilariously funny situations. And then, all of a sudden, when everybody is having a wonderful time, some-

body at the studio said, "She's got to have a baby"—and looey, the fun's over.

Frances Dee gives a sincere and beautiful performance of the poor little rich girl, and Bruce Cabot, as the boy friend (my word, a young doctor) who gets her into trouble and then arrives in time to keep her from committing suicide, is quite good. Billie Burke, as the flighty, nitwit of a mother is simply excellent and when she says, "Just think, darling, mother used to speak Latin," she is just too marvelously funny. If it wasn't such an excellent cast, Ginger Rogers would simply wrap up the entire picture and take it home. She never misses. We shall start a campaign for more Rogers right away.

## GLAMOUR

Rating: 25°—YOU'LL LIKE IT—Universal

**T**HE fascinating story of an actress—realistically and sincerely acted by Constance Cummings, Paul Lukas and Philip Reed, a newcomer to the screen, who certainly wins his spurs in this picture. First we see Connie as a dumb but determined little chorus girl who, by sheer stubbornness, gets herself married to Paul Lukas, a famous theatrical composer, and with his assistance and her own determination blossoms forth into a sensational musical comedy star. She reads where having a baby will improve a young woman's acting—so she has a baby. Anything to reach the heights. But once there she is not happy.

There are fittings, and interviews, and portraits, and rehearsals, and she quickly becomes utterly exhausted and allows herself to become infatuated with her new leading man, the dark-haired, romantic looking Philip Reed. She doesn't need her husband any longer—she is internationally famous—so she divorces him and leaves her baby and marries Philip in England. Philip becomes the rage of London, but she bites her lip and faces it—until she catches him one night with her understudy. She returns to America and Paul just in time to see her baby die and Paul's career go to smash. For the first time in her life she understands the meaning of true, unselfish love—and does the logical thing.

## MELODY IN SPRING

Rating: 39°—LANNY ROSS SINGS IN THE  
SPRING TRA LA—Paramount

**H**ERE'S Lanny Ross' first picture, girls, and what he can do with an old vocal chord should be investigated by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Suffice it to say, his voice is beautiful, and you just sort of wish he'd keep on singing forever.

The picture itself is as light and gay as its title, and thoroughly satisfying. And when we found Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland playing Mama and Papa again, we knew that life was being just too good to us. Our favorite comedy team—and this time they even overdo themselves. Just wait until you see Mary Boland look at the Three Gale Sisters and say in great disgust, "A litter." Just wait until you hear Charlie yodel from the top of a Swiss Alp. Charlie plays Mr. Blodgett, the world's largest manufacturer of dog biscuits, and Mr. Blodgett, it seems, has the horrible fault of collecting old door-knobs, cowbells, and knick-knacks in general. This collecting mania—also called stealing—gets poor Charlie into plenty of trouble you may be sure.

To rid themselves of the annoying Lanny Ross, who wants to get on the Blodgett radio hour and also marry their daughter, the Blodgetts flee to Europe, finally ending up in a little Swiss Village. And what fun!



Ann Sothorn plays the daughter quite delightfully. When Papa Charlie has just about ruined her romance, she takes things into her own hands and there's an ending that's a knock-out. Right merry it all is—and you really shouldn't miss it.

### THREE ON A HONEYMOON

Rating: 44°—CLAP HANDS, HERE COMES ZASU—Fox

ZASU PITTS has rescued more pictures than William S. Hart did girls in the old days, when every little star found herself, in the last reel, a prisoner in the bad bandits' lair. And ZaSu can now chalk up another to her credit. The story is about a young madcap girl (Sally Eilers) whose father sends her on a cruise around the world to get some of the cussedness out of her. There's a romance, a blackmail plot and a suicide, and there's Henrietta Crosman giving an amusing impersonation of a woman of the world—but above all there's ZaSu.

### THE CRIME DOCTOR

Rating: 65°—AT LAST, THE PERFECT CRIME—RKO

A MYSTERY story that lets you in on the mystery from the very beginning—but there's a trick ending which will come as a great surprise. Otto Kruger, calm and charming as ever, plays a super-detective who has his own little ideas about "the perfect crime." Of course he can't resist experimenting.

Karen Morley returns to the screen in this picture, and if you feel about Karen the way we do that's something to cheer about. She plays Otto Kruger's wife, and naturally there's "another man" to make the triangle complete, and, as he turns out to be Nils Asther, our joy is complete. Judith Wood plays excellently one of those very naughty girls. It's worth your time.

### THE TRUMPET BLOWS

Rating: 30°—"TOR-E-A-DOR, BE CAREFUL"—AND YOU TOO, GEORGIE—Paramount

GEORGE RAFT is a bull-fighter in his latest opera, which unfortunately is not one of his best. There are some swell fighting sequences which the boys tell me are the most thrilling things they've seen in years, perfectly marvelous shots, with the bulls tossing the toreadors, and the toreadors getting even with the bulls. Being oh-so-girlish we like croquet better.

Georgie, it seems, doesn't really want to be a bull-fighter, but is goaded into it because his brother (Adolphe Menjou) calls him yellow, and because he's in love with the same girl his brother is. The girl is Frances Drake, and she dances a mean rhumba in one of the earlier scenes. The highmarks of the picture are—with the exception of the bulls—a bit played by Nydia Westman as the respectable Mexican girl George is supposed to marry, and Sidney Toler, the faithful bodyguard who can do the most hysterical things with his eyes.

### WILD CARGO

Rating: 54°—ANIMALS—AND WHAT A MAN!—RKO

HERE'S the long awaited sequel to "Bring 'Em Back Alive," and just as interesting and exciting as its predecessor. This time a python kills a black leopard and another python swallows a pig. And Mr. Frank Buck himself has a hand-to-hand battle with a cobra which is enough to make the blood run cold and bring out the goose pimples. If pythons and cobras aren't your dish exactly—they aren't mine—you'll be more than pleased with the incidents that concern a cute monkey and a honey bear. Papa, buy me a honey bear.

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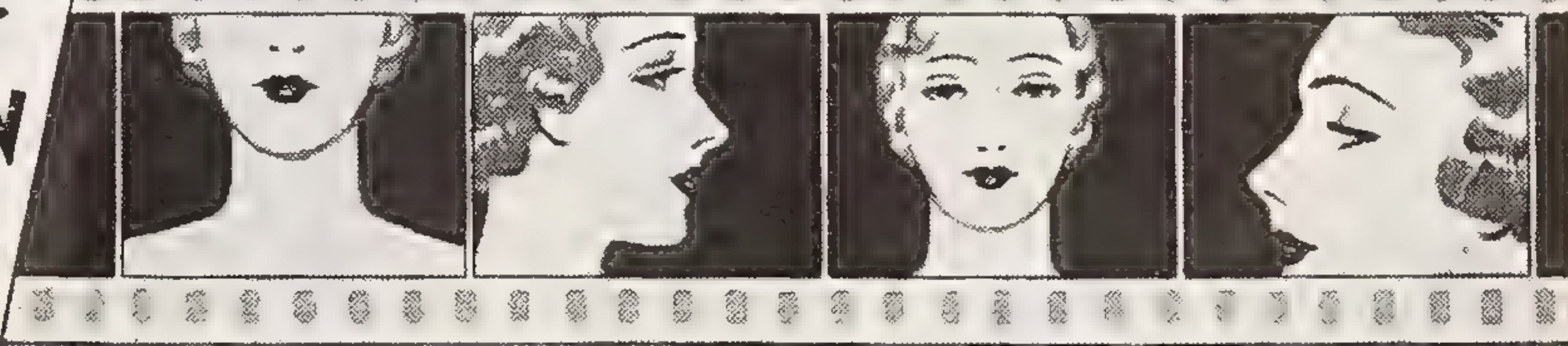
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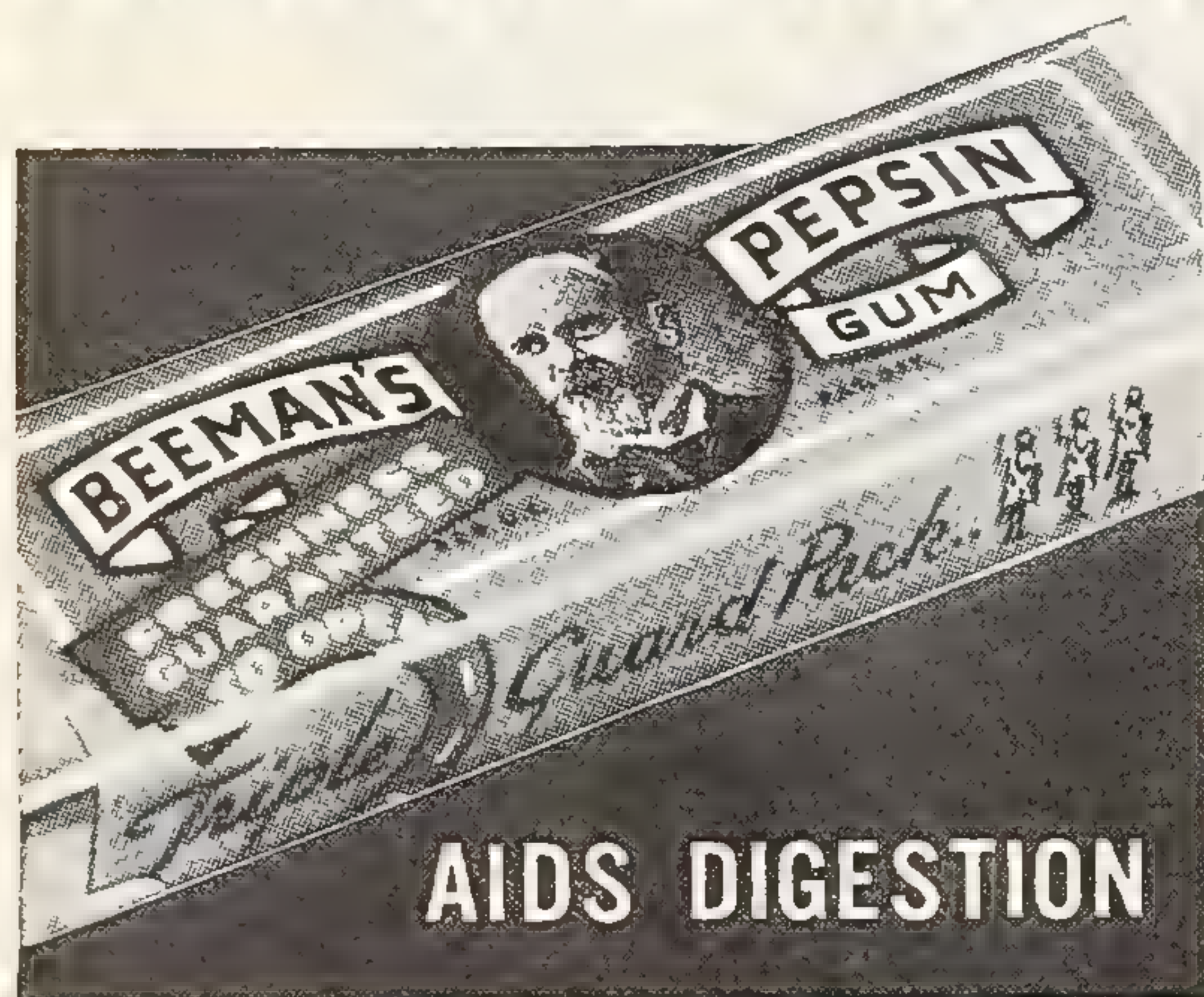
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### YOU'RE TELLING ME

Rating: 60°—FIELDS DAY—Paramount

**I**F YOU like W. C. Fields, and who doesn't, here's a well-set table for you with all of W. C.'s tricks dished up in tasty style. This time our favorite comic plays a happy-go-lucky inventor who hits the bottle consistently—much to his wife's annoyance. Every time his wife (Louise Carter) has a chance of getting in with Society (you know how it is in small towns) Fields comes home drunk and queers everything. He even queers the marriage between his daughter, Joan Marsh, and Buster Crabbe, son of the richest family in town, and the best snobs. Much of the comedy is old, but it is amazing how uncontrollably hilarious the audience becomes at Fields' gentle patience, when trifles like glue and tissue paper interrupt his drive on the new golf course.

By a fluke poor Fields' non-puncture tires puncture at the demonstration, and he is pretty low about it all—even contemplates suicide. But, on the train, he meets the Princess Lescaboura (Adrienne Ames), who is traveling around on a dull lecture tour. She takes an immediate liking to him, learns about all his troubles, and visits his home—which starts a social revolution in Crystal Springs.

Fields' wife now has a chance to don the lorgnettes and his daughter is urged to marry Buster by Buster's title-struck mother (played by Cathleen Howard). Fields is ridiculously funny throughout—though the plot does get a bit strained at times.

### RIPTIDE

Rating: 50°—NORMA IS FORGIVEN AND WHY NOT—MGM

**I**T SEEMS that a great love sends a wife scurrying home when Robert Montgomery gets playful and kittenish, but it is very hard to prove. Norma Shearer was true as steel, well maybe not steel, but true as gold anyhow and she explained to husband Herbert Marshall that she had only kissed the fellow. But husband would not believe her, so Norma didn't live there any more, and what need to worry about appearances after that. So she didn't. Then, when alas, alas, she had gone off the gold standard her husband wanted her back again. However, he began to get suspicious and so out comes the truth, and Montgomery seizes the chance to become his charming self for a moment. But before they can get a divorce fixed up properly it dawns upon this fine decent husband and this loving but misunderstood wife that they didn't want to be forever separated. Their reconciliation is moving and lovely and, in spite of the many detracting features of the piece, it again shows us the wonderful charm of Norma Shearer.

The picture is remarkable for the elegance of the settings and the fashions are supposed to be worthy of study. The entire responsibility falls upon Edmund Goulding, who wrote and directed the picture. Its principal fault is that Norma seems to have too much fun with Montgomery. It is impossible to believe that her great love for Marshall did not lose a little sincerity.

### Can She Repeat?

[Continued from page 23]

elements.

Between scenes Margaret reads—she has been reading "Madame Bovary" lately because someone told her she should, but she can't say much for it—or else she talks to the electricians and prop men. She knows them all by name, how many babies they have, and whether they are Elks or Mooses.

When interviewers go prowling around looking for her, she is usually discovered high up on some beams, sprawled out on her stomach swapping adventure yarns with a couple of the electricians. When the company lays off for lunch, she joins the workmen and goes to the lunch counter with them. There is a very nice room in



Alan Dinehart supports Harold Lloyd in "The Catpaw," the first Lloyd comedy in many months. Dinehart is the villain of the piece.



connection with the Universal restaurant called the Indian Room, where the stars and directors and writers feed themselves and their friends in luxury and elbow room. But not for Margaret. She swings herself up on a stool at the lunch counter with all the Wrong People. (She knows more of the Wrong People than I do.) Margaret says that the electricians are the only real human beings in Hollywood—and I wouldn't be at all surprised but what Margaret's right. She can't stand swank and pretense, so that practically lets everybody out except the electricians.

When the day's work is done Margaret goes loping home in her Ford roadster, none too new, with the top down and the wind blowing her hair in every direction. She lives in Cold Water Canyon, in a rented house, with a devoted colored maid and a little Scottie named Peter. Right now Margaret is devoting her life to weeding her lawn—and Peter is helping assiduously. As soon as the last "take" is okayed, Margaret slips out of her demure little Lammchen dresses and pulls on an old pair of corduroy pants and a pongee shirt. No frills and ruffles for her.

If she gets a day away from the studio she goes driving through the country having a swell time, and usually by herself—she never can tell you exactly where she went because details mean nothing to her. She's in love with the adventure of living. If she gets several days off from the studio she usually goes to a dude ranch on a fishing spree, for she is a most enthusiastic angler.

Before meeting Margaret Sullavan I was convinced that her desire for simplicity and privacy, her exaggerated inferiority complex, and her abhorrence of publicity and the Best People (even Garbo selects her friends from the Best People) was all just another act. Of course our little village is a place where more acting is done off the screen than on. Better performances are given at the Mayfair and the Cocoanut Grove, not to mention when "ex" meets "ex" in the early morning at the Clover Club, than you'll ever see on the screen, alas. And the word natural hasn't been heard around here in years except at crap games. Every one is so busy being glamorous, or mysterious, or exotic, or utterly charming, or utterly gross that when a perfectly normal and natural girl comes along, doing and saying what a perfectly normal and natural girl would do and say, everybody up and whispers, "She's putting on an act." Having been deluged with charm and insincerity for months on end I regret to say I joined in the whispering. But no more.

Margaret Sullavan isn't any more putting on an act than my little kitten, chasing grasshoppers out in the patio, is. She really is shy and sensitive, she really prefers being by herself, and she really believes she is a rotten actress. She is completely unspoiled—and heaven help us, may she remain so. It is most refreshing to meet someone in Hollywood who doesn't expect you to start raving about her last picture, who doesn't invite you to look at her last portrait sitting, who doesn't tell you that her studio is ruining her, who doesn't gossip about the other stars—and who very frankly tells you that she doesn't care at all about meeting you. It's delightful.

Margaret is so convinced that she is a rotten actress and has a lot to learn that she was simply sick all over when she saw herself in "Only Yesterday." She fled immediately to New York and started looking for another stage play. When Johnny Johnstone of the publicity department wrote her that Universal was excited over the picture, and wanted her to reserve space in a local trade paper to help advertise it, Margaret wrote back, "I have seen 'Only Yesterday.' The next space I reserve will be in the obituary column." She

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simply doesn't believe she was any good in that picture and if you tell her so she thinks you are being politely insincere.

There was the time she ran into the late Lilyan Tashman at the Colony Club—Margaret's one venture into Hollywood's night life. Lilyan came up to her and said, "Aren't you the girl in 'Only Yesterday'? My dear, you were perfectly marvelous. You gave a divine performance . . ." And Lilyan raved on and on just as we all do in Hollywood.

"Thank you," said Margaret and walked away.

"Someone ought to teach that child some manners," Lilyan said.

When Margaret heard that she had hurt Lilyan Tashman by her brusqueness, and that it was the consensus of opinion that she had acted most rudely, the poor girl was so upset she actually cried. She didn't mean to be rude. But being called "marvelous" floored her so completely that she

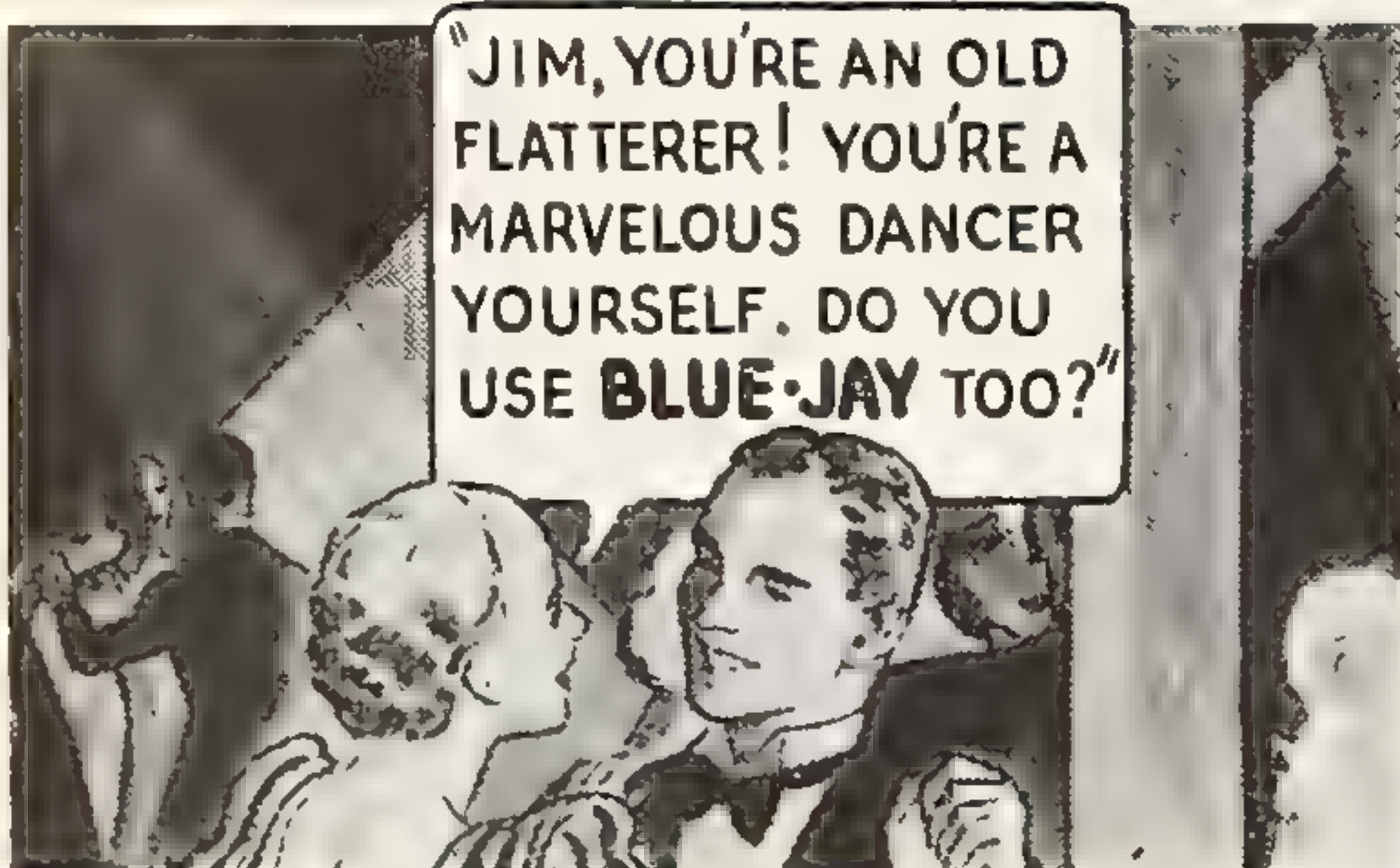
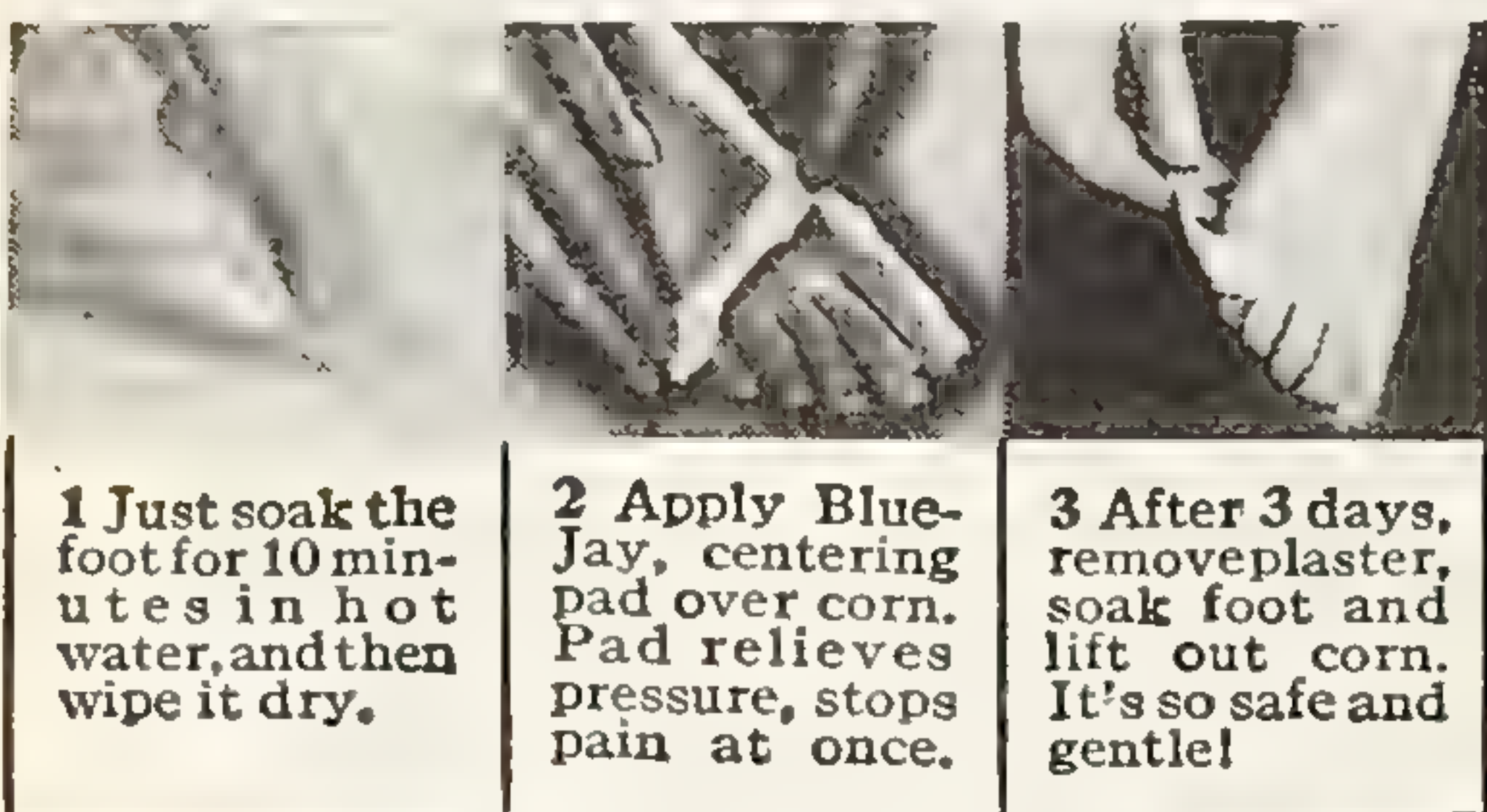
couldn't think of anything to say. If Lilyan had said, "Margaret Sullavan, do you know a good place to catch trout?" Margaret would have stood there talking until they shut up the place.

But she just can't talk about herself. And she can't get used to the good old Hollywood effusions.

There's a scene in "Little Man, What Now?" where Margaret has to walk in the rain. This scene—contrary to custom—had to be taken many times, and Margaret was drenching wet when it was over. "Well, I guess now you'll agree that Sullavan is all wet," she said as she wrung out her clothes. Yeah, you might just as well agree with Margaret that she's rotten and avoid an argument. (But you can keep your fingers crossed.) If you like Peter Pan, and Huckleberry Finn, and that freckle faced girl next door who gets such a kick out of her Girl Scout uniform, you've just got to like Margaret Sullavan.



# "I hate to miss the party, But..."



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## The Victory for Beauty

[Continued from page 27]

was forced to submit to pounding by masseuses and trainers, and she has learned to forego some of these heavy dishes in favor of salads and fruit juices.

Incidentally, you remember the favorite vintage of pre-repeal days, bathtub gin, was made at home because it was much safer if not cheaper. Well, I'll let you in on a little secret. Anna drinks what might be called bathtub vodka—Russian firewater made at home by her husband, Eugene.

Sten lives unpretentiously at home. For a long time she had only one servant—maid-of-all-work—and only this one because she was so busy with English lessons and studio work that she did not have time to keep up the house. When her big boss and his wife (the Samuel Goldwyns) dressed formally, came one night to dine with their new star, they were surprised to find Sten serving the dinner, a huge Russian meal, from the kitchen herself. Once recovered from their surprise, they had a swell time.

Always the subject of great speculation and curiosity in Hollywood, Sten has mingled in the mob, unrecognized by it from the start. I imagine that Mr. Goldwyn would have been quite startled if he had known that his mystery lady was frequenting the "hot spots" of the community

under the name of her husband, Frenke. At Palm Springs, where she has spent much time, she could be found almost every night at the gaming tables—for, like most foreigners, she likes games of chance.

Shoulder-to-shoulder with more publicized stars, but unknown to them, she used to sit at the black jack tables and play far into the night. Sometimes she was accompanied by her husband and sometimes by her tutor, Mrs. Knapp.

Incidentally, would you like to hear the details of Sten's mastery of English and perfection of the diction which you hear in Nana? Everything was done with mirrors. Mrs. Knapp would pronounce a sound in the mirror. Sten would watch and imitate her. After she had achieved English sound, the same procedure, with mirrors, was followed with words, then sentences, then stories. All of this before the mirror!

"Although she found learning English an extremely difficult and arduous task—there was not one familiar sound in the Russian language—I have never had a more intelligent pupil," Mrs. Knapp told me. "Or one more appreciative of the fine things in art and the theatre."

"She was simply mad about the poet Shelley. She liked De Maupassant, Wilde, Molnar and your American O. Henry. She



1934 Model madonna and child—Palm Springs type. Arlene Judge and her son, Charles Wesley Ruggles.

Acme



loves the theatre and one of her favorite actresses last year was Eugenie Leontovitch in 'Twentieth Century.'

"Sometimes she became very sad about her progress. I have known the days when she would weep and weep over her seeming lack of progress and over the difficulties we were having with 'Nana.' Always when the storm was over, she would regain her natural cheerfulness and say, 'Well, if I don't suit them, I can always go home, and back to work she would go.'"

For Anna Sten, as you may know, was a great actress abroad before she came to America. She was one of the great stars for Ufa in Germany. Born in Kiev, Russia, her early training was in the Moscow Art Theatre. From her accounts, her childhood was accompanied by indescribable want, privation and suffering. Through tremendous physical and mental difficulties, she fought her way to the top. And it is no wonder that she has fought so successfully in Hollywood.

Deeply attached to her mother, a tiny Russian woman whose hands are marked with toil and whose face is lined with the furrows that come only from hardship and struggle, Sten had her mother visit her for several months last year. She brought her all the way from Russia. Although Anna tried to give her mother clothes, suits and things she thought she had always wanted, Mother Stenski disdained them and continued to wear her own Russian skirts and blouses.

Mother Stenski enjoyed playing with little Anna, who is in the house. No, not Anna Sten's own daughter, but her step-child, a daughter by a former marriage of Frenke's. The child adores Sten and attempts to copy her in voice, mannerisms and even to clothes.

When Mother Stenski was here, Anna and her husband, who, incidentally, pursues his own independent career of making short subject pictures, lived in a simple home in Beverly Crest. Now, they are in their new home at Santa Monica, quite one of the most amazing pieces of modern architecture in Southern California.

Two complete sides of the house are in plate glass, so the sun can flood it at all hours of the day. From the living room you have one of the finest views in California. As Dr. Frenke told me, as we sat and sipped cognac while I waited to see Anna, "There to the West is Vladivostok, there to the East are the mountains of America. When we are homesick, we look across the Pacific to Russia; when we are happy about this new country, we look toward the high peak which we must figuratively climb."

Somehow, it seems to me that this setting is symbolically right for Anjuschka Stenski—a setting in which she can look dreamily Westward toward her beloved Russia, or Eastward toward the high peaks of America which she is so fast surmounting!

THERE is laughter sweeping over Hollywood at the new game everyone is playing. It is called the "title and name" game. The idea is to mention a star and then the name of any picture at all which seems to describe him. The following were gleaned at one Hollywood luncheon:

Jimmy Durante....."The Trumpet Blows"  
Lupe Velez....."Love, Honor and Oh, Baby!"  
Elissa Landi....."S.O.S. Iceberg"  
Clark Gable....."Dark Hazard"  
Mae West....."Enter Madame!"  
Jean Harlow....."Hips, Hips, Hooray!"  
Georgie Raft....."The Lady Is Willing"  
Josef von Sternberg....."Fu Man Chu"  
Jeanette MacDonald....."Eskimo"  
Irving Thalberg....."The Little Giant"  
Sally Rand....."We're Not Dressing"  
Will Hays....."Alias the Deacon"  
Mary Pickford....."It's Tough to be Famous"  
Sam Goldwyn....."Another Language"

I'M GLAD SHE'S COMING TONIGHT, SUE. SHE'S LEFT OUT OF SO MANY THINGS. SUCH A PRETTY GIRL, TOO. I FEEL SORRY FOR HER

SO DO I, MOTHER. SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW SHE SOMETIMES OFFENDS. I WANT TO HELP HER



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SO SWEET OF YOU, SUE, TO LET ME COME STRAIGHT FROM THE OFFICE AND DRESS HERE FOR THE PARTY!

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"B.O."—SURELY THERE'S NO DANGER OF THAT?



YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHEN THERE'S A CROWD AND DANCING ....AND THE ROOM GETS HOT....WELL I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES



I NEVER REALIZED ABOUT "B.O." BEFORE BUT I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL NOW—BATHE OFTEN WITH LIFEBOUY. WHAT MARVELOUS LATHER!



## NO "B.O." TO SPOIL THIS PARTY!

SUE, I'VE HAD A MARVELOUS TIME! BILL'S WAITING TO TAKE ME HOME. HE'S MADE A DATE FOR TOMORROW. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING—EVERYTHING!



BLONDE AND BRUNETTE—AND I DON'T KNOW WHO HAS THE PRETTIER COMPLEXION!

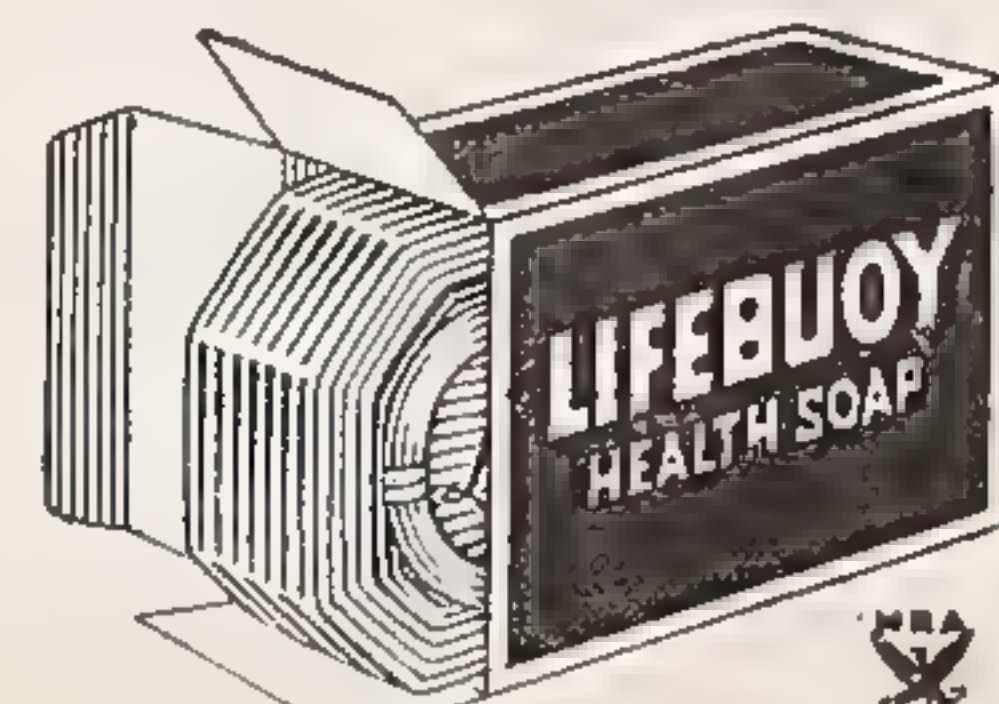
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Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert  
in "It Happened One Night," a Columbia Picture

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## Whispering Tongues!

[Continued from page 51]

making absurd demands. When that happened, I went to the studio executives and told them that I was sorry for the bad publicity, and for the spot on which I had placed them. I said to them, "I'm ready to return to work at my old salary, and you needn't give me more money unless you believe I am worth it." A few days later I was called into conference and I was given a new contract with just double my old salary, which was more than I had asked for.

Naturally, I am extremely happy, more so because this new contract was a voluntary offer on the part of the studio officials.

*Am I living at home with my parents, or with my husband, or both?*

Both. Hal (Rosson, Miss Harlow's husband) and I live in a house with my parents. The house has two wings, and our two families are just as widely separated as they would be if we all lived in separate apartments in the same building.

The rumor that Hal lived elsewhere started soon after our marriage. We leased an apartment, but before we could move into it, I went to a hospital for an appendectomy. From the hospital, I went to my own home, where there were better facilities for a sick person. Hal moved to the house, too, but since we had paid our rent in advance for the apartment, we kept it until the lease was up. Because of that, a few gossips got the idea that Hal and I were living apart.

*Are my mother and step-father about to separate?*

To be quite frank with you, Jimmie, this is the first time I have heard this rumor. Of course, they are not. Only a few days ago I invited you out to dinner. You'll remember the occasion for that dinner—it was the seventh wedding anniversary of my mother and step-father. Remember the flowers? Remember how we all kissed the seven-year bride and groom? There were just the six of us at the dinner—my mother, my step-father, Carmelita Geraghty, you, Hal and myself. I think we all will testify to the happiness of my parents.

*Are you having an operation performed to change the appearance of your nose?*

Absolutely not! Sometime in the near future, when I have finished my next two pictures, I think, I expect to have a very slight operation performed on the nasal passage of my nose. It is a ten minute op-

eration for which I will receive only a local anaesthetic.

There is a small growth in my nose that is irritating, that is all. I have planned to have it removed for several months, so you know it cannot be important.

*Has your book, "Today Is Tonight," been rejected by publishers?*

No, it has not. I have not yet offered my book to publishers. The book is completely written, but I am editing it. Any person who has written a book knows that it must be edited and re-edited. That is especially true of a first book—and "Today Is Tonight" is my first book.

Now that I am working in my new picture, which is titled "100% Pure," I shall have little opportunity to work on my book. I am hopeful of getting it into publisher's hands before Autumn.

As for the rumor that publishers have rejected it, you know that four publishers offered to buy my story *sight unseen*. But I don't care to sell that way; I want to be sure they buy "Today Is Tonight" for its literary value, and not because it happens to have been written by a motion picture actress.

That answers all your questions, Jimmie. Goodness, for a perfectly normal person I seem to have been involved in a lot of rumors. I wonder what would happen if I really did something worth talking about?

Seriously, I am grateful to you for affording me the opportunity to truthfully answer the gossip that has been spread about me. You're a good pal.

Health and wealth to you.

Sincerely,

Jean Harlow.

Dear Jean:

Thank you very much for the quick and interesting reply to my letter. I'm sure many who might have believed some of those rumors are going to think better of "Our Nell," meaning you.

You know, gossip is like a giant searchlight. It pierces dark corners and reveals hidden things. But, just as a searchlight casts distorted shadows, so does gossip exaggerate the truth into unbelievable forms.

Thanks also for the "health and wealth" wishes. I have the health, but can't seem to locate the wealth.

That silla fella,

Fidler.

## Burning Their Emotions at Both Ends

[Continued from page 21]

around Hollywood for years, ever since silent picture days, but neither one had ever bothered to speak to the other until they were cast opposite each other in "The Barbarian." They do say that Ramon suddenly became one of the most passionate actors on the screen, and the love scenes between Myrna and Ramon were so hot that the censors had to clip them with ice tongs. Anyway there was a lot of talk about those two, with Myrna blushing like a school girl and openly visiting Ramon's sets every chance she had. The Novarro name had never been coupled with that of a Hollywood girl before, and Ramon seemed quite pleased about it. If only he hadn't gone off on that concert tour things might have happened.

And naturally you can't imagine two people playing so beautifully and sympathetically together, as Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy did in "A Man's Castle," without being deliciously in love. So they

were. So they are.

And Frances Dee and Joel McCrea had never even noticed the color of each other's eyes until they played together in "The Silver Cord," and, even though they had no love scenes together, just the proximity was enough to set the old emotions burning.

Wally Berry will tell you that, after playing with little Jackie Cooper in "The Champ," he became so fond of the little rascal and got so used to having a kid around that, as soon as the picture was over, he up and adopted Carol Ann, and now wherever Wally goes little Carol Ann goes too—to the Brown Derby, the Chinese, even to Mr. Louis B. Mayer's private office. Everything little Carol Ann says is repeated by doting Wally—the latest being when Carol Ann informed an office full of people that Louis B. was going to star her in pictures. "You mean Mr. Mayer is," said a reproving secretary. "Naw, Louis B. is,"



Carol Ann insisted with naïve simplicity.

And you remember how lovely Connie Bennett was with that baby in "Common Clay?" Remember, how we had always thought of Connie as being something brittle, made of ice and steel, with a lot of style but no warmth, until we saw how devotedly she handled that baby? Well, evidently, those emotional mother love scenes sort of got under Connie's skin, for soon after that picture she openly acknowledged little Peter. And those who know Connie personally say she is heart and soul wrapped up in the little blonde boy who calls the stately Miss Bennett "Mom."

Even that former chin soaper, the great Garbo, sort of succumbs to the emotional scenes in her pictures and wants to go on emoting after the lights have been turned off and the studio locked up for the night. There was a lot of talk in the old days about the passionate emotions of Miss Garbo and Mr. Gilbert, which went on sizzling long after Hollywood had put out the cat and wound the clock. Well, we wouldn't know about such gossip (darn it) but we do know and the whole world knows that as soon as "Queen Christina" was released, Garbo went on a motor trip with her director, far into Arizona, and stopped at all kinds of little inns and seemingly enjoyed herself plenty. Naturally Garbo got the idea from "Christina," who used to roam around the country dressed as a man (Garbo does most of the time) and spent one very exciting week-end at a snow-covered inn with her lover. Naughty Garbo.

"Queen Christina," besides giving Garbo ideas about weekends, also caused the divorce of John Gilbert and his beautiful young wife, Virginia Bruce. Gilbert was so bitter and hurt because he had ceased to be a screen favorite, that when Garbo gave him the chance to stage a comeback in her picture, he became so emotionally upset that he had a nervous breakdown and was too temperamental to live with. Virginia and her two months' old baby went back to mother's. Jack, keyed up by his emotional scenes with Garbo, imagined himself the screen's great lover once more—and fie to domestic bonds, wife and child. Jack Gilbert burns his emotions at both ends more than any other actor in Hollywood. Ask Leatrice Joy, or Ina Claire, or Virginia Bruce. Or, ask Garbo.

"Why he even criticized my taste in clothes," said Kay Francis to the judge when she obtained her divorce from Kenneth MacKenna. That was enough to upset the emotions of any woman. That was the last straw. That was, as good old Josh Billings said, "few mutch." Kay Francis has been publicized as the best dressed woman on the screen so long that even Kay believes it herself. She has never looked more glamorously beautiful than she does in "Wonder Bar"—in fact she has been terribly smart in all her pictures. Naturally she had perfect taste in clothes—didn't Orry Kelly tell her so—didn't the movie critics tell her so—didn't Warner Brothers tell her so—didn't her fans tell her so! Yes, everybody told her so except Kenneth MacKenna, and who are you, Kenneth MacKenna? Kenneth MacKenna, in case you really want to know, is Kay Francis' ex-husband.

Thank goodness for these emotions though, for without them Hollywood would be an awfully dull place. As an old liberty-taker I'll give you the Hollywood version of a very beautiful poem, with apologies to the metre and to the poet.

I burn my emotions at both ends  
They will not last the night  
But oh my foes and oh my friends  
They make a glam'rous sight.

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## Magic! [Continued from page 19]

perhaps even than Jaime. She did everything to make up to him, to ease the hurt for which she felt responsible. But it was an impossible situation and things only went from bad to worse.

Jaime made a desperate struggle to find a niche for himself in Hollywood. He tried his hand at producing, writing—but he was handicapped by Dolores' fame, and no one would take him seriously. Eventually he gave up the battle. Disheartened, realizing that his marriage was on the rocks, he went to New York, and while there received word that Dolores was going to divorce him. A broken man, he sailed for Europe, and in Europe he died. His doctors said that his illness was not of a fatal type, but that he simply had no will to live.

Jaime's death left Dolores grief-stricken. She blamed herself bitterly, although, considering Jaime's temperament and the course that events had taken for both of them, the outcome was inevitable. Really it was neither her fault nor his. Circumstance was the real culprit—and cursing circumstance is like railing at storms.

But other events than Jaime's death left their mark on Dolores before she gained a perspective and release from her career-mania. Scandal and unsavory publicity smirched her name and brought her further heartbreak.

I shall not review those newspaper mud-fests through which Dolores was dragged. She has risen above them, left them far behind, and for that she deserves great admiration. I mention them only because they were a significant part of a disturbing and tragic period in her life—a period which did much to make her the gracious, tolerant, balanced person she is to-day.

On the heels of scandal came a decided change in her box-office popularity. A series of bad pictures, coupled with the notoriety which she had received, brought about a crisis in her career. Never had there been a more critical time for her. It was of vital importance that she should make a good film, restore herself to the public's graces.

And, just at that moment, she fell seriously ill. Any picture at all was out of the question. The career which she had cherished, for which she had fought ruthlessly, sacrificing health and happiness, came to a dead stop.

Not only that, but she had just married, suddenly and to Hollywood's complete astonishment, Cedric Gibbons, personable M-G-M art director. They had hardly left the altar when Dolores, exhausted by months of worry and grief, suffered a complete collapse. It was an inauspicious beginning for a marriage.

At first Dolores rebelled frantically. She brooded bitterly on a malicious fate which had bestowed on her all the glamorous trappings of success, only to snatch them from her. She looked with desperation toward the months of inactivity which lay before

her. Months of absence from the screen which would strike terror to the heart of any ambitious star. She knew that every day and every hour would make her comeback more difficult.

And then, miraculously, something began to happen to Dolores. With Captain Cedric Gibbons in command the shattered Del Rio ship began its perilous voyage back into sheltered waters. The work of salvage, of rebuilding, commenced, from which, after two long years, Dolores was to emerge a new person, equipped as she had never been before, to face life.

"The most important thing Cedric taught me was to say 'what the hell!'" Dolores told me gaily. "What the hell!" She repeated the words proudly, as if they were a magic formula.

"Before I met him I did not know how to accept things calmly and give them their true importance. I did not know how to laugh with my mind as well as with my emotions. You know we Mexicans have no sense of humor. We are either ecstatically happy or completely tragic. We get ourselves all tied up in knots when things go wrong, and about things which are important to us we are, oh, so serious!

"In the old days, when I attended an opening of mine, I could never eat my dinner. I was so nervous and worried that the mere sight of food made me ill. The other night before we went to the premiere of "Wonder Bar," mother and Cedric and I had a quiet dinner at home. I ate everything in sight, laughed and joked, and really enjoyed the whole evening."

Cedric Gibbons has given Dolores other things than a sense of humor. He has taught her perspective, balance. She has learned to be genuinely interested in other things besides a film career—books, dogs, her garden, tennis, swimming. When her work was taken away from Dolores she thought the world had come to an end. She had nothing within or without herself on which to fall back. But in the past three years she has built up reserves. Should her career come to an end now she would be able to face the future without dread. She has learned that there are other things in life besides shadows projected on a screen.

The striking modern home which she and Cedric built in Santa Monica Canyon is one of her chief joys. When she is not at the studio she really relaxes in her home instead of remaining at a fever pitch of intensity until time for the next day's work.

Her mother occupies a house next door and the two of them putter around in their vegetable garden. The rest of the grounds are tended by a gardener, but that one special patch of earth belongs to Dolores and her mother. The exquisite, orchid-like Dolores loves to put on overalls, draw heavy gloves over her lovely hands and dig around in the potato patch—an occupation which strikes her friends as hilariously incongruous—and would have struck Dolores the same



Lew Ayres, Janet Gaynor and Dr. Veblin (right) at the fourth birthday party of the Dominos, a club made up of women movie stars.

International



way three years ago.

To please Cedric she has learned to play tennis and to swim and derives real pleasure from both. Her tennis court has been hailed by Tilden as the best private court in the west. When she lies lazily in the sun beside her swimming pool, or romps with Michael, her white bull of whom she is inordinately proud, she is a different woman from the ambition-tortured girl of former days.

One more thing Dolores learned from those two fallow years when she was enriching herself—she learned to wait. When she returned to the screen after her illness, her first success (also her first hit in talking pictures) was "Bird of Paradise." In it she played a native girl, and after that the only offers she received were for similar parts.

She had the courage to refuse those offers even though she knew it was important to her to make another picture as soon as possible. She refused them because she knew they would identify her with such parts, and she would never get a chance to do anything else. Quietly, firmly, she held out for the chance to play a rôle in modern clothes—because she knew her whole future in the talkies depended on it.

Almost a year elapsed before she was offered the lead in "Flying Down to Rio." It was not a rôle which offered spectacular acting opportunities—but it gave her a chance to prove that she could wear clothes and that she could score at the box-office without appearing in the semi-nude.

"Wonder Bar" followed and established Dolores as something more than a ravishing example of Latin beauty. As a result she was signed to a long term contract by Warner Brothers—and in that contract is an iron-clad clause which specifies that she shall never be asked to play a native girl rôle! Proving that when Dolores makes up her mind to something the opposition might as well give in then and there.

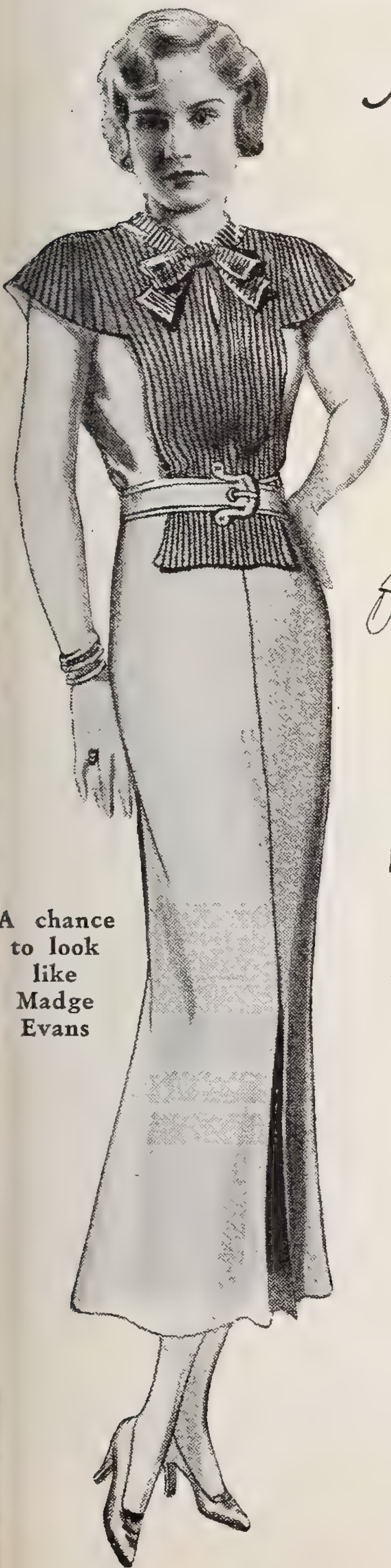
As an example of their faith in their new star Warners have handed Dolores one of the most glamorous acting opportunities of the year—a title rôle in "Du Barry." She feels it is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, chances of her career. As the gay, gallant mistress of Louis the Fifteenth, who met her final downfall with a shrug and a what-the-hell-I've-had-a-grand-time attitude, Dolores should be magnificent. At any rate her "what the hell" has been well rehearsed!

## PATTERN DEPARTMENT

# A Lovely Frock

### DESIGNED FOR

## Madge Evans



IT'S a charming, simple little dress beautifully cut, as you would expect. Over the frock—and this is its telling feature—there is worn a vastly becoming plastron affair which slips over the head and under the belt, and is tied with a little knot at the throat. It is entirely separate from the gown itself, and should you have two or more of these little affairs made to go with the one dress, one of a fancy fabric and the other of a plain one—well, you are just that much more clever! By the way, should you prefer to have just the little cape without the vest part, it is *bien possible*, as the French say—the pattern is perforated across the front just where the cape ends and the vest begins.

You can order Madge Evans' frock, pattern SS117, in sizes 14 to 20 and 20 and 32 to 40. Size 16 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39 inch fabric and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards contrasting. Price of Pattern, 15¢. Price of Catalogue, 15¢. Pattern and Catalogue together, 25¢.

Silver Screen Pattern Dept.  
45 West 45th St., New York City.

For the enclosed . . . . . send to

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(Address)

(City and State)

Pattern of Madge Evans' dress (No. SS117) . . . . .

Size . . . . .

Fashion Book? Yes or No . . . . .

Call for  
PHILIP MORRIS

“Call for  
PHILIP  
MORRIS”

America's Finest  
15¢ Cigarette

A chance  
to look  
like  
Madge  
Evans





## "BLONDE HAIR MADE LIGHTER AND LOVELIER"

Says Mrs. J. W. T.

"I WAS so discouraged by my muddy-looking hair. It added years to my appearance. Then a friend told me about BLONDEX. The very first time I shampooed with Blondex my hair actually showed new life and color, looked shades lighter and brighter!" Use BLONDEX is good advice for blondes whose hair is darkening, losing its golden charm. Blondex, the fine rich-lathering powder shampoo (not a dye), helps bring back the youthful gleam of radiant gold, alluring softness and sheen to dull, faded, stringy light hair. Try it today. BLONDEX comes in two sizes—the economical \$1.00 and inexpensive 25c package. At any good drug or department store. NEW: Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair—only 35c.



TO her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy). They cleansed and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish.

**FREE!** New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk HG-91 St. Louis, Missouri

**NR TO-NIGHT**  
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

**"TUMS"** Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

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A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 985, 70 5th Ave., New York

# News from the Studios

[Continued from page 25]

After missing "The Circus Clown" (formerly known as "Sawdust") for two successive months, I finally run into it the last day of shooting. I knew my luck couldn't hold forever. This time the scene is the interior of the tent where the circus crew sleeps.

It's night and the crew is all asleep. Joe E. Brown is asleep, too, when suddenly *Dynamite*, one of the lions who has gotten loose, stalks in. He mosies around for awhile, pauses at Joe E.'s cot and licks the bottom of his feet, and Joe E. wakes up. There's more to the scene they tell me, but when you're working with lions you have to make a scene a little at a time.



Joe E. Brown, in "The Circus Clown," has a comedy awakening.

### "THE CIRCUS CLOWN"

Happy Howard.....Joe E. Brown  
Alice.....Patricia Ellis  
Bebe.....Dorothy Burgess  
Jack Oakley.....Donald Dilloway  
Happy as boy.....Gordon Evans  
Ajax.....Harry Woods  
Dickie.....Ronnie Cosby  
Slim.....Lee Moran  
Barker.....Earl Hodgins  
Ringmaster.....Wm. Davidson

### Over at Universal

IT IS humming with activity here this month. Five (count 'em—5) pictures going. One of them, "Little Man, What Now?" starring Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery, is not shooting today because Frank Borzage's father has just passed on. But the others are going full blast. Here's the cast which will give you something to chew on until next month.

### "LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

Lammchen.....Margaret Sullavan  
Hans Pinneberg.....Douglass Montgomery  
Jachman.....Alan Hale  
Mia Pinneberg.....Catherine Doucet  
Emil Kleinholz.....DeWitt Jennings  
Frau Kleinholz.....Bodil Rosing  
Marie Kleinholz.....Muriel Kirkland  
Kleinholz, Jr.....Donald Haynes  
Shultz.....George Meeker  
Lauderback.....Paul Fix  
Dr. Sesam.....Carlos de Valdez  
Nurse.....Hedda Hopper  
Communist.....Fred Kohler  
His Wife.....Mae Marsh  
Widow Scharrenhofer.....Sarah Padden  
Mr. Sesam.....Tom Ricketts  
Lehman.....Frank Reicher  
Kessler.....Murray Kinnell

Then, there's "Half a Sinner" from the successful stage play, "Alias the Deacon." It starred Berton Churchill on the stage and he's playing the same part in the picture. It's all about a crook who masquerades as a deacon.

Today he's in a small town, in his usual disguise, addressing a group of women in a crusade against prizefighting.

It's the parlor of the hotel. There is a fireplace with a screen in front of it, double doors leading to the hall, a bay window with some fancy wooden grillwork over it, and lace curtains over the windows.

Gay Seabrook (as Louella) and Theresa Maxwell Conover (as Mrs. Gregory) are seated on the divan, when in comes Alexandra Carlisle (as Mrs. Clark) with the Deacon. There is much applause from the assembled women, Alex smilingly waits for it to subside before she speaks. "Ladies," says she, "it is my proud privilege to introduce Deacon Saswell, who will address us . . . on the evils of brutal athletic contests."

The Deacon is "taking it big." As Miss Carlisle finishes her speech, she walks over to the divan and seats herself between Gay and Miss Conover, while the Deacon, with great unctuousness, begins: "My dear sisters, I am extremely honored at being called upon to address your worthy organization. The theme I am to use is 'Shall the fair name of this charming little city be desecrated by prizefighting and other brutal sports and their attendant gambling?' That is . . . I mean, at this point . . . let me pause to say . . . that I am personally opposed to all manner of brutality."

There is much applause. "Isn't he simply darling?" Gay murmurs, bending her lips towards Miss Carlisle's ears.

Miss Seabrook gives a feeble imitation of Gracie Allen that throws me into a cold fury. The imitators of Miss Allen and ZaSu Pitts are legion and something should be done to prohibit people, who haven't personality enough of their own to make a hit, from trading off the characterizations other people have developed.

### "HALF A SINNER"

Deacon.....Berton Churchill  
John Adams.....Joel McCrea  
Phyllis.....Sally Blane  
Louella.....Gay Seabrook  
Willie.....Mickey Rooney  
Jim Cunningham.....Spencer Charters  
Slim Sullivan.....Russell Hopton  
Bull Moran.....Guinn Williams  
Mrs. Gregory.....Theresa Maxwell Conover  
Mrs. Clark.....Alexandra Carlisle  
Sheriff.....Reginald Barlow  
Rumplemeyer.....Bert Roach  
Radio announcer.....Walter Brennan

Gritting my teeth in helpless rage I storm on to the next set, which turns out to be a picture called "Embarrassing Moments." It's the first day of shooting and stars my old pal, Chester Morris. Hell's bells, madam, nobody can stay mad around Chester—especially when he's just back from four or five weeks in New York, where he made "Frankie and Johnny." I can't tell you what the story is about because they haven't finished writing it yet.

All I know is the set is a very spiffy living room. A couple of small book shelves are by the French windows in the corner, with only a few books in them. Well, Chester always says he doesn't get much time for reading, so I guess a few are enough.

Chester takes his place by the French doors, looking out into the garden. He turns back into the room with a quizzical expression, (There, Chet, is an expression I'll bet you never even knew you had!) scratches his head, starts into the room, stops, goes back and closes the door and marches over to the chest of drawers. Sud-



denly he looks up at an oil painting of an elderly gentleman and rests his chin in his hand as he regards it. "Well, Aloysius," soliloquizes Chet, "what does one do when three's a crowd?"

But Aloysius doesn't know the answer and a moment later the director yells "Cut."

"I wish," says the practical Chester to Edward Laemmle, the director, "that there could be some reason for me to come over to this chest. If I just happened to glance up and saw the painting, and then talked to it it would be a lot more logical than for a sane man to deliberately walk up to a picture and start gibbering to it."

After a short conference it is decided Chester will put his handkerchief in one of the drawers of the chest before the scene starts, and then open the drawer and take the handkerchief out while the cameras are grinding. That will give him an excuse for walking over that way.

This seems like a little thing but, to be bromidic, it's the little things in pictures, as well as in life, that count.

The scene over, Ches comes up with outstretched hand. "Dick!" he says, just as though he was really glad to see me.

"Ches!" I echo fervently. I can act as well as he can, even if I only get paid for writing.

"Lunch?" Ches suggests and I begin to think I may be wrong. Perhaps he is glad to see me.

"Sure," I acquiesce.

"Oh," says Ches, his face clouding, "I forgot. I have to study at noon. They've just handed me eight 'sides' (pages) of script to learn for this afternoon's shooting."

But I bear up under the blow. I just remembered I've promised to take Jackie Cooper horseback riding this P.M.—if I get through in time.

And if I don't hurry I won't.

#### "EMBARRASSING MOMENTS"

Jerry.....Chester Morris  
Jane.....Marian Nixon  
Paul.....Walter Woolf  
Runyon.....Huntley Gordon  
Ahearn.....Alan Mowbray  
Slug.....John Wray  
Morganza.....Henry Armetta  
Miss Dudd.....Gay Seabrook  
Bartender.....Herman Bing  
Mrs. Stockleburger.....Evelyn Beresford  
Saunders.....Charles E. Coleman  
Mother.....Jane Darwell

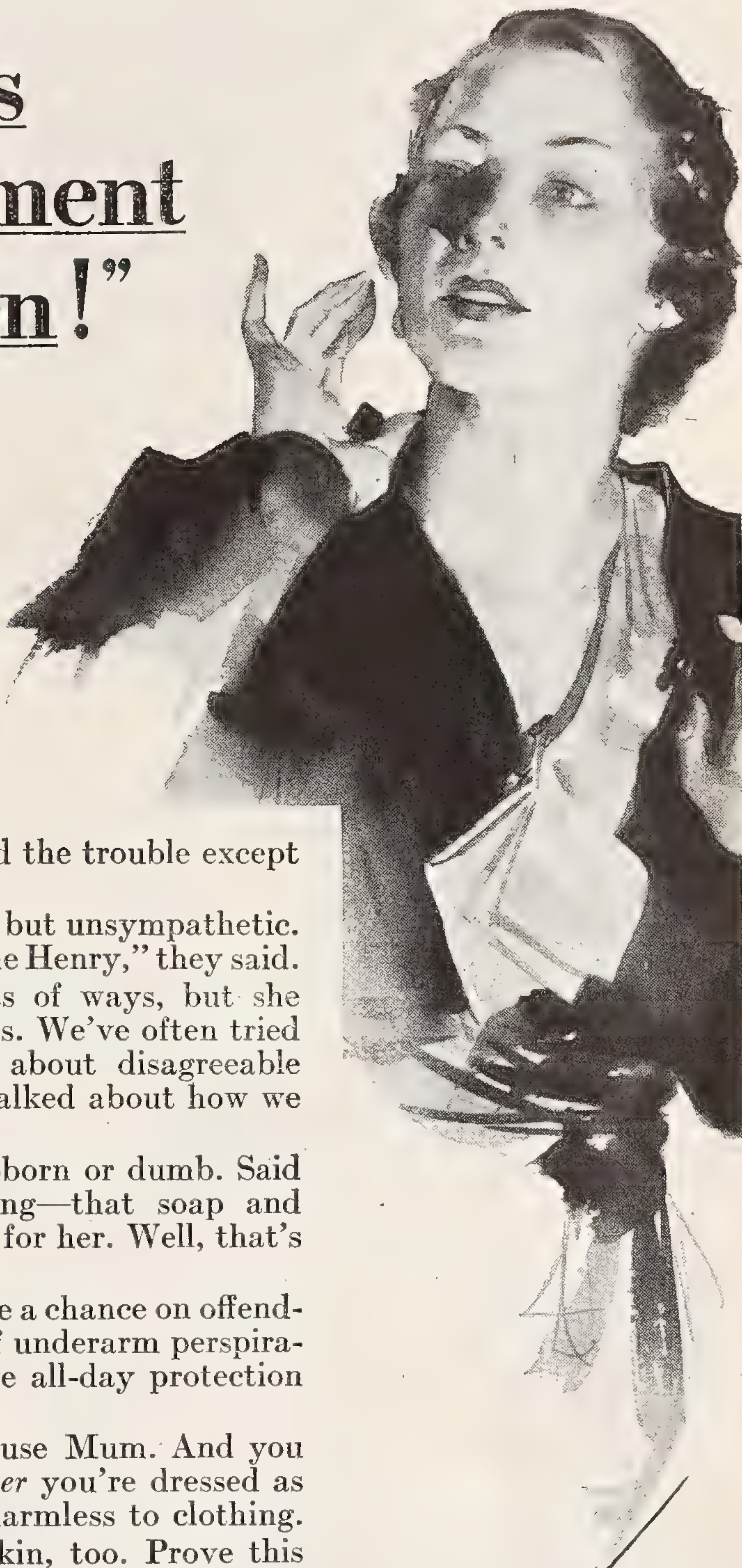


Jacqueline Wells, Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi are together in "The Black Cat." It has more chills than a Frigidaire.

There's "The Black Cat," in which Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi are trying to scare each other as well as the public, and when I say "scare each other" I mean off screen as well as on. From all reports the gents don't like each other any better personally than they do in character.

# "GATHER ROUND, GIRLS"

**"Peg's  
engagement  
is broken!"**



**EVERYBODY** guessed the trouble except poor Peg herself.

Her friends were sorry but unsympathetic. "After all, you can't blame Henry," they said.

"Peg is a dear in lots of ways, but she certainly is slow in others. We've often tried to ease it over to her about disagreeable underarm odor. We've talked about how we all use Mum.

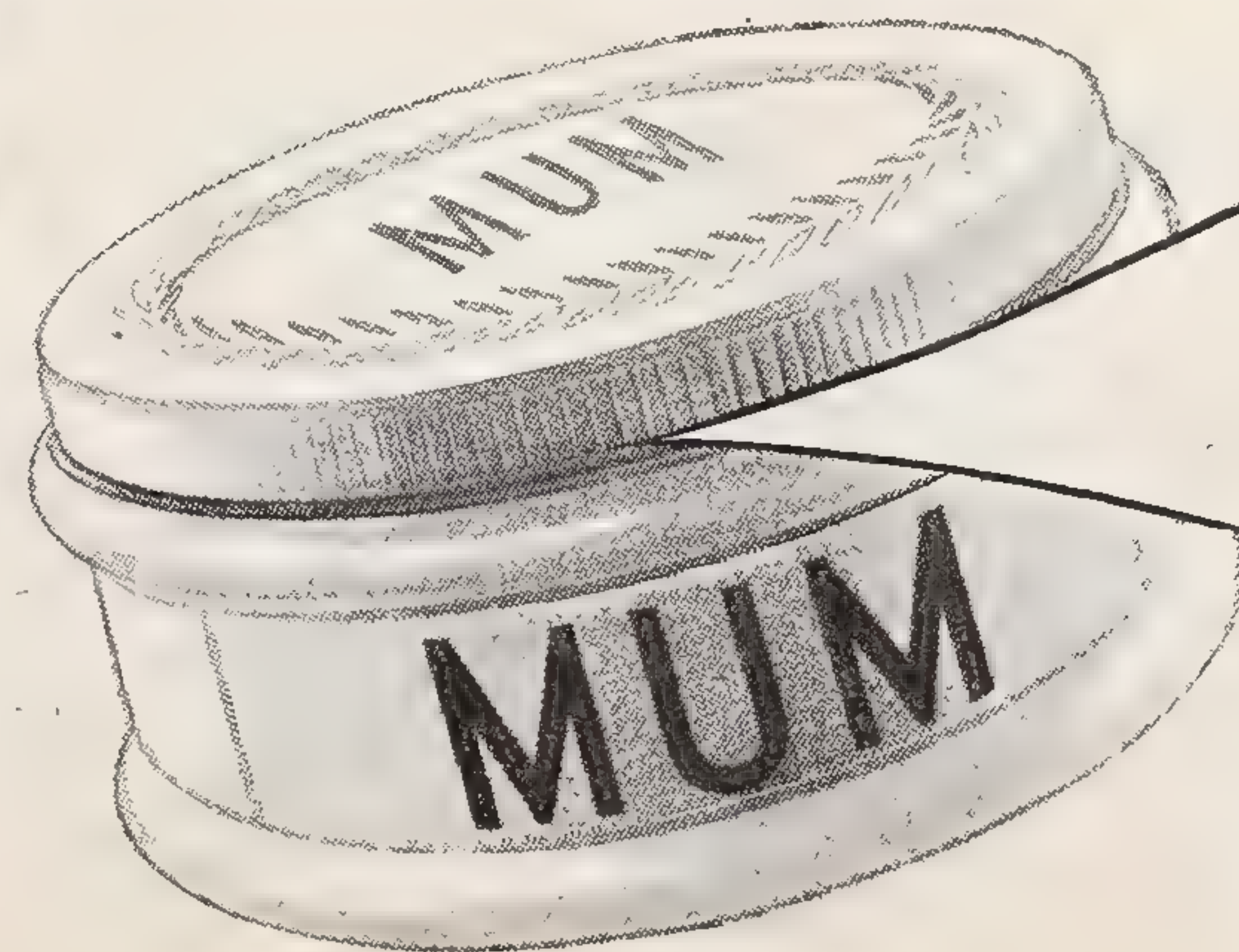
"But she's either stubborn or dumb. Said she didn't need anything—that soap and water were good enough for her. Well, that's Peg's mistake."

How foolish it is to take a chance on offending with the ugly odor of underarm perspiration, when you can have all-day protection in just *half a minute!*

That's all it takes to use Mum. And you can use it any time—*after* you're dressed as well as before. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum *immediately.*

Count on Mum to keep you safe from odor *without* preventing the perspiration itself. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**TAKES THE  
ODOR OUT OF  
PERSPIRATION**

**USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO.** Mum is wonderful to use as a deodorant on sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.



## Let me tell you how to improve Your skin, as I did Mine



It is so embarrassing to have your skin clouded with blackheads, coarsened by clogged pores or roughened by pimply spots and blotches. Cosmetics will not hide them, and you feel conscious of unspoken criticism, ill at ease, unable to appear at your best.

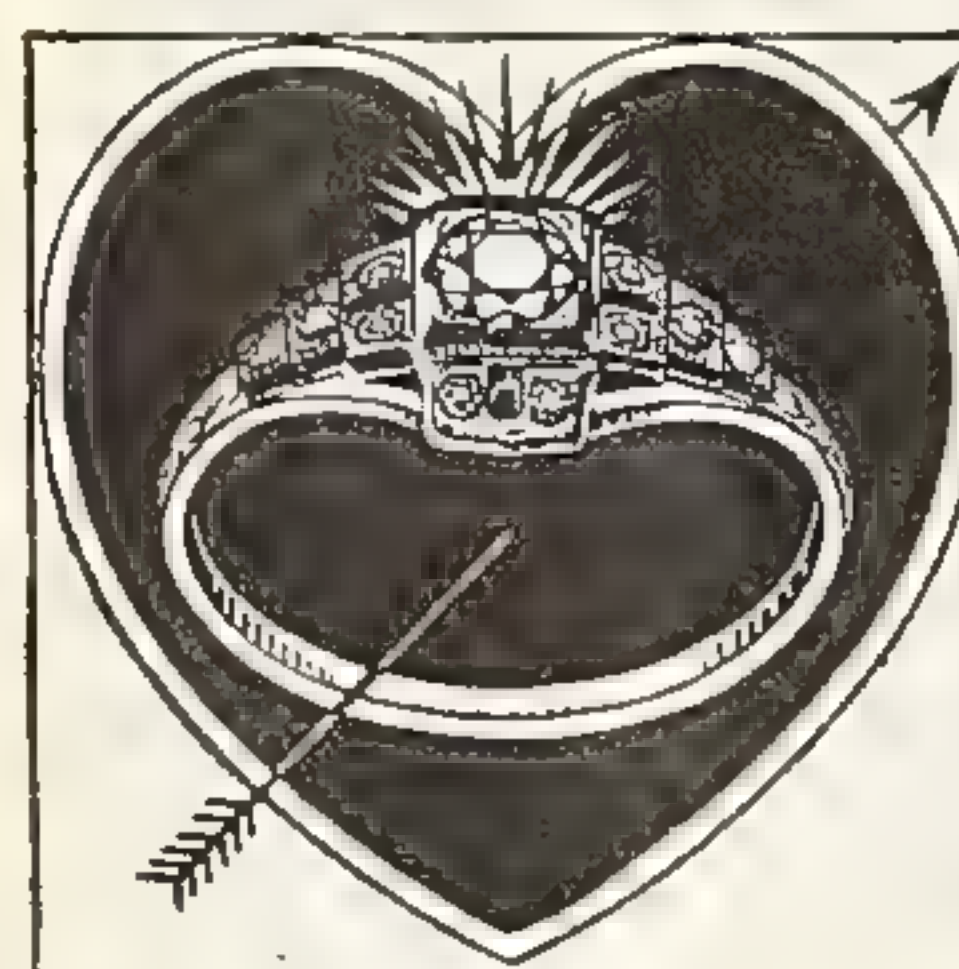
Why endure this mental distress—and perhaps physical discomfort—when the Resinol treatment provides a safe, simple way to help nature relieve complexion ills and make the skin clearer and smoother?

Bathe first with Resinol Soap. You will find it ideally refreshing and cleansing, and, because, it has no excess of free alkali, it can be used safely on sensitive, tender skin—where harsher soap might irritate. Then apply Resinol Ointment to the sore pimply spots. Its special Resinol medication is particularly effective in giving quick relief and promoting healing. Try this treatment a week and watch your skin improve.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Keep them always on hand.

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—Every deaf person knows that—  
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

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**THE WAY COMPANY**  
755 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

## REMOVE FAT

**Safely and Pleasantly**

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Complete treatment now only 60c  
Two for \$1.00. Nothing else to buy.

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Please send Fairform Method. I agree to pay postman 60c plus a few cents postage. My money will be refunded if not satisfied.

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It seems—in the picture—Karloff framed Lugosi, stole his wife, had him sent to prison and tortured, then killed his wife and mummified her. Released from prison twenty years later, Lugosi is on his way back for vengeance when he runs into David Manners and Jacqueline Wells, who are on their honeymoon. They become friendly on the train and find they are getting off at the same station. The three of them take a bus to their destination, but en route there is an accident, and the bus crashes. Jacqueline is knocked unconscious. David and Lugosi, aided by the latter's servant, Harry Cording, carry Jacqueline to the nearest house, which, of course, turns out to be Karloff's.

To make a long story as short as possible, Karloff is high priest of the cult of Satanism and he intends sacrificing Jacqueline that night.

Everywhere I look there is nothing but bare cement walls with low-ceilinged passages. Jacqueline in a pink crepe ritual gown is wandering around the wet cement in bedroom slippers and woolen socks.

"Ready, action," calls Director Edgar Ullmer. Jacqueline wanders into the scene, and sees an unconscious man on the floor and a wounded one on the stanchion.

"Scream," instructs Ullmer from the sidelines.

Jacqueline opens her mouth but no sound comes out. Then she starts running wildly down one of the passages to a gate at the end of it.

"Cut," says Ullmer.

Actresses rarely scream in pictures. They hire girls who make a specialty of screaming to do that, so the actresses can save their voices. The scream will be dubbed in later.

It wouldn't be fair to tell you the rest of the story, but let me caution you that it most emphatically is not a picture for children.

### "THE BLACK CAT"

Poelzig ..... Karloff  
Dr. Verdegast ..... Bela Lugosi  
Peter ..... David Manners  
Joan ..... Jacqueline Wells  
Karen ..... Lucille Lund  
Majordomo ..... Egon Brecher  
Maid ..... Anna Duncan  
Conductor ..... Andy Devine  
Car Steward ..... Herman Bing

The fourth of Universal's output for this month is called "The Humbug." It is directed by Max Marcis, whom I remember chiefly as the author of that uproarious farce, "Three Live Ghosts," which introduced Beryl Mercer and Robert Montgomery to cinema goers.

This is a fairly pretentious set. A living room, again. Jane Meredith is sitting on a green chair, of French period design. She is either an invalid or she's recuperating from an illness. She has on a blue lace negligee with a green satin quilt over her legs. Virginia Kami (who played "one of the girls"—if you know what I mean—in the Coast production of "Sailor Beware") is standing beside her in a nurse's uniform. She is mixing some medicine on a tray.

"Good heavens, Mary!" exclaims Miss Meredith, "that's enough! Here's a doctor who doesn't give medicine and look at the results he gets."

Virginia glances at the magazine in Jane's lap and sees a picture of Dr. Collender (Nils Asther). "Oh!" she says, and I can tell from her attitude that something is wrong, but Miss Meredith is too busy admiring Nils to notice her nurse's perturbation.

"Good looking, too," observes Jane cocking her head admiringly to one side. "They say all he has to do is look at you and it goes right up your spine."

### "THE HUMBUG"

Dr. Alexis Collender ..... Nils Asther  
Alice Trask ..... Gloria Stuart  
Dr. Norman Ware ..... Paul Kelly  
Roger Loft ..... Alan Dinehart  
Valerie Loft ..... Jane Meredith  
Mary Williams ..... Virginia Kami  
Larry Chapman ..... Russ Brown  
Jules Glass ..... John Wray  
Butler ..... Robert Greig

### At Paramount

PARAMOUNT, too, is bustling with activity. Julie Lang, who usually escorts me around the sets, is weak from a recent attack of flu and, besides, she's busy writing her radio broadcast, so I volunteer to wander about alone. The first place I wander into is the restaurant.

At a table against the wall sits Tom Brown in solitary grandeur. "Hi," he yells catching sight of me. "Come on over." As I sink into the seat opposite him he adds—most genially—"It's your turn to buy lunch." I shoot him a dirty look but Tom has his nose buried in a portion of fresh lobster salad and doesn't notice.

"What you been up to?" Tom asks, finally getting his mouth empty and magnificently ordering a porterhouse steak, hash brown potatoes, asparagus (not yet in season), strawberry shortcake and a glass of milk.

"No good," I mutter sulkily thinking that my luncheon check if translated into francs could easily be mistaken for the French war debt.

"Coming over to the set?" Tom asks politely.

"I'm going on all the sets," I announce coldly. The prospect of this luncheon check is still rankling.

"I'll take you around," Tom volunteers. "I've got to stick around but I probably won't work all afternoon."

At a nearby table sits Ida Lupino—she who announced at a party that she had just got out of doing a Bing Crosby picture only to be thrust into one with Richard Arlen. "Know her?" asks Tom jerking his head in her direction.

"I've met her," I admit.

"Is she an eyeful," Tom exclaims.

"Too cold looking," I announce judicially.

"That's the way I like 'em," Tom assures me.

By the time I've digested this startling



Mary Morris and Anne Revere in  
"The Double Door," the creepy melodrama.

bit of news, Tom has finished and his tongue is chasing bits of whipped cream from his shortcake around his lips and the waitress is there with the check. I take the bad news and we start out.

First on the program is "The Double Door," adapted from this season's theatrical hit of the same name. It's the story of an elderly spinster (Mary Morris) who rules her young brother and her forty year old sister (Ann Revere) with an iron hand.



The "Double Door" applies to two secret doors leading to a windowless, sound-proof room. Once when Ann was small and did something to displease Mary, the latter locked her in that room and frightened her out of her wits.

Well, to get on with the story, the boy has just married—against Mary's wishes, and he and his wife are in for a bad time of it. They're just leaving the house on their honeymoon and Ann, who is a sweet but futile soul, rushes to the window to watch them drive off. "Vicky!" she exclaims. "Come and see them." Impulsively she throws wide the shutters.

Vicky (Mary Morris) watches her with an exasperated expression. "Caroline," she exclaims sharply, and grits her teeth in vexation (and can that baby grit!) as she says more commandingly, "Caroline!!" Receiving no answer she stalks up behind the unsuspecting Caroline.

Well! I must say. Things have come to a fine pass when a girl can't even watch her brother depart on his honeymoon.

"Let's get out of here," I mutter to Tom. "I don't like her attitude. She might lock us up and I've got a dinner engagement—with someone who'll pay the check," I add meaningly.

"Oke," Tom agrees amiably. "Come on over to our set. It's a pip."

#### "THE DOUBLE DOOR"

Rip Van Bret.....Kent Taylor  
Anne Darrow.....Evelyn Venable  
Victoria Van Bret.....Mary Morris  
Caroline Van Bret.....Anne Revere  
Mortimer Neff.....Sir Guy Standing  
Avery.....Virginia Howell  
Telson.....Frank Dawson  
Mr. Chase.....Halliwell Hobbes  
Dr. John Lucas.....Colin Tapley  
Rev. Dr. Loring.....Burr Caruth

Tom's set is a pip indeed. The picture is called "The Witching Hour" (isn't that a swell title?) and it's adapted from a stage play of twenty years ago, by Augustus Thomas, in which John Mason (a matinee idol of that day) starred. The scene is only a colonial hallway but you can't tell me that halls don't have character. This one is in a dead white with one of the most beautiful winding staircases imaginable. There is an enormous table in the centre of the hall with a large silver bowl of artificial white flowers.

"You see," Tom explains, "Judith Allen's father has converted this old home into a gambling place for Southern gentlemen. His power of suggestion over people is marvelous. I'm in love with Judith and I'm deathly afraid of cats-eyes. He cures me of my fear and gives me a cats-eye ring to wear to prove to myself I'm cured. He has a run-in with Ralf Harolde (the villain) and remarks that Ralf ought to be shot. I've become so attuned to his thought transferences that I get that thought and, without knowing what I'm doing, kill Ralf."

"That makes it tough on Ralf," I put in. "Shut up," says Tom, "they're going to shoot a scene. Ralf is on the make for Judy."

I glance around and Judith takes her place at the foot of the stairs. I have never seen so beautiful a dress. Row on row of ruffled pink net. The dress has a hoop skirt and a basque waist. She looks more like a fancy picture than a human. She is preparing to mount the stairs when Ralf, in evening dress of the 1890's, steps forward and places his hand over hers, stopping her. It is quite obvious she doesn't care for this meeting, having just got herself engaged to Tom.

"Don't go, Miss Nancy," Harolde begs. "Seems like I don't never get to see you any more."

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*Relief*

FROM PAINFUL FEET—

**CORNS  
CALLOUSES  
BUNIONS  
SORE TOES**

Foot troubles come as a result of a definite cause. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on aching corns, painful callouses, throbbing bunions, tender toes, irritated insteps or chafed heels, and you'll quickly, safely REMOVE the cause—nagging shoe pressure on the nerves and pressing and rubbing on the irritated tissues.

**RELIEF WILL BE YOURS IN ONE MINUTE** with these thin, soothing, healing, cushioning pads; complete protection against sore toes, blisters and abrasions from new or tight shoes.

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To quickly and easily loosen and remove corns and callouses use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks* included in every box for this purpose. A few applications and the hard, dead skin can be lifted right out *painlessly*.

Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are absolutely **SAFE!** Made in sizes and shapes for corns, bunions, callouses on the soles and corns between the toes.

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In addition to the regular thin sizes, Dr. Scholl has perfected a new series of Zino-pads, **THICK**, for removing pressure and friction of shoes in exceptional cases where the regular sizes are not of sufficient thickness to give complete relief. Ask for them by number: No. 42 for hammer toe; No. 16 for thick corns; No. 25 for tender joint behind little toe; No. 38 for thick callouses; No. 28 for large bunions.

Get this sure relief today. Sold by druggists and shoe dealers the world over.

**Dr. Scholl's  
Zino-pads**

*Put one on—the pain is gone!*

**Have You Other Foot Troubles?** Dr. Scholl has perfected a Foot Comfort Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble. Ask your dealer. Mail coupon for **FREE** sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and valuable booklet, "THE FEET AND THEIR CARE", to DR. SCHOLL'S, Inc., 122 West Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

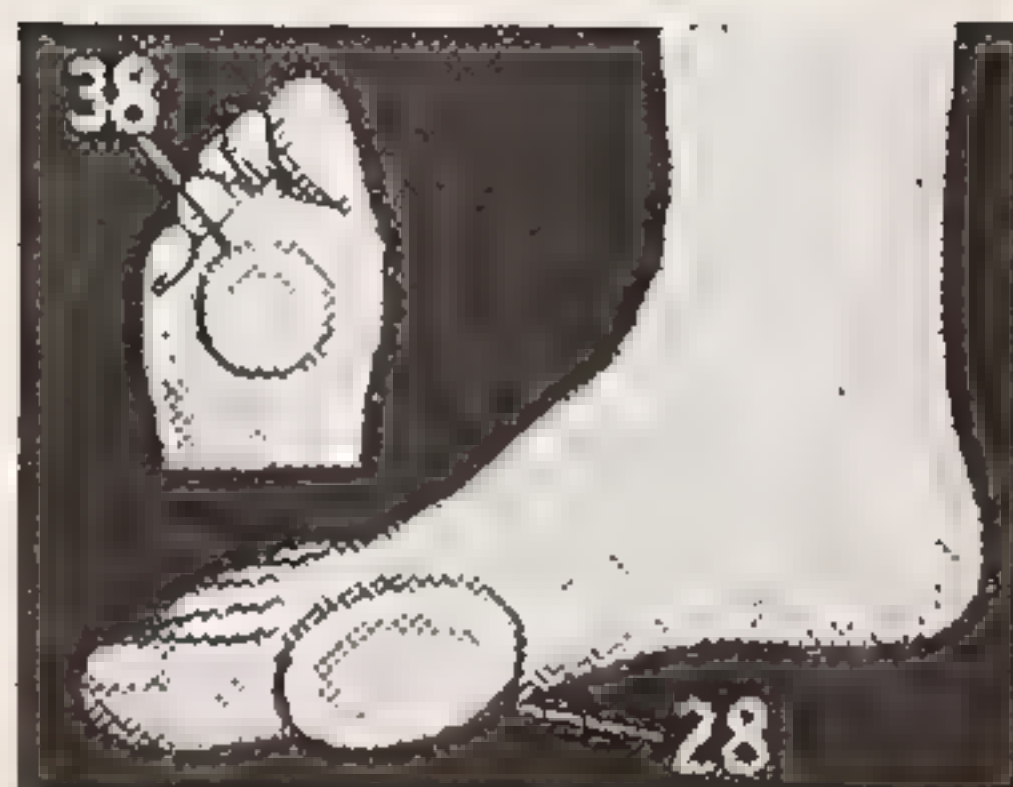
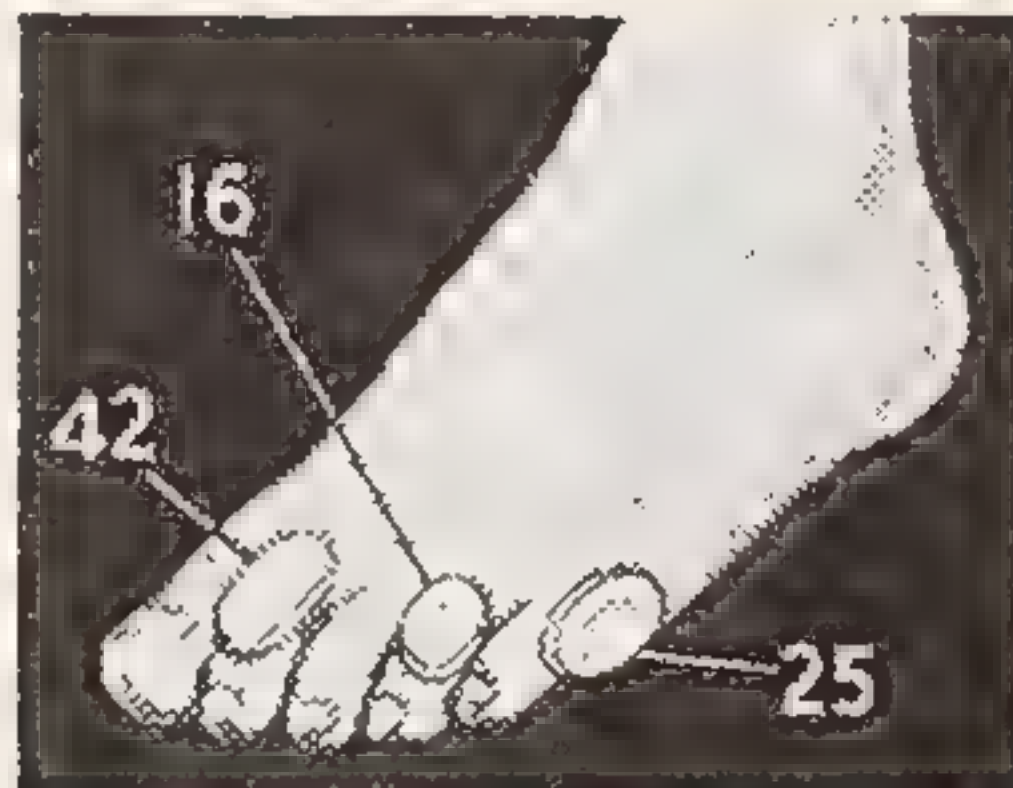
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"I've been very busy," says Judy trying to be pleasant.

"Surely you can find time for an old friend," Ralf remarks genially. "We might dine some night."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Hardmuth," Judy replies facing him with head erect, "but my father—"

Just at this juncture her father (Sir Guy Standing) comes in and nods to Judith, taking in the situation at a glance.

"Good night, darling," he says and turns coldly to Ralf: "Come in, Hardmuth." With that he throws open the doors into the gambling room and they disappear.

I stand there gawking, unable to get over the sight of *la Allen*. "Hello," says Judy pleasantly as she comes up. When a girl as pretty as Judy notices you, you can't help feeling set up.

Tom, I believe, has his eye on her because all of a sudden he's very anxious to get me off that set.

### "THE WITCHING HOUR"

Clay Whipple.....Tom Brown  
Viola.....Judith Allen  
Jack Brookfield.....John Halliday  
Lew Ellinger.....Richard Carle  
Martin Prentice.....Sir Guy Standing  
Mrs. Whipple.....Olive Tell  
Clarence.....John Larkin  
Frank Hardmuth.....Ralf Harolde  
District Attorney.....Purnell Pratt  
Judge.....Henry B. Walthall  
Margaret Price.....Gertrude Michael  
Dr. Meiklejohn.....Ferdinand Gottschalk

I consult the memo Julie has given me and find that "Thirty Day Princess" is shooting on Stage 9.

"Where's Stage 9?" Tom asks.

"A fine guide you are," I retort, "when you can't even find your way around the studio. It's over here."

On the way we pass a huge set being erected for De Mille's production of "Cleopatra." "Gosh," Tom breathes, "I'd love to play in one of those spectacles. I think they're so romantic."

What can you do with a guy like Tom? We find Romance for him though, in the story of "Thirty Day Princess."

Edward Arnold, a promoter, and Edgar Norton, a baron in some mythical country, bring the Princess Zizzi over to the good old U. S. A. to float a fifty million bond issue. They bring her over here because they know this country is the world's sucker. No sooner do they get her here than she comes down with the mumps.

Arnold and Norton are standing in the former's library. "We can kiss it goodbye, Baron—farewell forever." Suddenly he remembers something. "You and your healthy pipples" (the Baron's quaint way of pronouncing "people"), he barks savagely.

"It is a tragedy of the first water," Norton laments. Suddenly he gets an idea—believe it or not—and lifts his head with determination, tapping his chest and speaking as one who is about to die for his country. "I will go—me, myself—on the grand tour and to all the receptions"

But Arnold is unimpressed with the offer of this great sacrifice. "Your legs are not the right shape, Baron," he remarks pointedly. "What we need is a princess."

"In Taronia," says the Baron with dignity, "we do not manufacture princesses like you manufacture the automobile."

And that remark gives Eddie an idea. "Manufacture—! I've got an idea! People come in twos in this world, like the animals in the Ark. There's an old fellow in the club looks as much like me as I do. Good looking man, too." He turns away for a moment and then looks back at the Baron. After squinting at him for a moment, he adds, "A fellow used to work for me was your spitten image."



A scene from Sylvia Sidney's "Thirty Day Princess," with Edward Arnold and Edgar Norton.

"Really!" says the Baron coldly.

"Yes," says Arnold. "He was a cook—a terrible cook." The Baron shoots him a dirty look but Arnold pays no attention. He walks to the window, talking to himself. "Somewhere out there—somewhere out there—"

You've guessed it. Sylvia plays both parts and impersonates Zizzi so cleverly everyone is fooled and the loan is floated. I told you, Americans are suckers.

Sylvia's not working this afternoon, so, after ascertaining that Romance will eventually triumph in this picture, we dash over to where they're working on "Half-Way Decent," originally called "Little Miss Marker."

### "THIRTY DAY PRINCESS"

Nancy Lane } ..... Sylvia Sidney  
Princess Catterina }  
Porter Madison.....Cary Grant  
Regulus Gresham.....Edward Arnold  
Count Nicholas.....Vince Barnett  
Mr. Kirk.....Ray Walker  
Baron.....Edgar Norton  
King.....Henry Stephenson  
Lady in Waiting.....Marguerite Namara  
Spottswood.....George Baxter  
Parker.....Lucian Littlefield  
Managing Editor.....Robert McWade

I'm not so hot for this "Half-Way Decent" film. It's all about Charlie Bickford, who owns a race horse, his girl (Dorothy Dell), Adolphe Menjou (bookmaker) who is in love with Dell, and a little girl (Shirley Temple) whose father left her with Menjou as security for a marker (an I.O.U.) he gave Menjou on a twenty dollar bet.

Bickford is planning to dope his horse so it will win the race, even though he knows another doping will kill the horse. The race track officials find out about it and bar the horse. Bickford, of course, intends to find some way to race the horse anyhow and is trying to get Menjou to let him have \$10,000 on Dell's jewelry. They're all in Menjou's office, and what a dump it is. A worn, brown figured rug on the floor, an old wooden file case in one corner, an oak desk with black oil cloth covering it and an old-fashioned desk chair behind it, and a couple of pictures of race horses on the wall.

Menjou has on an ill-fitting black suit, a wilted collar and a black Fedora. They call him "Sorrowful" because of his eternally dejected attitude. Dell is in a black coat suit, with mink bands around the cuffs and wine velvet bow at the neck, with



two bands of mink on the ends carries a mink muff and wears a hat with wine velvet trimm. Overman is one of Menjou's Lynn is one of the funniest the stage. Years ago I use when he was playing in ington, and in those d was one of the classics (natural) I've ever on. I'm tempted ance and ask at ten or twelve yea he's had a hund "Stop moonin' Director Al Hal get going. Pl Menjou takes and takes up t front of the des. Lynn is standing is about to call th Shirley, whose fat her. "This ain't find horse!" Bickford down. "Police Headquar into the mouthpiece. "You got no more cl square shooter than that seein' her old man," Dell f Suddenly Menjou gets ar mount is full of them today) a the 'phone. I'll lend you ti Steve," he says to Bickford, pick. Dell's jewel bag, "providing you be of it for me."



Dorothy Dell, Charles Bickford, Lynn Overman and Adolphe Menjou in a picture modestly called "Half-Way Decent."

"Why should I do that?" Bickford demands. "Because I've got the new owner," Adolphe replies. "One you can trust." "Show me the new owner first," Bickford parries dubiously. For answer, Menjou leads them to the door and points to Shirley, playing in the next room. There you have it. Take it or leave it. Me? I'm leaving it. There's a party where all the muggs dress up like King Arthur's knights because that's what little Shirley believes they are, the horse falls in love with her and hates Bickford who treats him so mean, and in the end Menjou gets the dope away from Bickford and saves the horse, marries Dell and adopts Little Shirley. I could be nasty about this picture but I'll restrain myself and leave it as virgin soil for Richard S. Watts, Jr., and Eileen Creelman of the New York press. They'll do justice to it.

"HALF-WAY DECENT"  
Sorrowful Jones.....Adolphe Menjou  
Bangles Carson.....Dorothy Dell  
Big Steve.....Charles Bickford  
"Marky".....Shirley Temple  
Regret.....Lynn Overman



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He's in Carole's drawing room  
 persuade her. Carole has on some  
 pajamas with a high neck and  
 idery. I don't remember John's  
 remember is that he has his  
 he is giving one swell per-  
 to talk Carole into sign-  
 he sees through him.  
 says she, "if all this  
 ce preliminary to a  
 your breath be-

bout contracts?"  
 quick. "Shame

about?" she re-  
 nything to get  
 sneering.

His voice posi-  
 ey. "I came in  
 a had—long ago.  
 is the climax to  
 on that golden  
 hisper—"the cour-

Carole asks un-  
 drama about Hair-  
 the gas house?"

ore explains patiently.  
 be about the greatest  
 ue. Just her memory has  
 weeping for centuries." The  
 blows and he seizes upon it  
 ral accompaniment, "The Mag-  
 ossing himself reverently.  
 mean that play by Sudermann?" she

Sudermann!" John gasps in shocked  
 nes. "That German hack!" Suddenly  
 grabbing her arm, "Listen to me, Lily. I'm  
 going to put on the Passion Play in New  
 York with Lily Garland as the Magdalene.  
 I've had it up my sleeve all this time—wait-  
 ing for the right moment. The wickedest  
 woman of her age—sensual, heartless and  
 beautiful. Corrupting everything she touches.  
 Running the gamut from the gutter to  
 glory. Can you see her, Lily—this little  
 wanton, ending up in tears at the foot of  
 the cross!" Suddenly like all the others today,  
 he has an inspiration. "I'm going to have  
 Judas strangle himself with her hair!"

That last isn't the inducement he hoped  
 it would be. I could have told him it  
 wouldn't work. Carole has bobbed hair  
 and she'd have to wear a switch to play  
 Maggie.

"Listen you," she says to me when the  
 scene is finished, "you haven't been up to  
 see my new house yet. If you don't come  
 up soon Fieldsie and I are going to put  
 you on our go-to-hell list."

"That I could never bear," I reply gal-  
 lantly. "I'll be up tonight."

"Well, not tonight," says Carole, "but  
 come up sometime. You've got the 'phone  
 number. Any time."

You see? What's the use.

#### "TWENTIETH CENTURY"

Jaffe.....John Barrymore  
 Lily.....Carole Lombard  
 Webb.....Walter Connolly  
 O'Malley.....Roscoe Karns  
 Jacobs.....Charles Levison  
 Clark.....Etienne Girardot  
 Sadie.....Dale Fuller  
 George Smith.....Ralph Forbes  
 Lockwood.....Clifford Thompson  
 Conductor.....James P. Burtis  
 Schultz.....GiGi Parrish  
 McGonigle.....Edgar D. Kennedy  
 Sheriff.....Ed Gargan  
 Porter.....Snowflake  
 First Beard.....Hermin Bing  
 Second Beard.....Lee Kohlmar  
 Flannigan.....Pat Flaherty

Plunged in gloom I mosey inside the next  
 stage without bothering to notice what's  
 shooting there. The picture is called

nim,

Howard  
 I'm always

ange smile and

She starts toying  
 the plush cover.

bet a nickel she intends  
 Reg to make Leslie jealous.

over and over and over that sim-  
 ple scene. It is curious to note the  
 small changes Howard makes in his "busi-  
 ness" the more takes they make. His actions  
 used not to vary one iota between the first  
 and fiftieth takes, but it's different now. He  
 seems bored with this part.

But Reg is in high feather. He's pulling  
 puns that would make even Billy Bakewell  
 cringe. For instance, someone mentioned  
 the city of Dusseldorf and immediately a  
 great discussion arose as to the proper pro-  
 nunciation of the word.

"Dusseldorf word to pronounce," Reg  
 ventured.

You can't stand much of *that* sort of  
 thing, you know, so I roll on down the  
 street to Columbia. Plenty doing there.

#### "OF HUMAN BONDAGE"

Mildred.....Bette Davis  
 Sally.....Frances Dee  
 Philip Carey.....Leslie Howard  
 Griffiths.....Reginald Denny

#### Columbia Is Active

FIRST there's the peerless Carole Lom-  
 bard and the inimitable John Barry-  
 more in "Twentieth Century." Barrymore  
 is a theatrical producer who is broke after  
 a disastrous season. He is on the Twen-  
 tieth Century en route from Chicago to  
 New York. On the same train is the great-  
 est theatrical star in the world—Carole.  
 For six years she was his mistress as well  
 as his star—and then they quarreled.  
 Johnny knows if he can get Carole's signa-  
 ture to a contract he will have no trouble  
 raising money in New York to produce an-

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"Murder in the Studio." It's a murder mystery and I don't like murder mysteries. This one has Ralph Bellamy, Shirley Grey and Gail Patrick in the leads. It also has Clifford Jones, who got a break playing Baby LeRoy's father in "Tillie and Gus" and who hasn't done much since then.

Leaving that set I next encounter, "The Most Precious Thing in Life." Whether you believe it or not, it's Love.

Don Cook, a football hero at Eastmore College in 1909, secretly marries Jean Arthur, college waitress. Then his family steps in. When the baby is born Don leaves Jean and offers her a settlement in exchange for the baby, saying his family can give the child everything.

Twenty years later, Jean is a charwoman at the college and assigned to her rooms is her son, Richard Cromwell. He is a spoiled, conceited brat. But, although she hasn't seen him since he was a baby, Jean understands him. She persuades him to take up football and he develops into a brilliant player, although he, apparently, has had no experience in the game before he entered college. He also falls in love with Anita Louise, daughter of another charwoman with whom his mother lives.

Don and Don's mother (Mary Forbes) arrive in town for the big game. And Don persuades Dick to give up Anita and go abroad with him for a year. Dick is upset by his promise and is playing erratic ball.

Then Jean goes to the locker room and gets to work on her son in earnest. She calls him a quitter—not only in football but in life. He goes back into the game (Song by the cheering section—"Hail, Eastmore!") and leads the team to victory (Cheers by the rooting section—"We Want a Touchdown! We Want a Touchdown!").

The game over, Don is pacing wildly up and down his room in the hotel waiting for Dick. The porter is taking Don's luggage down. "Your train leaves in fifteen minutes, sir," he pauses in the doorway to remind Don.

"I know," Don replies absently. "Take those things down and keep a taxi waiting."

After the porter is gone Don picks up a 'phone. "Get me the university." While he is waiting for the call to be put through the door opens and Dick comes in.

"You certainly took your time," Don snaps angrily, putting down the 'phone. "I've had the whole town looking for you."

"Save it, Dad," says Dick quietly.

"You made a fine show of yourself today," Don goes on, "but I haven't time to talk to you about that now. We'll miss our train."

"I'm not going," Dick answers without raising his voice.

Don has started to pick up his coat and hat. Now he looks at Dick in furious amazement. "You're not going? What are you talking about?"

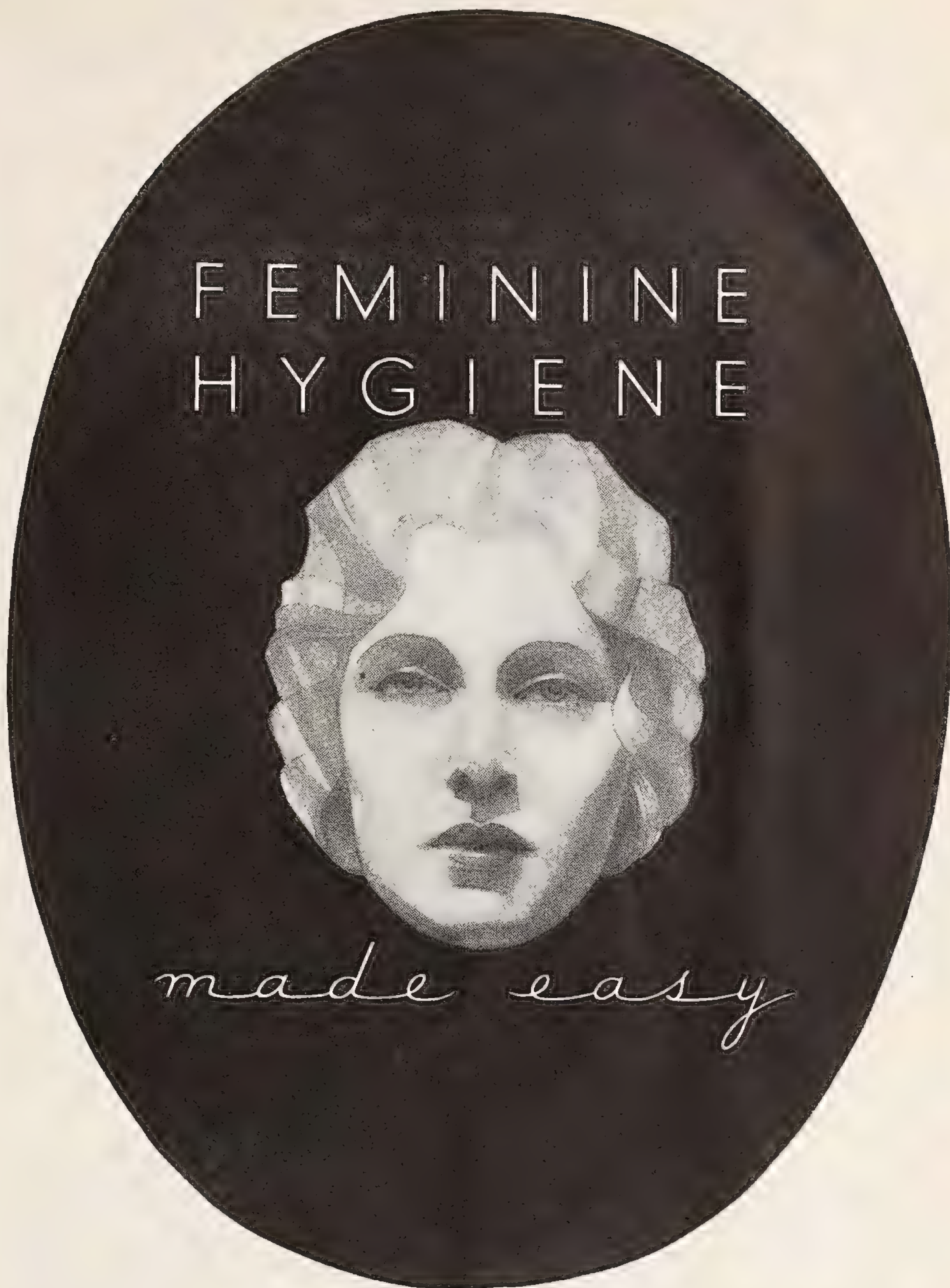
"Not unless you take Patty (Anita) with us," says Dick firmly. "I want to be fair to you, Dad, but I can't give her a dirty deal like this."

Don is outraged. "I've tried to get you out of this gracefully," he says, "but since you insist upon making a fool of yourself you may as well know the truth. You're not going to marry that girl—now or any other time."

As Dick begins to see daylight a look of positive relief comes into his eyes. "Oh! Then all that stuff about you being lonely was just a lot of hooey?"

Don is driven by the shortness of the time to a showdown. "You don't suppose I'd stand for a marriage like that?" he asks angrily. "If you had any sense you'd have realized it long ago."

"Then the Babe (Jean Arthur) was right," says Dick with something of his old grin.



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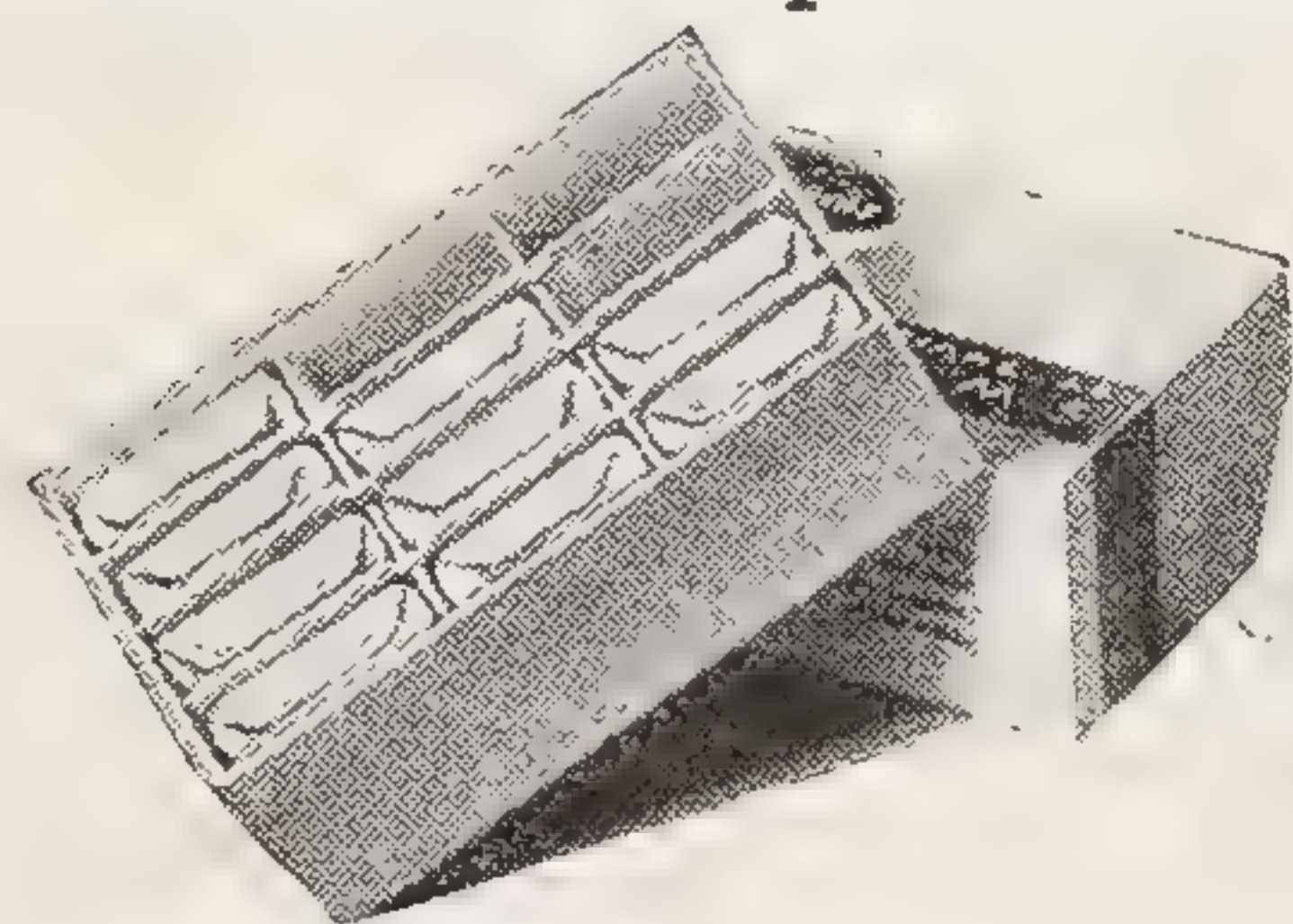
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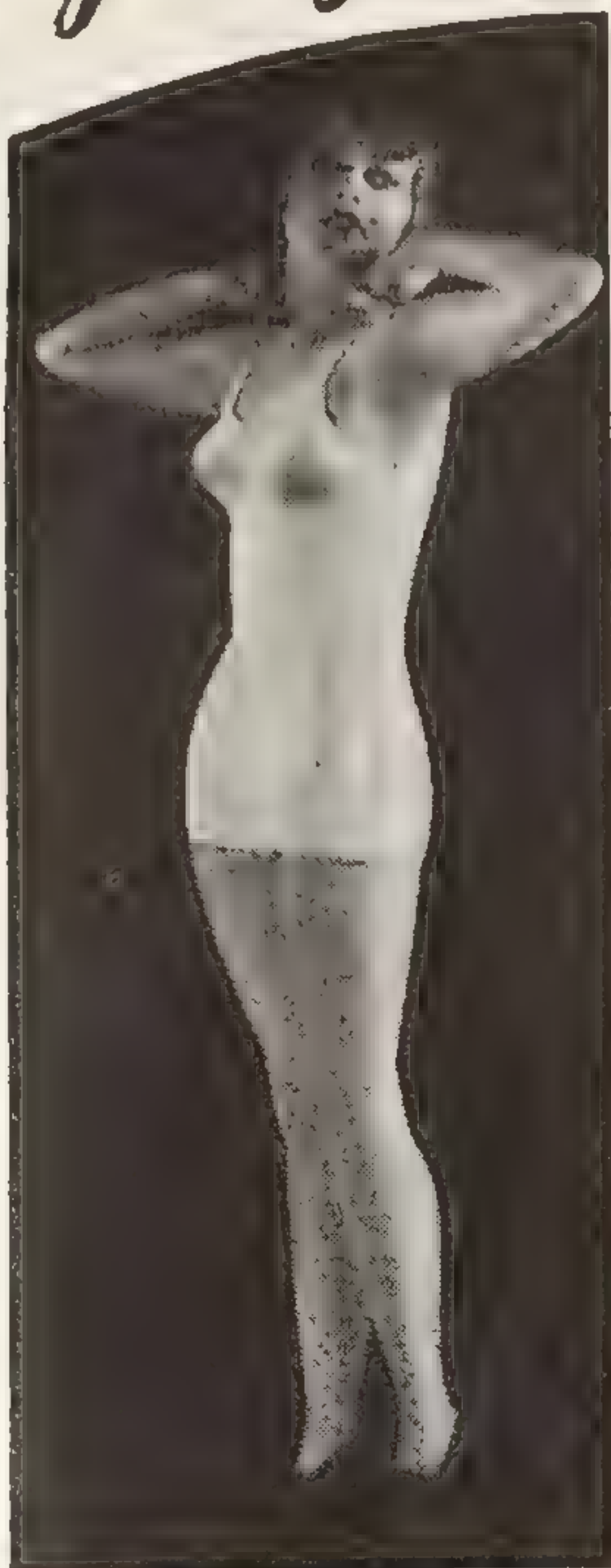
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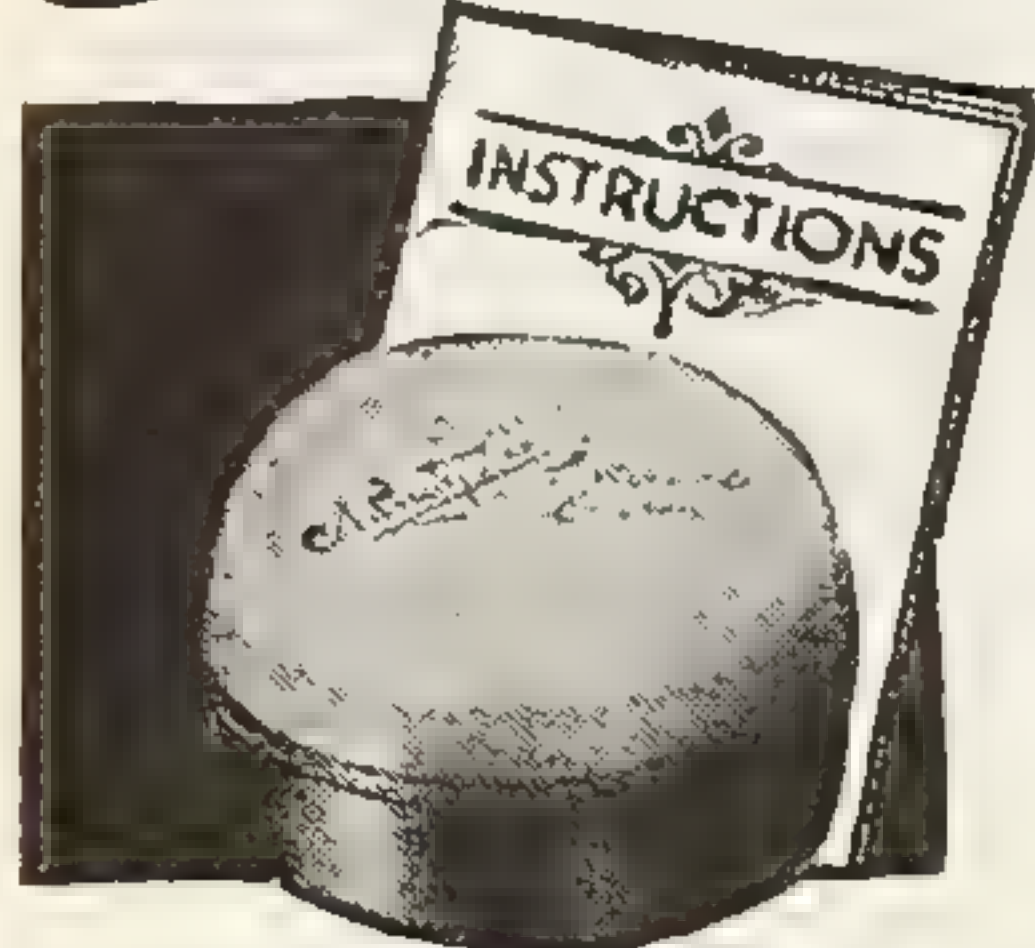
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Don's patience is exhausted. He issues an ultimatum. "Now, listen young man! I'm through arguing. You can come with me and forget that girl or you can paddle your own canoe."

"Okay, Dad," Dick answers after a short pause. "It's your party—but I'm bowing out. You'd better hurry or you'll miss that train."

"Cut," snaps the director.

"Stay for lunch?" Dick asks nonchalantly as we shake.

"I've had lunch, thanks," I answer. But imagine thinking about lunch just after you've been disowned.

### "MURDER IN THE STUDIO"

Ellen.....Jean Arthur  
Bob Kelsey.....Donald Cook  
Chris Kelsey.....Richard Cromwell  
Patty O'Day.....Anita Louise  
Mrs. Kelsey.....Mary Forbes  
Mrs. O'Day.....Jane Darwell  
Gubby Gerhardt.....Ben Alexander  
Carter.....John Wray  
Coach Smith.....Dutch Hendrian  
Mr. Kelsey.....Paul Stanton

One other picture at Columbia—"The Party's Over." This picture has a swell cast.

The story is very reminiscent of one of the finest pictures Barthelmess made—"Drag" but this one won't measure up to "Drag" even though it'll be good. It's the story of a would-be artist (Stu Erwin) whose family impose upon, marry and bring their husbands and wives to live off him. His mother and father are not the least of his troubles. He could be an artist if he got the proper training, but how can he when he has to support all of them?

Just now he's on his way home on a crowded street car, taking a new servant (Patsy Kelly) with him. His arms are full of bundles and, as the car lurches along, he is continually dropping them all over the passengers. Patsy is clinging tightly to her suitcase.

"Any others in your family?" she yells above the noise. As she says this the man in front of her lurches back against her. She shoves him away sharply. He looks at her in surprise. She shoots him a poisonous look and returns to Stu.

"Only my brother Clay," Stu answers (it's before they've all married) "and he's in college."

The car gives a sharp lurch and Stu loses his balance, dropping his bundles. Patsy helps him pick them up.



Richard Cromwell and Donald Cook in "The Most Precious Thing in Life"—yep, it's love!

"How about shirts?" she asks loudly.

"Do you mean—over or under?" Stu asks, trying to adjust his packages.

"I mean over," Kelly answers positively. "I don't talk to men about their undershirts. Do you change every day?"

The other passengers are looking on, grinning, and Stu—shrinking violet that he is—is embarrassed. "Couldn't we—er—discuss this in private?" he wonders.

"It don't make no difference," Kelly returns, "because I don't do shirts and I won't do sheets." At this point the man in front

lurches against her again. She turns on him in a fury. "Now that time you did it on purpose—"

"No, I didn't, lady," he apologizes.

"I don't let no man get fresh with me," Kelly answers loudly.

"Look, Mister," says the man to Stu, "I wasn't making a pass at your wife."

"She's not my wife," Stu informs him hastily.

"You're lucky," the man comes back.

"Is that so?" Kelly puts in. "Look, you mugg, I don't stand for no insults from nobody."

But just when it looks as though the situation is going to turn into a free for all, the car stops. "Here—here's our corner," Stu informs her.

"Look, you," the director yells at one of the extras who has his back to the camera. "be careful how you hold that paper up. I don't want them to see that it's a Los Angeles paper." The extra obligingly turns to an inside sheet but the director is still not satisfied. "No, don't show those war pictures. I don't know if the other papers over the country are running them or not. Turn to the editorial section."

I wish all directors were as careful of details.

### THE PARTY'S OVER

Bruce.....Stuart Erwin  
Ruth.....Ann Sothorn  
Mother.....Katherine Doucett  
Father.....Henry Travers  
Phyllis.....Arline Judge  
Mable.....Patsy Kelly  
Crooner.....Chic Chandler  
Clay.....William Bakewell  
Mildred.....Esther Muir  
Fred.....Rollo Lloyd

### On the Twentieth Century Lot

**H**ERE George Arliss has just started "Head of the Family" (temporary title) but as they are not going to release the picture until July, and as they won't give out any pictures on it, there is no use going into detail about it.

Ronald Colman is making his first in a long, long time. It's called "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Drummond intends giving up adventure and settling down but he gets lost in the fog and, groping his way into an apparently empty house, he finds a man lying on the floor of the library with a knife through his heart. Rushing out for a policeman, he returns to find the house no longer deserted. Prince Achmed, the occupant, is there with his daughter and her husband—Lady Jane and Dr. Owen Sothorn. Singh, the butler, leads Drummond and the policeman into the library—and there is no trace of a dead body!

But Ronnie isn't satisfied. Later he steals back by himself. It's one of those sets I love—the exterior of the house with everything bathed in fog. The fog is made with oil, vaporized and shot through a thin tube with air.

Ronnie is crouching against the side of the house, gazing through the window of the library. When he sees no one is watching, he crouches down and creeps along the walk, beneath the window, straightens up, flattens himself out against the other wall, takes one last look through the window and disappears around the corner of the house into the fog. But he's going to search the house or else!

### "BULL DOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK"

Hugh Drummond.....Ronald Colman  
Lola Field.....Loretta Young  
Prince Achmed.....Warner Oland  
Algy.....Charles Butterworth  
Gwen.....Una Merkel  
Inspector Nielson.....C. Aubrey Smith  
Dr. Owen Sothorn.....Arthur Hohl



## At M-G-M

THIS studio hits a new low this month. Only one picture shooting—"Manhattan Melodrama." It's the story of two little East Side boys (Clark Gable and William Powell) who grow up together. One (William Powell) becomes deputy district attorney and later district attorney. The other (Clark) is an underworld character.

At the moment, Powell and Father Pat (Leo Carrillo) are sitting in Powell's office. Bill has been reading a telegram from Clark. "I wish," he remarks to Carrillo, "I had half of Blackie's (Clark) confidence in me. If he keeps this up, he'll have me governor."

"You're very important to Blackie, Jim. You're everything he knows he isn't. If you ever disappointed—"

"Say," Powell interposes, "you're beginning to sound like Blackie. Getting off the subject for a second—how about the Dempsey-Firpo fight next week? You said you'd let me know."

"Sorry Jim," says Leo, "I can't make it. I'll be at Blackwell's island tomorrow night. Some other time—perhaps—maybe sometime Blackie and you and I—"

"Great!" Powell ejaculates enthusiastically. "We'll get together the way we used to."

I think this is going to be a swell picture. Besides the people I've told you about there are Myrna Loy and Isabel Jewell.

Eventually Powell is elected governor, Clark gets sent up for murder and strings are pulled for Bill to pardon him. But Clark won't accept the pardon because he knows it would ruin Bill's career. So he dies and Bill gets Myrna. But there are a lot of interesting situations before all that happens.



Any picture that Clark Gable is in will well repay watching, especially when William Powell is his team mate. In this sequence Leo Carrillo and Powell are shown.

While I'm cogitating on all this I'm raised fairly off my feet by a thump on the back. It's Clark. He's just back from New York and in all the time I've known him, which is ever since he came into pictures, I've never seen him look as well as he does now. That vacation was sure what he needed. And is he in high spirits! "Let's have lunch together soon?" he suggests.

Well, if he and Powell and Carrillo can get together soon the way they used to, there's no reason why he and I can't, too.

## "MANHATTAN MELODRAMA"

Blackie.....Clark Gable  
Jim.....William Powell  
Eleanor.....Myrna Loy  
Spud.....Nat Pendleton  
Annabelle.....Isabel Jewell  
Father Pat.....Leo Carrillo

## On the Fox Lot

THERE are great goings on at Fox. First, there's "Change of Heart," which reunites Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, with James Dunn and Ginger Rogers thrown in for good measure.

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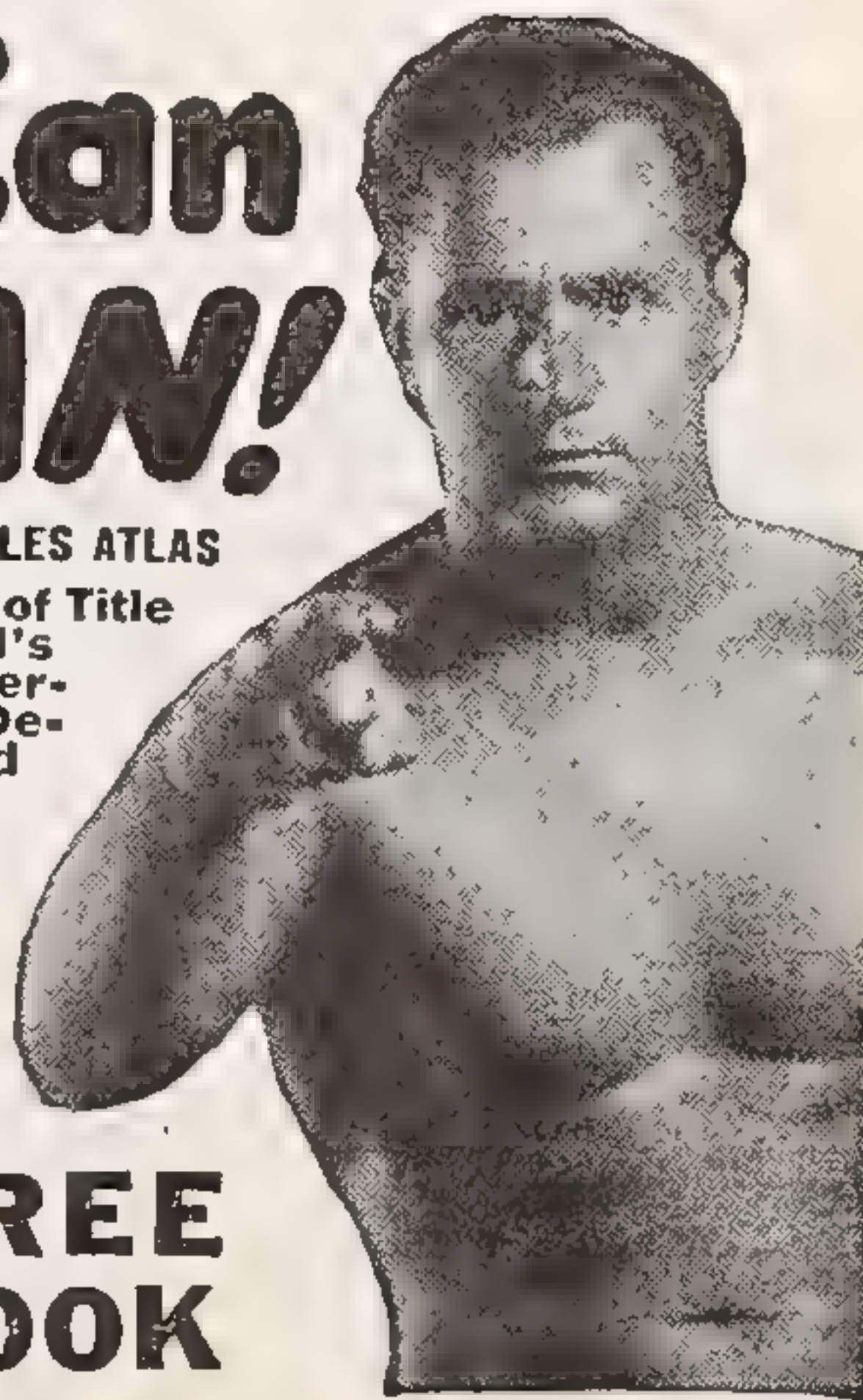
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The four of them are classmates at college and when they leave, they go to New York together to carve out careers. Rogers leaves them to become a rich man's darling and when things get tough, Janet leaves too and gets a job in a salvage shop run by Beryl Mercer. She repairs cast-off clothing and helps Beryl place babies for adoption.

There are a couple of counters with children's dresses hanging from the edges, trinkets, pewter plates and mugs on top. Opposite the counters are a couple of wall cases with hats and shoes in them. On top of these cases are some ukuleles in cases, etc. At the end of the shop, through the door, can be seen Beryl's sitting room. Cheap green portieres separate it from the shop.

Beryl is in the shop talking to Mrs. Mockby, Sr., (Nella Walker and Mrs. Mockby, Jr., (Drue Leyton). She and Janet and Jimmy Dunn have carefully rehearsed a plan to get the Mockbys to adopt a baby. As Beryl talks, Janet comes in with the baby, simulating surprise at seeing the Mockbys.

"He got a bit restless, Mrs. Hawkins," she says to Beryl, "so I—"

"Oh, did he now?" Beryl coos. "The poor little homeless lamb."

"He's sweet, isn't he?" says Janet to Drue.

"He is a dear," Drue agrees.

"E could do with a 'ome, 'e could," Beryl sighs.

"Would you like to hold him?" Janet offers Drue.

"Oh, may I?" says Drue enthusiastically, taking the baby.

Nella seeing that her daughter-in-law is being sadly reminded of her own loss, gently but firmly takes her arm and says, "Come, dear, we must go. It's late."

Drue reluctantly hands back the baby and turns to go. Janet, seeing that the cause is lost anyhow, turns to Beryl: "I wonder if Mr. McGowan can really make a decent home for him?"

"Stop!" shouts Jimmy as he suddenly appears in the doorway. He strides angrily towards Janet and the group. "Miss Bairnsfeather, this ain't the first baby I've made a home for." Bowing towards the Mockbys, he explains, "I use 'em in my act."

Nella merely picks up her lorgnette and stares. "McGowan is the name," Jimmy rattles along, "The Abraham Lincoln Kosher Meats Hour, I.B.C. You probably know the voice."

But Drue and Nella merely stare at him in a horrified silence.

"But, Mr. McGowan," Janet protests, "you're on the road so much. What would you do with the baby?"

"What do I do with the props?" Jimmy demands. "In the trunk."

"I 'ear your last byby smothered to death," Beryl offers.

"One," says the outraged Jimmy. "Just one! And you make me out an assassin." Addressing the rest of the group, "It ain't as if I was turning him over to the Abraham Lincoln Kosher Meats Company."

"I'll not permit you to adopt this baby," says Nella. "I'll go to law if necessary."

"All right, go to court," Jimmy defies them shaking a violent finger. "I want to tell the world the kind of people you are. You're willing to let a poor foundling lie around a Salvage Shop—a Salvage Shop, of all places—and you won't let anybody else give him a trunk—a home!" He brushes off his sleeves as if he had beaten them at their own game, and continues, "When the Court hears my side of the story I wouldn't want to be in your shoes, rich as you are."

This is more than Nella can stand. "I'll adopt this child myself, rather than let him fall into the hands of this horrible creature," turning to Beryl, "I forbid you to let him lay a hand on this baby."

"Jimmy," says Janet when the scene has been rehearsed several times, "please don't break me up. You see," she explains to me, "he starts clowning and I get to laughing and we never get the scene finished. It's been that way all through the picture."

But I'm not interested in Janet's troubles with Jimmy. I'm interested in that date we had that he never kept. "Did I have a date with you?" he asks in well simulated surprise.

"The scene's over," I snap, "quit acting. Did you or did you not say you would call me and we would go to the fights together? The night I ran into you in the lobby of your hotel when you were out with that girl and a week's growth of beard? You were the one with the beard."

"Gosh," says Jimmy penitently, "I forgot about it. Tomorrow night?"

"Tomorrow night," I agree.

### "CHANGE OF HEART"

Catharine Furness.....Janet Gaynor  
Chris Tring.....Charles Farrell  
Mack McGowan.....James Dunn  
Madge Rountree.....Ginger Rogers  
Harriet Howkins.....Beryl Mercer  
Dr. Kretzmann.....Gustav von Seiffertitz  
Shirley.....Shirley Temple  
Greta Hailstrom.....Irene Franklin  
T. P. McGowan.....Fiske O'Hara  
Mrs. Mockby, Jr.....Drue Leyton  
Mrs. Rountree.....Mary Carr  
Mrs. Mockby, Sr.....Nella Walker  
Phyllis Carmichael.....Barbara Barondess  
Howard Jackson.....Kenneth Thomson  
Mrs. McGowan.....Jane Darwell

Cheered by the prospect of the fights I muster up courage to go on the next set—"Springtime for Henry"—where Otto Kruger, Heather Angel, Nigel Bruce and Nancy Carroll are disporting themselves. It's a very beautiful bedroom. Most of the furniture is a deep pink upholstered in blue, but there is a lovely white table with a marquetry top and the lamp has a yellow shade. The walls are paneled.

Only Nancy and Mr. Bruce are working. Nancy is lying in bed with the covers pulled up around her ears, and Nancy in bed is something to go home and dream about.

"Are you asleep, old girl?" asks Nigel coming into the room.

"Yes, I am. Sound asleep," Nancy assures him.

"Oh," says Nigel, "I'm sorry. But you see I wanted to ask you something about Henry."

"Henry?" Nancy repeats, although she knows perfectly well whom he means, "Henry who?"

"Henry Dewlip," Bruce explains. "He's had my letter about our carburetors for four days and I haven't heard a word. He hasn't mentioned it to you, has he?"

"I haven't even seen him for nearly a week," Nancy declares huffily, "and what's more, I don't expect to."

"Look here, old girl, you and he haven't—er—"

"Haven't what?" she demands.

"Why—er—" he blunders on, "I mean to say if you had—that might be the reason—"

"What are you talking about?" Nancy sniffs.

But the 'pone rings just then and Bruce grabs it. "Hello," he says, and then, after a pause, "Oh, thank you Bounds." Turning to Nancy, "My taxi's here. I'm going down to Henry's office now. Goodbye, old girl."

"Goodbye, Johnny." Nancy can take it.

"Er," Nigel ventures, "perhaps you'd give Henry a ring and have lunch with him or something. Know what I mean? Well, Caribona, old girl."

Nancy is as pretty as ever and from all reports a lot easier to get along with. Let's



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### "SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY"

Henry Dewlip.....Otto Kruger  
Julia Jelliwell.....Nancy Carroll  
Johnnie Jelliwell.....Nigel Bruce  
Tivers.....Herbert Mundin  
Miss Smith.....Heather Angel

The other picture—"Now I'll Tell"—which is the story of Rothstein, written by his wife, is on location. It's getting late but if I hurry I'll still have time to play cowboy with Jackie Cooper for an hour or two. See you next month.

## Beauty [Cont. from Page 12]

"What can be wrong with my skin?" is a wail that goes up from many of us as the year floats into summer. "I take such good care of it, and yet..."

If you are having any trouble with your complexion, perhaps the wrong method of keeping it clean causes the difficulty. Of course we keep our faces clean. But sometimes we keep them clean with a vengeance that makes them flaky, dried out, wrinkled—or worse yet, in a way that makes them over-oily and greasy in appearance.

Check up on yourself. If your skin is dry, here is the RIGHT way to cleanse it: Use a good cleansing cream every night of your life, either one of the cold creams such as Pond's, Hudnut's Three Flowers Cleansing Cold Cream, or Coty's Cleansing Cream. There are also especially prepared cleansing creams for dry skins such as Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Luxuria, Tussy's Emulsified Cleansing Cream, Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Special and Marie Earle's Essential Cream. Follow the cleansing with the cream you select, by washing with a pure complexion soap twice a week. Apply plenty of nourishing cream afterward.

If your skin is oily: Use a good liquefying cream as your cleanser. Such a cream has a tendency to dry up the excess oil and leave your skin smooth and soft. Follow the liquefying cream by washing with that same pure soap. Be sure to use the soap every day. And be sparing in your use of nourishing cream.

What is the best liquefying cream? There are many of them. Daggett and Ramsdell make a good one. Dorothy Gray's cleansing cream is of this type, as are also Barbara Gould's and Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream from Primrose House.

Follow these directions for one short month and see for yourself if a surprising amount of skin difficulties do not clear up. Your skin will take on the flower-petal look sooner than you think.

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**H**EPBURN outguesses them all. While the denouncers were calling her snooty, she willingly met the press and photographers, and smiled at them through her school girl freckles. How wonderful she will be as Joan of Arc—the exalted, inspired Maid!

**W**HEN we need a hair cut, we look like Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller—well, not much.

**Q**UEEN CHRISTINA" was not one of the pictures in the judging when "Cavalcade" won the Academy award this year. She is next year's girl—maybe.



Wallace Beery, a hit as Pancho Villa.

**V**IVA VILLA" had a grand opening in New York. Mae Murray came down the aisle and the flash photographer took her picture. "Who's that?" asked the younger generation. Mae heard them and was furious. "What am I?" she demanded, "in disguise?"

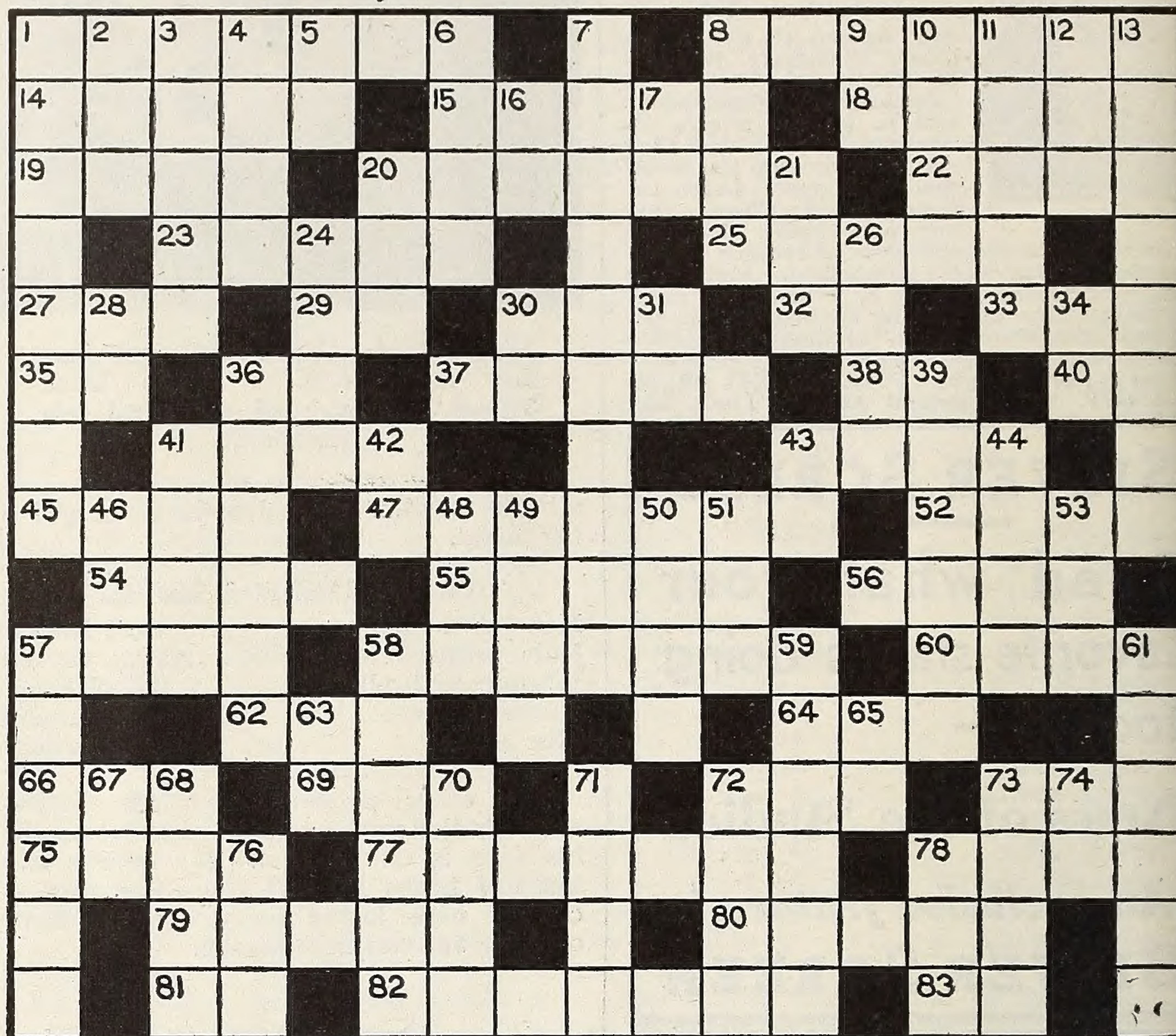
**T**HE cocktail parties now-a-days show which are which—At Al Jolson's party he flooded the cafe with personality. George Raft, at his party, was actually shy and asked for an ice cream-soda. A likeable fellow.

**D**ID you hear about the moth that saw Jean Harlow's bathing suit and changed his mind? He hadn't the heart.

THE EDITOR

## A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



## ACROSS

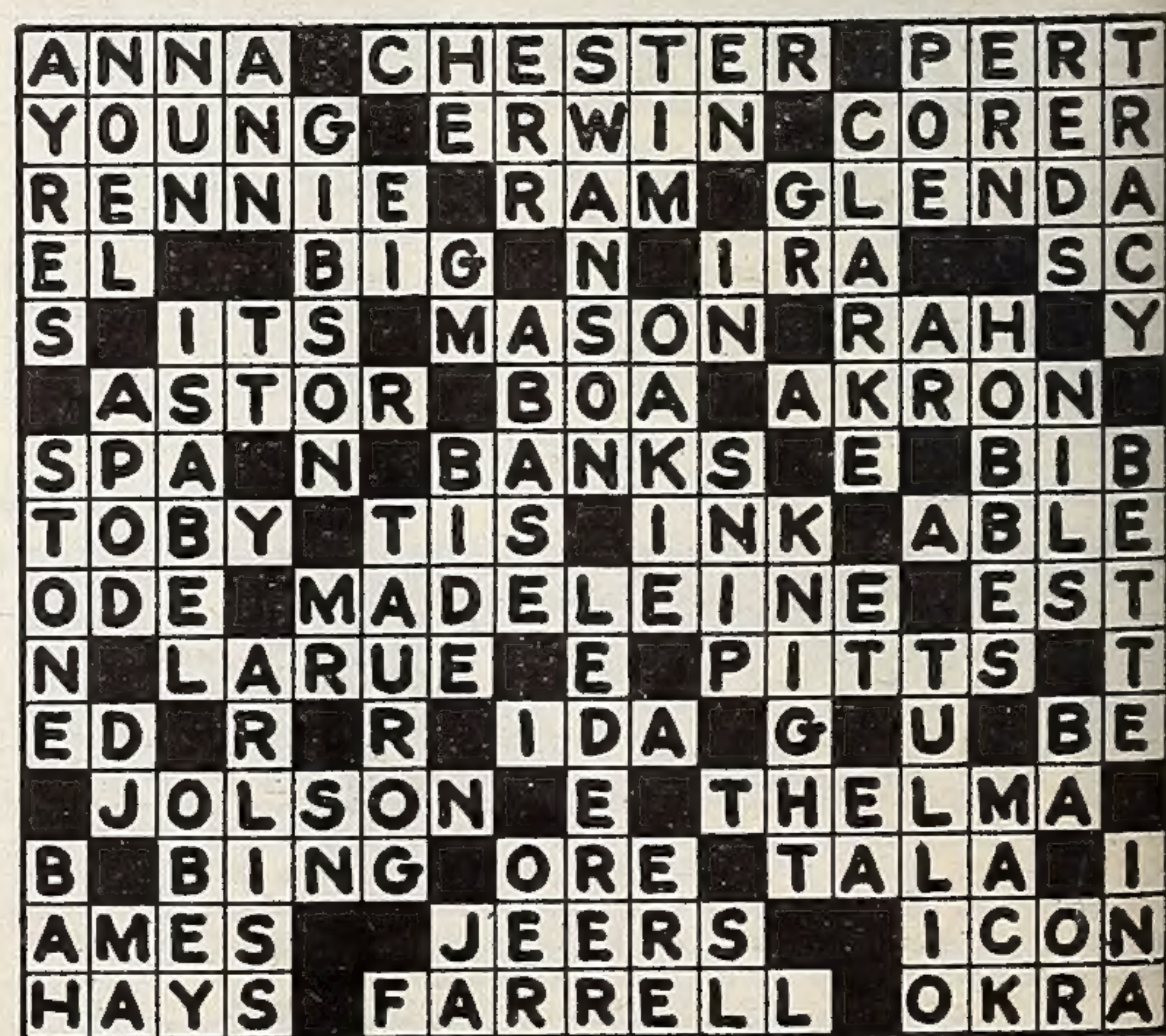
- 1 Buildings in which motion pictures are made
- 8 Films are projected on these
- 14 Grieves secretly
- 15 Women's apartment in a Mohammedan house
- 18 Wide and general destruction
- 19 The aboriginal Peruvian Race
- 20 She will play Madame DuBarry next
- 22 Rescue
- 23 We eagerly await his new picture
- 25 Adult females
- 27 Enemy
- 29 Personal pronoun
- 30 One of the "Little Women"
- 32 A degree (abbr.)
- 33 A spring of mineral water
- 35 Into
- 36 He is excellent in "The House of Rothschild" (initials)
- 37 The navy's great dirigible
- 38 One of the Warner players (initials)
- 40 Either
- 41 Merit
- 43 A raised platform
- 45 Cover
- 47 One of Hollywood's greatest directors
- 52 He is fast becoming a movie favorite
- 54 Nevada's famous city
- 55 A rajah's wife
- 56 Over again
- 57 A game of chance
- 58 Her performance in "Catherine the Great" is superb
- 60 Sufficient (poet.)
- 62 River (Sp.)
- 64 To lubricate
- 66 The evening before a church festival
- 69 A popular winter resort (abbr.)
- 72 An era
- 73 Above (poet.)
- 75 A popular beach on Long Island
- 77 Joan's dancing partner in "Dancing Lady"
- 78 A masculine personal name
- 79 She is now appearing in "This Man Is Mine"
- 80 Enraged
- 81 Period of time (abbr.)
- 82 She is Mrs. Ben Lyon
- 83 Arabia (abbr.)

## DOWN

- 1 Katharine Hepburn's latest film
- 2 A metal
- 3 A male relative
- 4 Apportion
- 5 Exists
- 6 Part of the verb "to shoe"
- 7 Machines which enable us to see Motion Pictures
- 8 A diving bird of the duck family
- 9 Will Roger's daughter in "Mr. Skitch" (initials)
- 10 Comfort
- 11 She was one of the "Fugitive Lovers"
- 12 A month (abbr.)
- 13 A very important factor in film making
- 16 The famous "mammy" singer

- 17 Speech of hesitancy
- 20 To stain or color
- 21 A convulsive sigh
- 24 A Persian poet
- 26 The hero of "Eskimo"
- 28 Upon
- 30 Parent
- 31 Proceed
- 34 Italian River
- 36 She is reunited with Charles Farrell in "Change of Heart"
- 39 One of the "Royal Family"
- 41 Always
- 42 A western state (abbr.)
- 43 A prefix
- 44 The star of "Nana"
- 46 The President's brain child
- 48 Before
- 49 She plans to make a silent picture
- 50 Important part of cameras
- 51 He is Isabel Jewell's heart interest
- 53 A pair
- 57 One of the comedians in "Six of a Kind"
- 58 Detroit is her birthplace
- 59 The gum chewing humorist
- 61 The unforgettable director in "42nd Street"
- 63 Whether
- 65 For example
- 67 Six (Rom.)
- 68 A radio baritone
- 70 On the ocean
- 71 She was born in China
- 72 A seed covering
- 73 Above
- 74 An English actress working on the M-G-M lot (initials)
- 76 Pronoun
- 78 A Greek letter

## Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





# Such Ravishing new Beauty to gain,

**WITH SO LITTLE  
TO DO - IF YOU'LL  
USE THE ONLY  
ALMOND BASE  
POWDER . . . .**

by Patricia Gordon

**JUST A MOMENT** in which you decide! Then, for you, the exquisite new beauty Princess Pat powder brings to *every* complexion. Of course it does! *Almond base*, in your *Princess Pat powder*, is used *instead* of the *starch* in usual powders. What a difference! Why, Princess Pat powder has a glorious velvety feel, even to finger tips! On your delicate complexion it is a veritable caress.

Every little particle in Princess Pat face powder is infinitely smooth. The powder goes upon your skin so closely, so pliantly that an amazing thing happens. Your complexion becomes incomparably beautiful. But the powder does not show! That's just the aristocratic effect you've wanted; the perfect grooming of the fashionably elect. And because Princess Pat is almond base (no starch) it *blends on* to cling almost as one with your skin.

And if all this ravishing new beauty were not enough, you would delight in the *almond base* for its benefit to your skin. Even a very little starch on your skin has all the faults of starch. All starches, you know, swell with heat and moisture. The particles may easily swell within the pores and be responsible for their coarsening. How different it is with the almond base powder. Almond — the precious beautifier — your protection against coarse pores! No wonder all women adore Princess Pat face powder, *once they try it*.

**RADIO** Princess Pat Players — love and life — thrilling! Sundays 4:30 P. M., E.S.T. WJZ and NBC network. 3:30 P. M., C.S.T.



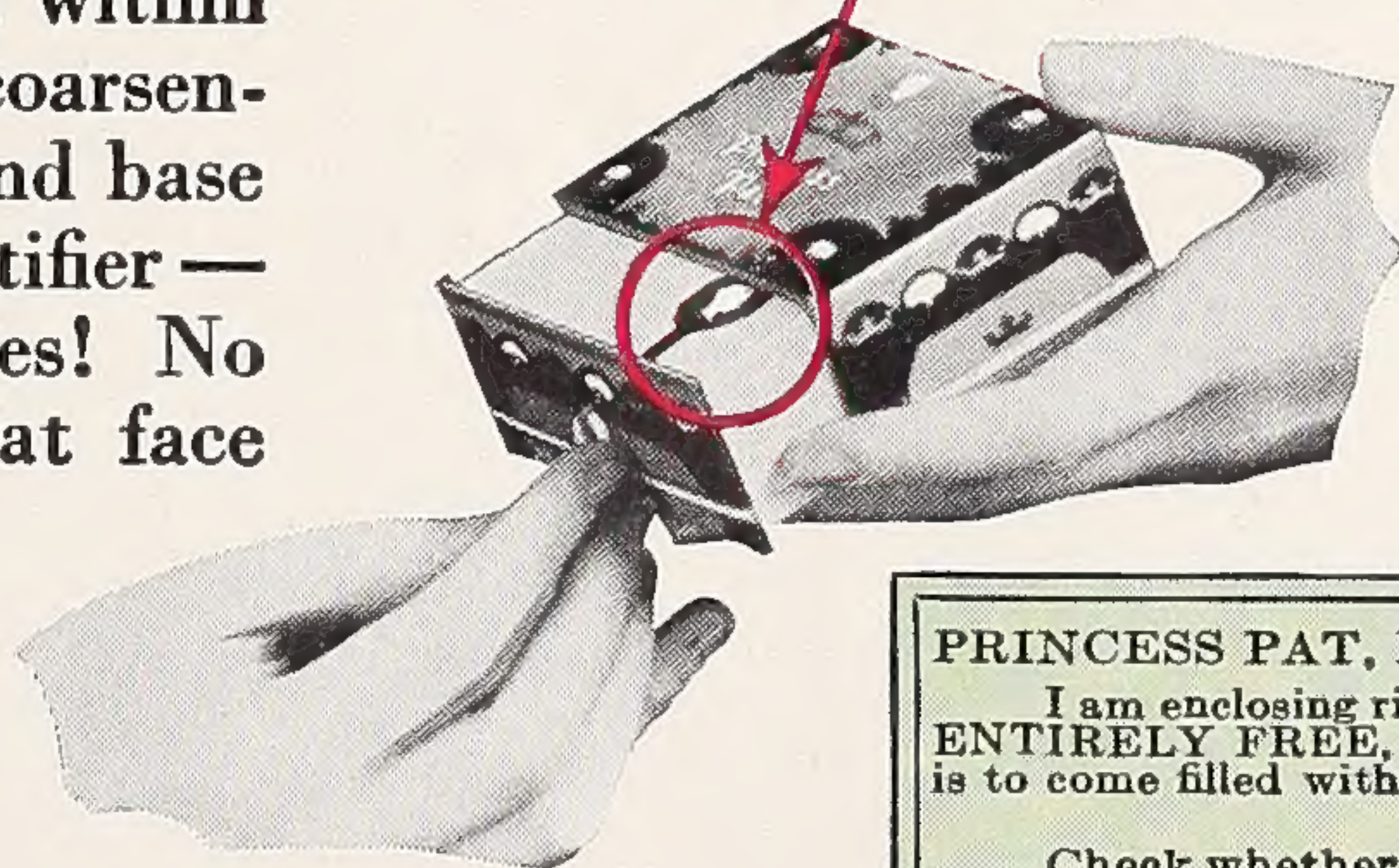
**NOW IS THE TIME!  
Receive a beautiful Vanity**

**FREE**

It's a courtesy gift with Princess Pat face powder, this Vanity in rich gold or gleaming silver finish. Never sold for less than \$1 — worth more. The cleverest Vanity you ever knew; comes ready for use — filled with Princess Pat powder and indelible lip rouge. Positively cannot leak or spill. Refills easily. For beauty and convenience the Vanity will simply charm you.

**What you do to get the Vanity**

Get Princess Pat powder at any drug store or department store. Send in the ribbon and medallion (found inside every box) to Princess Pat, together with the coupon below. Write name and address plainly. The Vanity will be sent *entirely free*, postage prepaid. Please act promptly. This offer is for a limited time only.



PRINCESS PAT, Dept. A-3056, 2709 South Wells Street, Chicago  
I am enclosing ribbon and medallion from a box of Princess Pat face powder. ENTIRELY FREE, postage prepaid, send me the Vanity offered. The Vanity is to come filled with Princess Pat face powder, and indelible lip rouge.

Check whether Gold \_\_\_\_\_ or Silver \_\_\_\_\_ finish is desired.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

**PRINCESS PAT**

LONDON

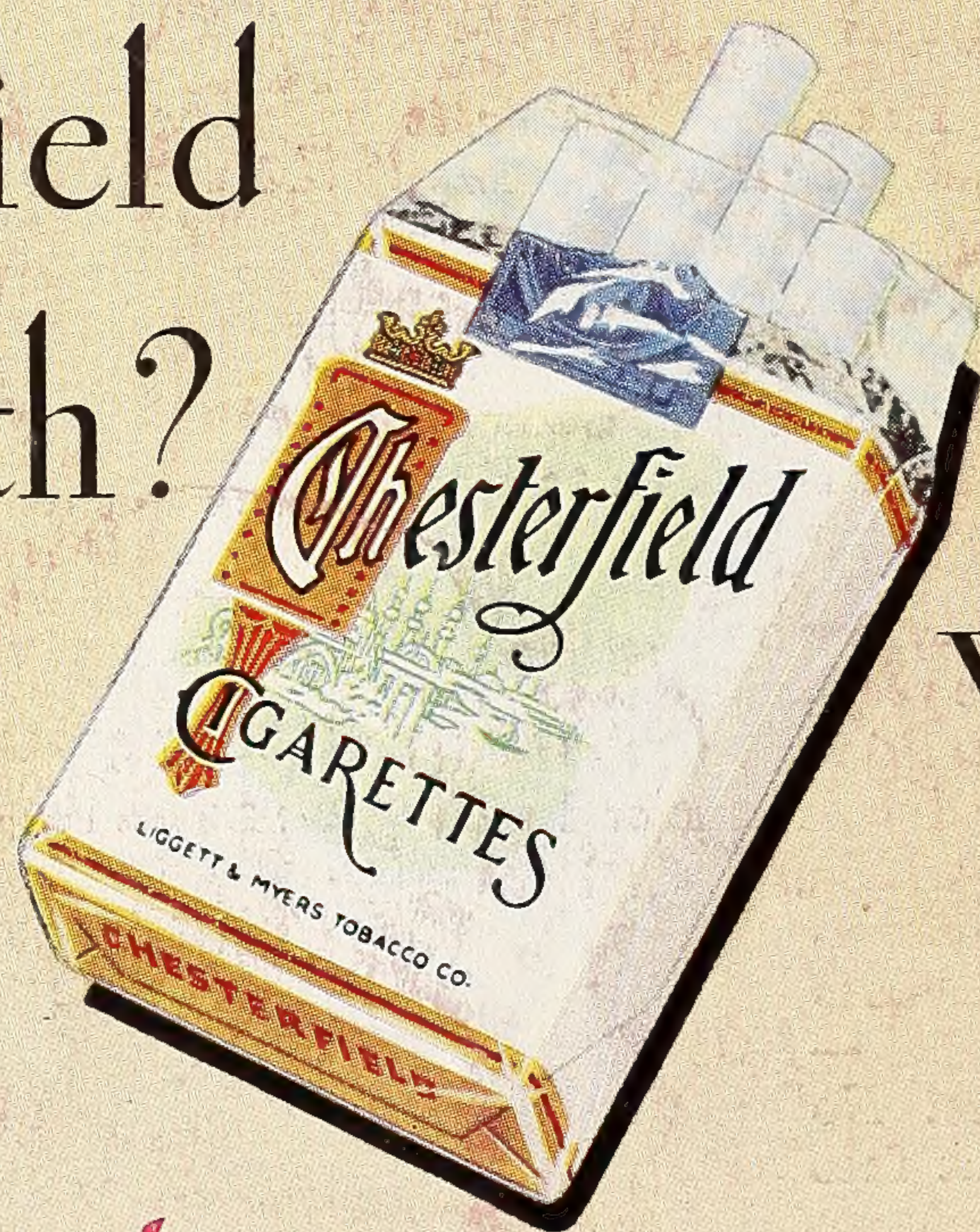
CHICAGO

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO





Chesterfield  
M<sup>rs</sup> Smith?



Yes, thank you  
M<sup>r</sup> Smith!

*They Satisfy*